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The Rolling Stones

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The Rolling Stones

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HOTEL PICCADILLY CIRCUS
1975 TOUR OF THE AMERICAS
NORTH AMERICA
BATON ROUGE...JUNE 1
SAN ANTONIO...JUNE 3&4
KANSAS CITY...JUNE 6
MILWAUKEE....JUNE 8
ST. PAUL.....JUNE 9
BOSTON.....JUNE11&12
CLEVELAND....JUNE 14
BUFFALO.....JUNE 15
TORONTO....JUNE 17&18
NEW YORK..JUNE 22....27
PHILADELPHIA..JUNE 29&30
WASH.D.C.....JULY 1&2
MEMPHIS.....JULY 4
DALLAS.....JULY 6
LOS ANGELES..JULY 9....13
SAN FRANCISCO..JULY 15&16
SEATTLE.....JULY 18
DENVER.....JULY 20
CHICAGO....JULY 23&24
INDIANAPOLIS...JULY 26
DETROIT....JULY 27&28
ATLANTA.....JULY 30
GREENSBORO....JULY 31
JACKSONVILLE...AUG.2
SOUTH AMERICA
MEXICO CITY...AUG 7....10
RIO DE JANEIRO..AUG14....17
SAO PAULO. AUG.19 20 21&24
CARACAS...AUG.28....31
Rolling Stones
PLAZA DU ATH
ICE CREAM
BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR
THE GODFATHER PART II

FOREWORD

When ROLLING STONE began, the Rolling Stones were in a muddle of dope busts, film offers, management hassles and label plans. Brian Jones was fading, the rest of the group was itchy to tour. In their own way, the Stones had Sixties Fever — washed over in turn with the best and the worst possibilities. In that same atmosphere ROLLING STONE magazine attempted to articulate, to identify, what was happening.

Following the Stones for nearly a decade now, some of ROLLING STONE's best stories resulted from the desire for information in the simplest sense — what did they say, what did they do, what do they think, what happened. Some put it all in a broader context of fans, the music industry, politics, power — all the things the Stones' music affects and is affected by. Those are the stories that are printed here, from the first interview with Mick Jagger in 1968 to the eve of the 1975 tour. What comes across is a pretty good rendering of who the Rolling Stones are and why they're still around.

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INDEX

The Rolling Stone Interview: Mick Jagger
By Jonathan Cott, Assisted by Sue Cox ____ 6

Music, the Sword and the Stones: A Review of *Beggars Banquet*
By Jon Landau ____ 12

Brian Jones: Calling It Quits ____ 14

Jones's Death Shrouded in Mystery ____ 16

USA '69: The Gathering Madness
Compiled from Reports by Jerry Hopkins, Greil Marcus, John Burks and Loraine Alterman ____ 18

Altamont: The Killer Festival
A Retrospective View by Ralph J. Gleason ____ 24

Prodigal Sons Tour Mother Country
By Robert Greenfield ____ 26

St. Tropez: Mr. and Mrs. Mick ____ 30

The Rolling Stone Interview: Keith Richard
By Robert Greenfield ____ 32

Table Talk with Mick in Paris
By Chris Hodenfield ____ 62

USA '72: Tread the Boards Lightly
Compiled from Reports by Robert Greenfield, Timothy Ferris and Others ____ 64

Making the Least of Paradise
By Ben Fong-Torres ____ 76

Bill Wyman: Stepping Out, Shyly
By Andrew Bailey ____ 80

Rock & Roll: How They Do It
By Steve Turner ____ 82

Mick Taylor: Time to Move On
By Vincent McGarry ____ 84

Afterword/'75: Feels Good, Let's Do It Again
By Steve Weitzman ____ 86

Discography
Compiled by Rita Rea ____ 90

Credits ____ 96

No. 19
October 12, 1968

The Rolling Stone Interview: MICK JAGGER

Although one of the most philosophically oriented and intelligent performers around today, Mick Jagger is also one of the most laconic. Since the departure of Andrew Oldham from the affairs of the Rolling Stones, the burden of directing the affairs of the group has fallen on Mick, leaving him little time for much else, including interviews, photographs and all the other routines of the rock and roll star.

This interview was completed in June at the Rolling Stones' business offices in London. The interview was conducted by Jonathan Cott, assisted by Sue Cox. Although it is not the most thorough and complete set of questions and answers it is nonetheless the most extensive discussion yet available with Mick Jagger about the Rolling Stones.

—Summer, 1968

The first thing we would like to talk about are your old songs like "Poison Ivy," "Route 66" and . . .

"Poison Ivy," did we ever record that? Oh, yeah. We did two versions of that. I don't know which one you have 'cause it was never released in this country [England]. Where was it released in America?

It wasn't released in America, it was put out in England. It was a very early recording with three other things, an EP.

Right. "Bye Bye Johnny" and "Better Move On." That was the second version.

Why did you choose that type of material in the beginning?

Well, I mean, we were kids, you know, just kids. We did everything and that was a groove. You see "Poison Ivy" was unknown in this country. It wasn't a hit here by the Coasters, and other songs like "Money" were totally unheard of.

Like "I'm a King Bee"?

Well, that was pretty unheard of in America. What I mean is, there were a lot of these hit records in the States that nobody knew about here, we did them and *after* we thought they weren't good; but at the time it was right.

But the Stones made these songs popular.

No, not really. Everybody did those kind of songs: the Beatles, the Hollies, the Searchers, everyone. I can't explain why.

Isn't it true that with songs like "Come On" and "King Bee" you really rediscovered Slim Harpo and Chuck Berry for a lot of Americans who never listened to that kind of music before?

Yeah. They never knew anything about it and that's why we stopped doing blues. We didn't want to do blues forever, we just wanted to turn people on to other people who were very good and not carry on doing it ourselves. So you could say that we did blues to turn people on, but why they should be turned on by us is unbelievably stupid. I mean what's the point in listening to us doing "I'm a King Bee" when you can listen to Slim Harpo doing it?

At that time did you think you were going to be a writer and get into all your own things as you have?

No, I really didn't think about it much.

Your change in style came about when you thought enough people had been turned on to blues?

I think our *change* came about the same time a lot of the beat groups *started*. When there were no hit groups and the Beatles were playing the Cavern. We were blues purists who liked ever-so-commercial things but never did them onstage because we were so horrible and so aware of being blues purists, you know what I mean? You see nobody knew each other in those days. We didn't know the Beatles and the Animals and the this and that and the other group, yet we were all doing the same material. We used to be so surprised to hear other people do the same things we were doing. The thing is that the public didn't know about any of this music because the record companies were issuing hundreds of singles a week so naturally most people missed a huge lot of them.

What were the first things you wrote?

The first thing was "Tell Me." Well, that wasn't the first thing we wrote but it was one of the first things we recorded that we had written. Also, "As Tears Go By," "That Girl Belongs to Yesterday," which was a hit here by Gene Pitney. We were writing ballads, don't ask me why.

How did you come to record "I Wanna Be Your Man," the Beatles thing?

Well, we knew them by then and we were rehearsing and Andrew [Oldham] brought Paul and John down to the rehearsal. They said they had this tune, they were really hustlers then. I mean the way they used to hustle tunes was great: "Hey Mick, we've got this great song" [done with a John Lennon accent]. So they played it and we thought it sounded pretty commercial, which is what we were looking for, so we did it like Elmore James or something. I haven't heard it for ages but it must be pretty freaky 'cause nobody really produced it. The guy who happened to be our manager at the time was a 50-year-old northern mill owner [Eric Easton]. It was completely crackers, but it was a hit and sounded great onstage.

What happened during the time between that and "Satisfaction"?

That's a lot of time. I don't know what happened. You say "I Wanna Be Your Man" and I'd forgotten about it. Next came "As Tears Go By." We never dreamed of doing that ourselves when we wrote it. We just gave it straight to Marianne [Faithfull]. We wrote a lot of songs for other people most of which were very unsuccessful.

Did you write "As Tears Go By" specifically for Marianne?

Yeah, but I could never do it again. I keep trying, night after night. Then we did "Not Fade Away" and went to America and that was really a change.

How did that affect you?

Well we started going back to blues a bit more. I remember we went to Chess Recording Studios and recorded all the old blues numbers we used to do, a lot of which have never been released.

Who was doing your production then, Andrew?

Yeah, but he didn't know anything about blues. The cat who really got it together was Ron Marlow, the engineer for Chess. He had been on all the original sessions. We did "Confessin' the Blues," "Down the Road a Piece" and "It's All Over Now." Murray the K gave

—Continued

us "It's All Over Now" which was great because we used to think he was a cunt but he turned us on to something good. It was a great record by the Valentinos but it wasn't a hit.

That was when you first ran into censorship problems with the words "half-assed games." Many of the disc jockeys in the States just cut that part out.

Did they really? I didn't know that. I really don't know what's considered rude in America 'cause it's all so different, isn't it! Here you can use Americanisms and people don't know what you're saying. Censorship is weird.

Even though you had several hits before, "Satisfaction" was really the turn-on for a vast majority of people. Was there any specific incident that brought those lyrics to you?

It was Keith really. I mean it was his initial idea. It sounded like a folk song when we first started working on it and Keith didn't like it much, he didn't want it to be a single, he didn't think it would do very well. That's the only time we have had a disagreement.

Even when it was finished, he didn't like it?

I think Keith thought it was a bit basic. I don't think he really listened to it properly. He was too close to it and just felt it was a silly kind of riff.

Did you think "Satisfaction" would become the number one pop song of this era as it has?

No, not at all.

Did you think about the problem of writing a song to follow it?

No, I didn't give a fuck. We knew it wouldn't be as good but so what.

Where were you when you wrote it?

Tampa, Florida, by a swimming pool.

Did you do a lot of your writing on tour?

Oh yeah, always. It's the best place to write because you're just totally into it. You get back from a show, have something to eat, a few beers and just go to your room and write. I used to write about twelve songs in two weeks on tour. It gives you lots of ideas. At home it's very difficult because you don't want to do anything really but read and things like that.

I'd like to ask you a personal question about "Play with Fire." There are lines about getting your kicks in Knightsbridge and Stepney, and a rich girl, and her father's away and there is a suggestion that the guy in the song is having an affair not only with the daughter but with the mother . . .

Ah, the imagination of teenagers! Well, one always wants to have an affair with one's mother. I mean it's a turn-on.

Oftentimes when you record, you mumble your lyrics. Is this done purposely as a style?

That's when the bad lines come up. I

—Continued

mean I don't think the lyrics are that important. I remember when I was very young, this is very serious, I read an article by Fats Domino which has really influenced me. He said, "You should never sing the lyrics out very clearly."

You can really hear "I got my thrill on Blueberry Hill."

Exactly, but that's the only thing you can hear just like you hear "I can't get no satisfaction." It's true what he said though. I used to have great fun deciphering lyrics. I don't try to make them so obscure that nobody can understand but on the other hand I don't try not to. I just do it as it comes.

For some reason people don't think about the fact that you and Keith are great writers and your lyrics like "Get Off of My Cloud," which are really good . . .

Oh they're not, they're crap.

"Union Jacks and Windscreens" . . . It's a nice poem.

It's nothing. Thank you for the compliment but I don't think they are great at all. If a person is that hung up on lyrics he can go and buy the sheet music because it's all there, all wrong of course but . . .You should see the one for "Dandelion" — they made up another song!

How did you feel when you went on the Ed Sullivan show and had to change the lyrics from "Let's spend the night together" to "Let's spend some time together"?

I never said "time." I really didn't. I said mumble. "Let's spend some mmmmm together, let's spend some mmmmm together." They would have cut it off if I had said "night."

When you first came to San Francisco in 1966 the Diggers put out a proclamation calling the Stones the embodiment of what they represented, the breaking up of old values. This came about after a series of songs like "19th Nervous Breakdown," "Mother's Little Helper," "Have You Seen Your Mother" . . .

"Have You Seen Your Mother" was like the ultimate freakout. We came to a full stop after that. I just couldn't make it with that anymore; what more could we say?

But obviously these songs bothered people because for the first time rock songs were saying things that couldn't be said before, not just on a sex level like the old blues tunes "I'll squeeze your lemon till the juice runs down your leg," you don't get close to things like that but what you said was strong.

I like that one very much; we used to do it. It's spending all the time in America. All these songs were written in America. It is a great place to write because all the time you are being bombarded with all of it and you can't help but try and put it in some kind of form. I think the Mothers of Invention do it so well. You could never be the Mothers if you lived here. I don't know why, you just couldn't. It's all here as well, but not so obvious. As far as I'm concerned those songs just reflect what's going on.

What about people who see your songs as political or sociological statements?

Well it's interesting but it's just the Rolling Stones sort of rambling on about what they feel.

But no other group seems to do that.

They do, lots of groups.

What other group ever wrote a song like "19th Nervous Breakdown," or "Mother's Little Helper"?

Well, Bob Dylan.

That's not really the same thing.

Dylan once said, "I could have written 'Satisfaction' but you couldn't have written 'Tambourine Man.'"

He said that to you?

No, to Keith.

What did he mean? He wasn't putting you down was he?

Oh yeah, of course he was. But that was just funny, it was great. That's what he's like. It's true but I'd like to hear Bob Dylan sing "I Can't Get No Satisfaction."

Did you like Otis Redding's version?

Yeah, I dug it but . . . not . . . well I dug it. I think it's great 'cause it's sort of . . . no, I'm not going to say. Well the sounds were great and he was great when he first started off singing but then it sort of went into oooh, aaah, gotta gotta gitta which is great because that's his scene but I like Aretha Franklin's better. I was very turned on that Otis cut it.

You songs about girls like "Out of Time," "Please Go Home," "Gotta Get Away," "Yesterday's Papers," "Lady Jane" and many more like "Back Street Girl" seem rather bitter and mean whereas "She Smiled Sweetly," "Ruby Tuesday," "Like a Rainbow" are all about mystical girls.

Different girls. I don't know what to say except they speak for themselves. They are all very unthought-out songs. I write them and they are never looked at again.

But it sounds as though you mean it at the time.

Well I do, that's the scene. Those songs reflect the day and a few stupid chicks getting on my nerves. "Lady Jane" is a complete sort of very weird song. I don't really know what that's all about myself. All the names are historical but it was really unconscious that they should fit together from the same period.

'Satanic Majesties' is probably the most controversial LP you've had, people either hated it or loved it. It seems to be a personal statement rather than a collection of songs. What were your original ideas about putting it together?

None at all. Absolutely no idea behind it. No, it's wrong to say there is or was no idea at all; there was, but it was all completely external. It was done over such a long period of time that eventually it just evolved. The first thing we did was "She's a Rainbow," then "2000 Light Years from Home," then "Citadel" and it just got freakier as we went along. Then we did "Sing This Song All Together" and "On with the Show," "The Lantern" and then Bill's one ["In Another Land"]. It took almost a whole year to make, not because it's so fantastically complex that we needed a whole year but because we were strung out.

That was the year in which several arrests were made.

Yeah, that took a lot of time plus we didn't know if we had a producer or not. Sometimes Andrew would turn up, sometimes he wouldn't. We never knew if we would be in jail or what. Keith and I never sat down and played the songs to each other. We just made that album for what it is.

Were you happy when it was finished?

I was happy yeah. I breathed a sigh of relief because we had finally finished it. It's just there to take it or leave it.

Were any of the songs written after your or Brian's arrest?

I'm very conscious of the fact that it doesn't reflect that in any of the songs. That they aren't all about policemen as they could well have been. But it is an album like *Aftermath* is an album — but *December's Children* isn't, it's just a collection of songs.

Is there any one album you consider your best?

Well no. I like our first album very much 'cause it's all the stuff we used to do onstage. Then I like *Aftermath* 'cause I like the songs, although I don't like the way some of them were done.

What about 'Between the Buttons'?

I don't like that much. □

Why?

I don't know, it just isn't any good. "Back Street Girl" is about the only one I like.

Going back to 'Satanic Majesties' for a minute, I've noticed that there seems to be a constant mood of sleeping and dreaming throughout the whole thing.

I read somewhere else that it was supposed to be about traveling which is weird, too, 'cause it is when you come to look at it that way. You heard what? Dreaming and waking up? I don't know, maybe it is. That's great if you get that from it, that's fantastic.

There also seem to be certain words which constantly reappear like ritual objects, for instance "light," "high" and "flower." Am I just reading into it or was that done purposely?

I don't know what to think about it. It's very weird really and doesn't have anything to do with me. It hasn't got any sort of songs in it, all the words are very obscure, no they aren't really. "2000 Light Years" isn't. That is my favorite, but it's lousy in stereo.

Do you feel that 'Satanic' was your first attempt at the "Strawberry Fields" type of music?

Well, it's a very heady album, very spaced out.

What can we expect to hear in your new album 'Beggars Banquet'?

"Jumpin' Jack Flash" is the most basic thing we have done this time, although that may or may not be in the album. There are a couple country tunes 'cause we've always liked country music.

Have you been influenced by the Byrds and Dylan with their country albums?

Yeah, but Keith has always been country. That's what his scene was. We still think of country songs as a bit of a joke, I'm afraid. We don't really know anything about country music really, we're just playing games. We aren't really into it enough to know. I think it's going to be a good album.

Are you interested in doing stage performances again?

I'd like to do them, but the thought of going onstage and playing "Satisfaction," "Paint It Black," "Jumpin' Jack Flash" and six others just doesn't appeal to me.

What if you could have a quiet and receptive audience?

I don't think it's going to be like that. I'd like to perform and I think the Stones would, but we're stuck because we feel it's no good having everybody sit down and be quiet. I don't want anybody to have to do anything. I think they should do whatever they like. Pop concerts are just gatherings of people who want to have a good time and I don't think they really have a higher meaning.

People say that audiences are listening now, but to what? Like the Rolling Stones onstage just isn't the Boston Pops Symphony Orchestra. It's a load of noise. On record it can be quite musical, but when you get to the stage it's no virtuoso performance. It's a rock and roll act, a very good one, and nothing more.

It is hard to imagine you doing your sexy thing, jumping about with everyone just sitting there quietly listening.

Right. I certainly don't want to go onstage and just stand there like Scott Walker and be ever so pretentious. I can't hardly sing, you know what I mean? I'm no Tom Jones and I couldn't give a fuck. The whole thing is a performance of a very basic nature, it's exciting and that's what it should be. The idea of doing it all over again is a drag. I'd like very much to have someone produce a show with us. I'd like that. I'd really like to do that.

Do you ever feel guilty about getting up onstage and pointing to those little girls and singing "Everybody Needs Somebody" when you really don't want them at all?

Of course I want them.

What sort of show would you hope to be able to do with someone producing it?

When I say produced I don't mean slick and corny, I mean crazy and mad. Something to add to the excitement. I loved the show we did at Wembly [the Stones played two numbers as a surprise to an audience who came to see Mick accept an award from the *New Music Express* as the "best R&B group of the year"] but it was two numbers and that's all I could make. Maybe when we finish the new album and have twelve new songs to do then we can get something together.

You're getting into films now, aren't you?

Yeah, well you can do a lot with film.

What is it like to work with Jean-Luc Godard, the director?

I don't know him very well. Godard is a very nice man. I mean I've seen all his pictures and I think they're groovy.

What is 'One Plus One' about?

I have no idea really. I know he's shooting with color film used by astronauts when reentering the earth's atmosphere. I mean, he's completely freaky. I think the idea for the movie is great, but I don't think it will be the same when it is finished.

What is the idea Godard has told you?

Well, it's his [Godard's] wife who plays the lead chick. She comes to London and gets totally destroyed with some spade cat. Gets involved with drugs or something. Anyway, while she is getting destroyed we find the Rolling Stones freaking out at the recording studio making these sounds.

Godard happened to catch us on two very good nights. He might have come every night for two weeks and just seen us looking at each other with blank faces and it would have been the same side of the coin as the chick destroying herself and us sitting there looking bored. One night he got us going over and over this song called "Sympathy for the Devil." It started out as a folky thing like "Jigsaw Puzzle," but that didn't make it so we kept going over it and changing it until finally it comes out as a samba. So Godard has the whole thing from beginning to end. That's something I've always wanted to do on film. It's probably very boring to most people, but when he's finished cutting it, it will be great.

When is 'The Performance' due to begin?

August something.

Wasn't the script written especially for you?

Yeah, I mean it's very much me. I'm going to make it, if I can, different to me. I mean, he is me, the me on that album cover. He is supposed to be a great writer, like Dylan. But he's completely immersed in himself, he's a horrible person really.

How do you feel about acting as opposed to singing onstage?

I don't know. They are both just projections of your ego, which you're not supposed to have, but you can't do without. You certainly can't act without it, that's why the Maharishi had so much trouble. This character in the film has this fantastic ego thing, which is alright 'cause I can make that. If people get the feeling that you are out there with them, and if you come on strong, then you'll make it. It's just a matter of looking confident, being confident and believing the part, then it's cool.

Do you find it difficult not having any privacy?

Difficult? No, it's really nice and easy. The only hangup is the fuzz. Now that's a drag. Once you get in trouble with the police, you're always in trouble and that's it. Before, we were never in trouble and they were always very nice to us. They should be looking after people and turning American tourists away from Piccadilly Circus. That's the only hangup but it doesn't have anything to do with being me.

Do you feel that the police made a definite effort to pick on the Stones?

Well, there always has been. Before all the hassle it was just the boring newspapers, but when the fuzz start getting into that, it can be very draggy. They have the wherewithal to do it to you if they want to. The newspapers can only scream from their drunken haunts like the Wig & Feather Club, but they can't do anything — the police can. □

No. 25
JANUARY 4, 1969

Music, the Sword and the Stones

BY JON LANDAU

On the surface rock and roll changes at an amazing pace. The influence of a figure like the Maharishi can appear and disappear in a matter of months. Talk about old fashioned rock and roll finds itself dead before it begins. Yet some things do remain, while others maintain enough of their former selves so that the logic of their growth at least makes itself obvious.

The Rolling Stones are constantly changing but beneath the changes they remain the most formal of rock bands. Their successive releases have been continuous extensions of their approach, not radical redefinitions, as has so often been the case with the Beatles. The Stones are constantly being reborn, but somehow the baby always looks like its parents.

In many ways 1968 has turned into another one of those blues revival years. The Stones were into that when it was still verboten to show up at Newport with an electric guitar. It wasn't until five years after they recorded "King Bee" that Slim Harpo finally made it into a white rock club. Happily, even back then, the Stones never got bogged down in the puritanism that mars so many of the English blues bands. They were from the beginning a *rock and roll* blues band. They may have mimicked Harpo note for note, Keith Richard may have played a straight Chuck Berry bag for three-quarters of their first album, but it always wound up sounding like rock and roll: loud, metallic, and trebly. The Stones were the first band to say, "Up against the wall, motherfucker" and they said it with class.

Since that beginning the Stones have tried their hands at a lot of things: arrogance, satire, social commentary, "psychedelia," lewdness, love songs, you name it. Each phase seemed to flow naturally from the one that preceded it and none of their phases ever really changed their identity as a band. In every album but one it seemed to me that they managed to feel the pulse of what was happening now and what was about to happen. For example, "Satisfaction," that classic of the rock and roll age, both expressed the feelings of a moment and foreshadowed what was about to unfold: the elevation of rock and roll to the primary cultural means of communication among the young. There we were in the early summer of 1965 with folk music dead and nothing really exciting going on. And then there were the Stones sneering at the emptiness of what so many people saw all around them, not telling you to do anything about it, but letting you know that they feel it too. The music, with its incessant, repetitious, pounding guitar and drums, and that tension filled voice, was so permeated with violence that just listening to it was cathartic.

Violence. The Rolling Stones are violence. Their music penetrates the raw nerve endings of their listeners and finds its way into the groove marked "release of frustration." Their violence has always been a surrogate for the larger violence their audience is so obviously capable of.

On *Beggars Banquet* the Stones try to come to terms with violence more explicitly than before and in so doing are forced to take up the subject of politics. The result is the most sophisticated and meaningful statement we can expect to hear concerning the two themes—violence and politics—that will probably dominate the rock of 1969.

Protest singers in the past were most often ideologues who set pallid verse to semi-musical melodies. The idea that it is the music that should convey the brunt of their meaning never occurred to them. There were words and there were notes but there wasn't any music.

The people who are turning to political themes in their music now are different. They don't do it as a luxury, or for moral reasons. They are doing it because it is part of their lives and they have to express themselves in terms of how what is happening in the streets is affecting their lives.

Beggars Banquet is not a polemic or manifesto. It doesn't advocate anything. It is a reflection of what goes on at the Stones house, with a few pictures of the house itself thrown in for good measure. Part of what that house looks like has to do with what it's surrounded by and the most startling songs on the album are the ones that deal with the Stones environment: "Salt of the Earth," "Street Fighting Man," and "Sympathy for the Devil." Each is characterized lyrically by a schizoid ambiguity. The Stones are cognizant of the explosions of youthful energy that are going on all around them. They recognize the violence inherent in these struggles. They see them as movements for fundamental change and are deeply sympathetic. Yet they are too cynical to really go along themselves. After all, they are rock and roll musicians, not politicians, and London is such a "sleepy town."

They make it perfectly clear that they are sickened by contemporary society. But it is not their role to tell people what to do. Instead, they use their musical abilities like a seismograph to record the intensity of feelings, the violence, that is so prevalent now. From the beginning they themselves have been exponents of emotional violence and it's hard to imagine any group more suited to voicing the feelings of discontent we all share in these most violent of times. Wherever they wind up themselves, they are writing songs of revolution because they are giving powerful expression to the feelings that are causing it.

Musically the Stones express themselves through three basic elements: rhythm, tension, and energy. "Street Fighting Man" is prototypical of the approach. Drummer Charlie Watts lays down an elementary drum pattern, the same one he has been using since "Route 66." He strikes the high-hat with a near compulsive regularity and hits the snare drum with such a wallop it's hard to believe the sound is coming out of only one drum. The rhythm guitar is laid over the drum and is characterized by a violent attack which emphasizes the *"on"* beat. The bass pattern is simple and restrained. Like the guitar it serves to magnify the impact of the beat. The collective effect of the instrumental track is of fantastic thrust forward.

The beat is constantly being pushed, the guitars constantly re-emphasizing the basic movement of the song, the bass providing the perfect floor to the arrangement. And then the voice: Jagger is the source of the tension. At his best (definitely on this track) he sounds like he's fighting for control, fighting to be heard over the din of the instruments.

The words are beautiful. Notice how Jagger emphasizes them: *"Ev*-ry *where* I *hear* the *sound* of *charg*-ing, *march*-ing *peo*-ple." The Stones obviously revel in the images of charging people: they've sure seen enough of them at their concerts. But they are too mature and too realistic to fall into the trap of slogans and easy answers. All they can really do is sing in a rock and roll band.

"Salt of the Earth" continues in the

same vein and serves as Jagger's tribute to the "other half." Lyrically, the song's point of view is again ambiguous. Jagger obviously wants to empathize with the "common foot soldier," the working man, the man who is forced to throw his life away on "back-breaking work" without ever achieving satisfaction. On the other hand, when he looks into their "faceless crowds," they look "strange." He has gotten to a point where he can't really come to terms with their way of thinking. Nonetheless, the tribute goes on and begins to sound a bit like a drinking song. At one point I expect them to all be standing around the bar toasting the veterans of the Spanish Civil War. The double time at the end pushes the song past that stage and helps it regain its movement and vitality. It is typical of Jagger's honesty that he was unafraid to use a soldier as symbol of "The Salt of the Earth." They are as much victims as anyone else.

"Sympathy for the Devil" rounds out the group of ambiguous, socially aware songs. To me, it is the most distinguished song and performance of the year. Lyrically, it is a striking picture of a world gone mad. Cops are criminals. Saints are sinners. God is the devil. Whoever is on top makes whoever is beneath him the enemy; actually, it is always the men on top who are the enemy. Those who claim righteousness for themselves are only interested in perpetuating their own power. Those they vilify are really the righteous ones, until they achieve power for themselves. Then they imitate their predecessors and the process repeats itself through history. The narrator, Lucifer, was there when "Jesus Christ had his moment of doubt, of pain." He was there when "the blitzkreig raged and the bodies stank." And he lays "traps for troubadors who get killed before they reach Bombay." And who is telling us all this? A man of wealth and taste. Sounds like what a lot of people would like to become.

The toilet that inspired the unused 'Beggars Banquet' cover

The music is brilliant. The cut opens with just the percussion—a sort of syncopated Bo Diddley, precisely the kind of thing Watts excels at. Then they add Nicky Hopkins' rhythm piano, perfectly understated. Wyman's simple bass line matches Watts' syncopation perfectly. Throughout the cut he adds color to the basic rhythm pattern by throwing in some very pretty, loopy bass lines. After two verses of Jagger's singing, the background voices add that ultra simple "oo-oo" accompaniment which continues to grow for the duration of the cut. By the time they reach the end, they sound like a plane taking off, accelerating at an inexorable pace until it finally reaches its normal flight speed, at which point it levels itself off.

Jagger sings with tension and control, constantly pushing himself as far as he can go, but never crossing over that line between power and excess. The guitar solo by Richard is among the finest rock solos I have heard recently. He only uses about five of the simplest rock lines around but he plays them with such finesse they seem to be oozing out of the guitar. His style is pure eroticism and he seems to linger over each note, making sure it comes out exactly like it's supposed to.

Watts, with Jagger, provides the energy. He keeps his little riff going like a computer. Towards the end he expands his part by a bit: he starts throwing out cymbal smashes on the first beat of each measure. It provides just that extra bit of rhythm and drive.

The rest of the album is made up of largely conventional Stones-styled songs. There are some mediocre ones among them, but then that is part of the Stones. Consistency is not their bag. Among the really fine cuts are "Doctor, Doctor," "No Expectations," "Factory Girl" and "Stray Cat Blues." "No Expectations" is noteworthy for its sentimental melancholy. It has a lovely country feel to it, without actually being an attempt at country music. "Factory Girl" is more of the Stones' interest in the working class (remember "Backstreet Girl") and has a New Lost City Ramblers type accompaniment, complete with old-timey styled fiddle.

Beggars Banquet is a complete album. While it does not attempt *Sgt. Pepper*-type unity it manages to touch all the bases. It derives its central motive and mood from the theme of "revolution" but isn't limited to that. Over at the Stones house there's plenty of room for groupies, doctors, jigsaw puzzles, factory girls, and broken hearts as well. Yet even these subjects are colored by the impact of "Sympathy for the Devil" and "Street Fighting Man." *Beggars Banquet* ought to convince us all that the Stones are right. By putting all these different themes on the same album the Stones are trying to tell us that they all belong together. They do. □

No. 37
JULY 12, 1969

Brian Jones: Calling It Quits

LONDON — Brian Jones has left the Rolling Stones and been replaced by Mick Taylor, former guitarist with John Mayall.

Jones announced his departure June 8th at his home in Hartfield, Sussex, stating: "I want to play my kind of music, which is no longer the Stones' music."

He said the split was amicable and that he and the Stones will remain close friends. But, as he restated, "The music Mick and Keith have been writing has progressed at a tangent, as far as my own taste is concerned."

Mick Jagger confirmed the news the next day and announced Jones' replacement.

"We'd known for a few months that Brian wasn't keen," he said. "He wasn't enjoying himself and it got to the stage where we had to sit down and talk about it. So we did and decided the best thing was for him to leave."

Neither Jones nor Jagger revealed what Jones is planning for the future. Said Mick: "He's gotta do his own thing, man, and he hasn't said anything to us about it."

Mick Taylor was called in by Jagger while himself in a transitional stage. He had just left Mayall's Bluesbreakers a few weeks ago and was about to take time off to think over his future in music. He'd been with the Mayall group for two years.

According to Jagger, Taylor was picked because "he's been through the John Mayall school of guitarists—people like Peter Green and Clapton. I didn't want to go through the whole bit of auditioning guitarists, so I spoke to Mayall, a man whose judgment I respect in these matters. John just sort of grunted when I told him we'd like to see Mick, so I took it as a 'yes'."

Jagger invited Taylor to do a session with the Stones at the Barnes studios, where the Stones have cut 17 tracks for their next two albums.

"I'd never heard him live before—only on records," Jagger said, "but he got on well with Keith and he picked things up quickly, so we got the track done more quickly. He doesn't play anything like Brian. He's a bluesman and he wants to play rock and roll, so that's okay."

Taylor was scheduled to make his public debut as a Stone on June 25th and 26th at the Colosseum in Rome. The concerts are being filmed, Jagger said, for worldwide distribution. A London concert is being planned for the first week in July, and the "new" Rolling Stones may also tape a segment for David Frost's TV show to be shown in the U.S. □

No. 39
AUGUST 9, 1969

Jones' Death Shrouded in Mystery

LONDON—Brian Jones, rhythm guitarist with the Rolling Stones from their inception in 1962 until his departure early last month, is dead. He was 25.

Jones died shortly after being pulled, unconscious, out of the floodlit swimming pool at his home in Hartfield.

Circumstances surrounding the late-night tragedy remain vague, despite testimony by three friends who were near the scene, despite a coroner's inquest, and despite blatantly sensational coverage by the London press.

Jones and his girl friend, 21-year-old Anna Wohlin, were hosting Frank Thorogood, a builder who had been doing repairs on Jones' country home, and another friend, Jenny Lawson, a 22-year-old nurse. Shortly after midnight that night (June 2nd) he was found at the bottom of the pool. Artificial respiration attempts, first by Miss Wohlin, who is also a nurse, and later by ambulance attendants, failed, and Brian Jones was dead by the time a doctor arrived.

First reports on the drowning of the musician left the cause of death unsaid. Later, Miss Wohlin was reported to have told a coroner from nearby East Grinstead that an asthma inhaler was found at the edge of the pool. "Brian used it automatically and particularly when he was in the pool and having difficulties in breathing," she said.

But after more talk with Miss Lawson and Thorogood and a pathologist's report, coroner Angus Sommerville ruled that Jones died as a result of "drowning by immersion in fresh water associated with severe liver disfunction caused by fatty degeneration and ingestion of alcohol and drugs."

There were traces of pep pills, sleeping tablets and alcohol in his bloodstream, according to the pathologist.

At the inquest, a verdict was recorded that death was caused by "misadventure."

Two days after the death, the Rolling Stones paid tribute to their long-time companion at their free concert in Hyde Park. Before a big crowd of some 250,000, a somber Mick Jagger quoted a piece of poetry in memory of Brian. He read, from *Adonais* by Shelly:

Peace, peace!
He is not dead, he does not sleep—
He has awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions,
Keep with phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings.
We decay like corpses in a charnel;
Fear and grief convulse us and consume us day by day
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

And as the crowd sat silently on Hyde's grassy slopes, the group released 3500 butterflies to flutter over the audience—another gesture and greeting to Brian.

The poetic words and subtle, flying colors were soon overwhelmed, however, by the daily press, as they jumped on the coroner's findings and blew them up into National Tattler proportions. Sleeping tablets and pep pills became a "DRUGS SHOCK," in the mind of the Daily Sketch, while the Daily Mirror headlined: DRINKS AND DRUGS KILLED BRIAN JONES.

While Jones' three friends were quoted telling of Brian's "somewhat garbled speech" (after he had taken the sleeping pills) and the amount of spirits consumed that evening, other sources close to Brian told ROLLING STONE that other events directly leading up to the "misadventure" were being left untold.

Jones, of course, was the Rolling Stone most often connected to drugs, having been convicted twice on cannabis possession charges—in 1967 and 1968. Both times he received fines and warnings.

If Keith Richard and Mick Jagger were the mind and body of the Rolling Stones, Brian Jones, standing most of the time in the shadows, was clearly the soul.

Brian, in with Keith and Mick from the earliest—when the Stones were still largely an R&B discussion group meeting in a Soho pub—was labeled the quietest, the moodiest of the group. But he was in fact the most vocal to the press, angrily and sharply defending the Stones' then-radical style of music, their appearance, their politics, and their whole style of life.

Jagger was out front on stage, and Richard, the lead guitar, was the man with the music. Jones put himself down as "nothing special." But with his fair, pouting face topped by a full bowl of flaxen blond hair, he was invariably placed in front of the others for group photos [Look at the covers for *Big Hits (High Tide and Green Grass)*, *Aftermath*, *Out of Our Heads*, and *December's Children*]. He was the most hairy, the most dapper, and the most versatile with musical instruments. He was the first to leave the group — months, actually, before the news announcements. He was a Rolling Stone before he joined in 1962, and he led the life of a true Rolling Stone from 1963 to 1969.

Brian Jones was born February 28, 1944 in Cheltenham in Gloucestershire county, 98 miles to the west of London. He had musical, well-to-do parents in this health-spa-dominated, well-to-do-town. But although his mother taught piano and his father dabbled with keyboard instruments, he picked up guitar and harmonica and taught himself And although his parents sent him "to the finest schools," he was a non-conformist from the first grade on, and he was suspended from Cheltenham Grammar School for starting a rebellion against the prefects.

Jones was a fine scholar, excelling in English and music, but he hated sports —"I couldn't stand all that organization," he recalled — and put homework aside so that he could listen to records and the radio. He liked early jazz numbers like "Muskrat Ramble" and "When the Saints Go Marchin' In."

By 1960, he had made his first investment in music—three pounds ($7.20) for a Spanish guitar, and had discovered rhythm and blues. But England was being washed over by a tide of what was called "trad jazz"—the music of Kenny Ball, Chris Barber, and Acker Bilk. Brian Jones played trad jazz with various bands in small clubs and halls around the west country until the music — and a confining daytime office job—drove him off to distant Scandinavia.

Whatever funds he had didn't last long, and Jones was soon back in England, storing up money again from numbers of odd jobs. As a coal-lorry driver, he listlessly steered a black-coated wagon around Cheltenham; as a clerk in a record shop, he argued with patrons over their preferences for trad jazz, praising, in vain, his discoveries of early American blues artists and R&B. Finally, in 1962, he made the 100-mile trip to London, where he gravitated to the Bricklayers' Arms, a popular pub now turned into a wholesale house for millinery goods. It was there that Mick Jagger and Keith Richard had been meeting

to plot out their plans for an R&B group; it was there that Mick and Keith, joined by Brian, began the Rolling Stones.

Just as Jones suffered with Jagger and Richard through jobless, moneyless, foodless days and nights in and out of a dingy Chelsea flat, he was in the forefront when it came time to work—trad jazz was beginning to fade — and to fight against the older musicians so determined to maintain their club jobs.

At the Ealing Jazz Club, where the three upstarts sat in with R&B guitarist Alexis Korner's band, the Stones were able to test their music before receptive crowds. But the full group—with a college student Dick Taylor on bass and a succession of fill-in men on drums—really began when Jones found a club in Richmond-Surrey willing to hire them. First press clippings (which Brian saved in his wallet), the addition of Charlie Watts and Bill Wyman, help from Paul McCartney and John Lennon in the recording studios, growing audience enthusiasm—and the band rolled.

Life as a Rolling Stone, of course, was life as a blotter for massive smear jobs by the press and by straight entertainers bewildered by the ragtag, long-locked young rebels. The Stones didn't care. But someone had to answer the scurrilous, widespread attacks. Brian did:

"These ruddy reporters don't seem to want to take us seriously," he said in his soft, determined way. "Well, that's okay. We'll make them eat their lousy words one day. We'll make them take our music seriously."

For their increasingly regal clothes and their increasingly long hair, they were called "a bunch of perishing sissies." Brian, who himself fancied coats with velvet collars, again spoke out. "Intolerant bunch. We're getting it all the time, but we'll never change. It's that lot across there who're the trouble makers. *They're* the ones who lack politeness and they've got no excuse. They're old enough to know better."

The Stones, he said over and over again, would never change. But while the group tumbled through their natural progressions — through the *Satanic* LP and the *Beggars Banquet* LP-cover hassle, through busts of Jagger and Richard, through abortive film and television projects and talk about their own production company—Jones was, in addition, going through his own bringdowns and breakdowns. He was busted in May, 1967 on charges of possession of cannabis and sentenced, that October, to nine months in jail (he was later given a suspended sentence and placed on a year's probation). Between the arrest and the trial, he slipped into a rest home in London — "to get myself together," he said later. He spoke of work pressures forcing him to go under a doctor's care and to go to the nursing home, but he hardly let his drug case settle before he took off to foreign lands and to foreign musics.

Jones had always been the most enthusiastic traveler among the Stones. After the group's first exhilarating tour, in 1964, he said that he might live in America one day. But now he was in Ceylon, doing a "home movie." Then he was in Marrakesh, in Tangier for a holiday when a Moroccan band playing in a market square caught his sensitive ears. He corralled long-time Stones engineer Glyn Johns to go back to Morocco with him, and they spent a week recording them. Jones' idea was to overdub the largely-percussion-and-chant sounds with Western R&B for an album. Allen Klein, Stones business manager, still has the unreleased masters for that record.

And Jones continued to play music. "He was extremely versatile," Johns said. After the guitar and harmonica, he learned clarinet, and eventually mastered all the reed instruments. In addition, Johns said, "he played recorder, soprano sax— he played that on 'Baby, You're a Rich Man'—keyboard, and all string instruments, including the harp." Jones also played sitar in 1967, and for *Beggars Banquet*, in fall of 1968, he played a countrified steel guitar and piano.

Banquet was pretty much Jones' final effort with the group. He was busted a second time for possession of grass, received a light fine and began to drift. The pressures had swelled again, and Jones found it necessary to be alone.

His next appearance in the news was on June 8th for an announcement: that he was leaving the Rolling Stones permanently, due to a difference in music policy. He revealed nothing about his own future further than: "I want to play my own kind of music." □

USA '69: The Gathering Madness

LOS ANGELES—The Rolling Stones have returned to the United States for their first tour in more than three years.

It begins wth two evening shows at the Forum in Los Angeles November 8th, with tickets priced from $5.50 to $8.50. (This compares to a $7.50 top price for a Blind Faith concert in the same arena, a $6.50 top for the Doors. And in both those concerts, tickets started at $3.50.) In arranging this show, a previously set hockey game between the Los Angeles Kings and the New York Rangers was rescheduled—at the request of the man who owns both the Forum and the Kings.

Acts appearing at the concerts here will include Terry Reid, who will appear on all the dates, and the Ike and Tina Turner Revue. Negotiations were continuing to have Ike and Tina, B. B. King and Chuck Berry join the Stones in several other cities.

Promoters of the L.A. concerts said the gross for the evening would exceed $275,000 if the Stones filled the 18,000 seats in the Forum both shows. Similar grosses, on a per show basis, were expected throughout the tour, with the Stones getting guarantees of $25,000 a concert and up, against take home percentages running close to $60,000.

Although figures such as these are not unusual for tours by groups of this magnitude, they did bring strong criticism.

When Mick Jagger was confronted by this criticism at a press conference at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, he left the door slightly open to giving a free concert sometime during the 13-city, 18-concert tour, but his tone didn't seem too promising.

The remainder of the press conference was typical. Someone asked that the question about ticket costs be repeated. Sam Cutler, the band's tour manager, repeated it, stumbling over the word ticket, saying "pricket." This prompted Keith Richard to lean over and give him a little kiss.

Following that it was just one knee-slapper after another.

Art Kunkin, editor of the Los Angeles Free Press, asked Jagger to comment on

Timothy Leary's running for governor. "Isn't it a bit late for California to have a psychedelic governor?" Jagger asked back.

Rona Barrett, a television gossip columnist, asked her questions: "What time do you normally get up?" "Are you really an anti-establishment group or is it all a put-on?" And: "What do you think about fellow performers like Shirley Temple going into politics?"

Other dates on the tour include the Oakland Coliseum, November 9th; San Diego Sports Arena, the 10th; Phoenix Coliseum, the 11th; Dallas Coliseum, the 12th; Auburn (Ala.) University, the 13th; University of Illinois, the 14th; and Chicago Amphitheater, the 16th.

The Stones then take a week off to tape an appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show,* resuming the tour in Detroit's Olympia, the 21st. This will be followed by concerts at the Philadelphia Spectrum, the 25th; Baltimore Civic Center, the 26th; Madison Square Garden, the 27th and 28th; Boston Garden, the 29th; and the West Palm Beach (Fla.) Pop Festival, the 30th.

Before beginning the tour, the Stones had fully three weeks to ready themselves. Except for the planned few hours in the recording studio, this gave them ample time for vacationing.

Which is what they were doing immediately following their October 17th arrival in Los Angeles: splitting up, some staying in the Beverly Wilshire, others in private homes.

Charlie Watts was staying with his wife Shirley and daughter Serafina in a huge mountain-top home owned by the DuPont family high above the Sunset Strip, for example, while Jagger and Richard were staying with Stephen Stills in an estate near Laurel Canyon built by Carmen Dragon and formerly inhabited by Monkee Peter Tork.

It was the DuPont manse that was to serve as the group's West Coast headquarters and it was there the Stones gathered the day after their arrival for a meeting, then pushed all thought of business aside to make use of the home's sumptuous facilities.

During the day, friends, writers and Sunday hangers-on came by to watch Bill Wyman on the tennis court (wearing boots), knocking a ball around. "Sure, you can take pictures," he said, "but we're only amateurs." Inside the house, Charlie Watts was going through a large box of albums just delivered from a Sunset Strip record store.

Someone entered the 40-foot living room with a 180-degree view of Los Angeles and asked, "Is Mick here?"

"Be here later," came the listless reply.

"Catch you then."

In the kitchen the girl the Stones had hired to cook their meals was preparing bouillabaisse. She knew the boys had decided to go to a Japanese restaurant that night, and then on to the Ash Grove to see Taj Mahal and Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup, but she was afraid the food would spoil.

Someone else was picking out a tune on the piano.

Outside a chauffeur snoozed behind the wheel of a Cadillac limousine.

The Rolling Stones were in town and everyone seemed to be waiting for something to happen.

Jerry Hopkins
No. 46/November 15, 1969

OAKLAND, California—We flooded into the Oakland Coliseum in 1969 with memories of the Cow Palace in 1966—but this time there weren't any twelve-year-old kids kicking over the seats and wetting their pants. The Sixties are over—the first thing that hit you when the Stones came out on stage was the evidence of the years in Mick Jagger's face. It seemed to have fallen into place for good. His features were no longer supple and loose; they were hard and thick, like the marble ridges of a statue. But that's a long way from the House of Wax. He still looked beautiful.

Jagger was dressed right out of *Sympathy for the Devil,* but for me the costume didn't take hold until near the end of the show, when it no longer seemed like a costume. Black tight pants with silver studs up the side; a black blouse with a Leo sign on it. He wore an Uncle Sam hat out of Ginsberg and a red scarf that might have been ten feet long. Keith Richard, Bill Wyman, Charlie Watts, even Mick Taylor, they all looked like *Rolling Stones*, but they weren't stepping out. They put the weight on Mick, and he was carrying it. The band was nervous, and it wasn't all that clear whether or not they were going to make it this time.

The screams don't come so easy any more. The flashing excitement of simply looking at the Stones is displaced. Dylan doesn't tour, the Beatles don't tour, and it's been three years since any of us have *seen* Mick Jagger. So we had to look at him to make sure he was really there. The giant TV screen up above the stage held images that in an odd way were more real than the show itself—somehow it made more sense to see a *picture* of Mick Jagger than to see Mick Jagger himself. We were all quite out of time.

"So happy to be here, and all that bullshit," said Mick, after the opening shot, a metal-hard "Jumpin' Jack Flash."

He was clearly pissed that the crowd had clapped with merely uncertain enthusiasm for both his entry *and* for his first vocal. He'd danced stiffly on that first number, feeling out the stage, but the audience had been feeling out *Mick*. It was as if there were complaints that this band had been, you know, "over-hyped."

Things had not gone smoothly during the first set, some hours before. Richard's amp had blown, and he'd tossed his see-through plexiglass guitar into the air and walked off stage. The Stones had been forty-five minutes late—not, as Jagger told the audience, because no one came to pick them up at the airport, but because Tina Turner had put on such a dynamite show the band hadn't wanted to follow her too quickly. Then in the middle of "Satisfaction" Bill Graham and the tour manager got into a pushing and shoving match right on stage. A hassle all around. That was what some people talked about when they left the first show—that and the bad sound.

It was 2:30, the Stones had been on for ten minutes, and while Jagger pranced with growing enthusiasm and Richard stung the hardest notes from his guitar, the sound system booming in perfect balance, the audience was still warming up. "Oh, Carol"—"Oh, groovy, Chuck Berry, hmmmmmmmmm . . ." "Sympathy for the Devil" somehow slipped past. We were, I think, *judging* the music, not responding to it, and this too must have been new to the Stones. Years ago we'd just groove with the loud hum of the band and the ranging dark cheer of the crowd into one giant instrument: *THE STONES!* And us. Now we *heard* the guitar solos.

Mick sneered at the audience. "Since you're all so quiet tonight . . . Since you're all sitting down, well then, *we'll* sit down *too.*" He and Keith Richard squatted down for two slow southern blues: "Prodigal Son" from the last album and a new one, "Gotta Move." They were a lot of fun. Keith played a very classy old steel guitar, and Mick found the night's best moment up till then when he let out with a soft, low Robert Johnson moan — very moving, very intense—while he mugged at the audience and rolled his big eyeballs.

There was a queer distance between Mick and the Stones—this devastating band and their devouring leader—and the audience. It'd be easiest to think the reason was the massive Oakland Coliseum, but it was more than that. We've grown up with the Stones, and we are more likely closer to where they are than we were four or five years ago—we have influenced *them* too—but somehow this closeness of spirit increased the distance between the Stones as performers and ourselves as the audience. Or perhaps it was another incident that brought the new feel of the concert home. I walked upstairs to the men's room between acts, and sitting on the can I noticed two cats blowing each other in the next stall. Somehow I can't imagine *that* having happened at the Cow Palace in 1966. The transfiguration of wet pants has come—She blew my nose, and then she blew my mind . . . closer and farther away. Mick kept trying to catch it.

They did "Love In Vain," one of the most beautiful of all the songs by the great Robert Johnson. It was a triumph. Mick Taylor handled the break with a finesse of his emotion, and Jagger used the spaces of the tragic blues to summon up all of his power: "The blue light . . . was mah bay-bee . . . and the red light . . . was my mind . . ."

It's hard to tell and it's hard to tell . . .
All my love's in vain . . .

—Continued

The music got better and better and the applause was just applause. Into and out of "I'm Free," a rollicking "Under My Thumb" with Mick breaking loose on stage and *still looking* for his audience. Kids were moving down the aisles, sort of wandering along, as if they hoped no one would notice. They were eagerly and persistently hustled back by the floor crew.

"Slowly rocking on," as Mick put it, frowning, they went into their new numbers. "Midnight Rambler" was the first. It'll rank with "Sympathy for the Devil," "Salt of the Earth" and "Goin' Home" as a Stones classic. What an amazing song! On and on it went, Mick now looking the part his clothes had created, falling to his knees, the notes from the two guitars surround him and finally *us*—a dark, evil song, dripping with the spirit of the Rolling Stones. There was movement in the band, and the audience was on the edge of real excitement. Jesus! On the *edge!* It was that hard, even in the midst of such brilliance. "Live With Me" was next, beginning with the line, "I got nasty habits, baby . . ." Chuck Berry riffs flew in and out of the choruses, Mick spinning, clapping his hands, one-two-three-four over his shoulder, dipping his scarf low, forcing a memory of how fabulous he'd been in "Sympathy for the Devil" forty minutes before. "Yesss, pleased to meet you, baby"—whooshing into a mannered bow—"Hope you . . . guess my name . . ." And the concert was finally catching up with us. Then a dramatic, shouting "Gimme Shelter," Mick dancing faster, Keith Richard beginning to move out, and the place was getting itchy. A girl was bopping in her seat and the guard told her to stop. She didn't.

"I can't *see* anyone," yelled Mick. "We wanna see who we came to play for. Turn on the lights!" All the lights went up and the aisles began to fill with real urgency. Mick played to the crowd, pushing them on. If he couldn't make them rush the stage, pushing to get to him, waving their arms and forcing everyone else to stand on their seats and wave *their* arms, then he'd have had it as MICK JAGGER OF THE ROLLING STONES. He'd be Mick Jagger, Movie Star, or Mick Jagger the Recording Artist, but that was not what it was about and that was not what mattered. And now, with the lights on, perhaps it was embarrassing to be calm and restrained, or perhaps the Stones were more real, out of the spotlight and just part of the celebration. But Mick had brought it off; he'd really had to do it himself.

"He could play a guitar just like ringing a bell," and Keith Richard can do that, but by this time he was playing as if a bomb had just gone off in Chuck Berry's bell-tower. Huge notes and titanic bursts of sound commanded the crowd up to the stage and pushed more people up against the vanguard as the Rolling Stones powered in to "Satisfaction." It was like a blur. Devils dancing on stage. No more feeling it out. The stage was showered with joints. The Stones flashed grins at each other and now that the big TV screen had faded the music seemed louder and you realized that some of the audience was really *that close* to grabbing Mick's scarf.

This wasn't any ritual that the Stones and the audience were acting out in respect for something that had happened years before. Mick and the band had reached for it and won. It was real . . .

They ended it past three-thirty in the morning with "Street Fighting Man." Jagger seemed to draw himself up over his own height as he gestured for the words—the hall was fully lit, as if we were stealing a thrill from someone's closed-door idea of what the concert was supposed to be. It got away. Mick waved his arms until the crowd waved back and then stepped to the edge of the stage and blew astonishing kisses—with both hands—to everyone. Mick Jagger singing with his rock and roll band—a glorious moment.

I knew it had really happened that way when I got home around five A.M. Pinned to the icebox was a note: "Just came by after the concert. *Wasn't it great!!!* We got within *five feet* of Mick!" And not without his help. In a way, that was the best part.

Greil Marcus
No. 48/December 13, 1969

It was in New York that the Stones received their most tumultuous response.

Outside Madison Square Garden, guards found one scalper selling pairs of $3.50 tickets (the cheapest) for $40 a pair. There were not too many scalpers, though, evidently because most ticket purchasers really did want to see the Stones.

In New York, the Stones did pretty much the same set they'd done everyplace else. Like they were supposed to, the crowd rushed the stage. No one seated on the main floor of the Garden could see through the crowds that jammed the aisles, unless they stood on their chairs. It was like that from the first number. For those who could see him, Jagger was the perfect, prancing, mincing advertisement for unisex.

The band got better and better the more they performed. That was clear to everyone who heard them on the West Coast, in San Francisco or Los Angeles, and then, later, in New York or West Palm Beach. It was clear to Mick, who noted: "Compared to the way we sounded later along, we were terrible in San Francisco. Ragged. By the time we got to Detroit, I'd say, it was like a one hundred per cent improvement.

"The band got better. The sound system improved, and we got better accustomed to performing again. It's really a matter of confidence. It takes awhile to get that up."

It makes a difference, having Mick Taylor in Brian Jones' place. "It's more of a *band* now," Jagger said enthusiastically. "It's definitely a different band. It's fucking incredibly *hard* now. I mean, we haven't got a lot of the things Brian could do. Like none of us play dulcimer and those things. I guess we *could*"—the feeling here was that this was Brian's

contribution, and somehow it would be false for another Stone to take on Brian's role—"but we don't. I mean, I like to play autoharp, but I wouldn't do it onstage. At home, yes; you know? But not onstage. Those were things Brian did that we don't have now.

"But we're so *hard* now as a band . . . And, with Mick—Mick's really *good*—and it means Keith can sort of lay out and tune up in the middle of a tune. There's more time to think. And sometimes they'll get to tossing solos back and forth between the guitars. like on 'Sympathy for the Devil,' and it's just great! It's beautiful to hear, and it's something we've never gotten into just that way before."

Leonard Bernstein came backstage to talk with the band in New York. He seemed thrilled by everything they did, digging one set onstage, hunched down behind the amplifiers. Jimi Hendrix did the same at another show.

Their farewell to New York came in a shower of some 5,000 rose petals loosed from the ceiling. They fluttered down in a pink cloud, fragrant and ethereal.

"When we think back about the tour," Mick said, "well, it's all happened so quickly, you know? It's all like one big blur and it's hard to distinguish one place from another." In some ways it had been a lot like their 1966 tour—in terms of the American audience's response— and in some ways quite different. "Like in Chicago, it was just like last time: a lot of screamers, a lot of young girls, really young, like 12 or 14. And other places there were some who don't listen to the music *at all;* it's just a fantasy experience for them. Like in Boston, that crowd had almost an identical response to what they gave us last time.

"But on the Coast, and a lot of other places, there was a very large cross section of people, all kinds of people, and they *listened.* A lot of them did. That was new in some ways."

Actually the tour had begun when the Stones flew to Colorado to perform a "break-in" concert at Colorado State University in Fort Collins, about sixty miles from Denver. This performance had been advertised by its Denver promoter for at least three weeks, but outside Colorado no one seemed to know of it; the Stones had asked that details of the concert go untold, in case something went wrong. In Colorado, Jagger said a day later, "They just sat there. They were, I think"—leaning forward, whispering confidentially — "too stoned to move."

Most of all, the Stones seemed surprised at the reception they'd received in the South, in places like Texas and Tennessee and Alabama. They'd halfway expected *Easy Rider* hassles, vaguely feared violence. Instead, all was friendliness and courtesy.

It was 5 AM before the Stones performed at the West Palm Beach festival, in Florida, and plenty cold. In honor of the event—their last scheduled concert—and despite the chill—Keith stripped to the waist.

Jagger was not certain just how soon he will feel like touring the United States again. Sometime after the world tour ends he intends to come back to the country to have a look around "in less hurried circumstances."

"The thing about it is," he explained, "touring's alright, but there's so many other things to do in life; do you know what I mean? In my life, I don't have to go onstage to get that buzz, that ego fulfillment. To tour and to perform, you have to get your ego way up there, where it's, like, *look, this is me,* you know? All ego.

"And I don't need that all the time. I'd like to sort of lose that now—all that ego that's built up. Just, um, do something else, sit home, maybe, travel about, for something like six months, before I start to think about any more tours."

All that remained for the Rolling Stones was the big free concert they had vaguely promised since they arrived in this country — vaguely at first, and then, as the tour progressed, city by city, more definitely, until finally Mick Jagger told a New York press conference that it was going to happen for certain.

Mick thought it would be great to do a sort of all-day thing—"not just play one set and then go, but make a day of it." What did he mean by that, exactly? He wasn't sure. But it would come to more than just playing for an hour.

Asked at what point during the tour they'd decided to do a free event, Jagger said: "It was when we first fucking got to Los Angeles, the first stop. We decided right then to do it after the tour was over. We wanted to do Los Angeles, because the weather's better. But there's no place to do it there, and we were assured we could do it much more easily in San Francisco."

John Burks and Loraine Alterman
No. 49/ December 27, 1969 □

No. 79
April 1, 1971

Altamont: The Killer Festival

By Ralph J. Gleason

It was frightening to see *Gimme Shelter*. What it is like for someone in, say, Indiana, to see, I can hardly imagine. I *can't* imagine. But to see the familiar faces, the people, the scene, and to have recreated (no, not recreated, but reprised) that mad, frantic, unbelievable time is, at least for me, to concentrate all the bad vibes from Altamont all over again into an hour and a half.

It has, of course, along with the leaden vibes, some incredible moments. Mick on stage prancing his way into his thing. Tina Turner copping the mike. The sound of the music and the beautiful half-time sequence when Mick is singing "Love in Vain" and the movement is stopped down to form a ballet over the tempo of the music. That was one of the most exquisite moments of film and music I have ever seen.

And God knows the entire affair would put you off music if you didn't have some feeling for it from before. Music brought those people together that day and music provided the spark to set off the energy that went so sour so tragically. The Stones' music is great music, but it almost always hangs there on a thin edge of violence, usually resolving it and working it out, but on that day the stars and their puppets conspired to block off the resolution and the result was the chaos so vividly shown.

There are no specific guilty parties for Altamont. We were all guilty, myself included. To whatever degree we failed to take whatever steps we could have taken to assure that day would go down benignly, we share the guilt. But the Stones and the concept of a free day with them was such a powerful combination that everyone lost control. I believe that to be true and that Mick and the workers who put it together as well as the Angels who killed that man were all victims themselves. The ultimate victim was all of us. It was a miniature Vietnam, a machine out of control postulated on a mistaken assumption and evolving swiftly into the evil version of what could have been good.

It was a crime without a criminal, a free concert that will in the end (as Woodstock went bankrupt to make millions) earn more money than any concert anybody ever paid for. In a way it typifies the alliance between greed and grace that is part of the whole presentation of music's magic in this society. The scenes in Mel Belli's office more than even the murder itself reek of a kind of evil we seldom see. Generally we see only what goes on out there on the stage. This time we saw the backstage greed of the manipulators just as plainly as we saw the magic of the

Shortly before the Stones left the stage at Altamont

performances.

It was wrong from the start somehow. We may never pinpoint exactly how. I suspect the first wrong was the alliance of the "free" concept with the profit — exploitation — greed of the film itself. But we have traditionally been able to bring off beautiful things from that tainted base. This time it didn't work because of one thing: the incredible magnetism and energy of the Stones blinded everyone, brought into the vortex of that day all the power lust and money lust surrounding the whole rock scene. It was a tribal ritual of evil and of death at the end. It is astonishing, as it unfolds on the screen, that there was only one death. There might well have been dozens. It teetered on the edge of that.

All the devices by which the Stones create excitement (in addition to their music) had been used over and over on this tour and on others without a fatal turn. But at all the other times there were controls which stopped the movement short of real danger. And part of the Stones thrill is the feeling that there *is* real danger, just as there is in auto races and bullfights. The excitement out weighed the danger — except for a few.

It was pitiful to see the reactions of Mick, and earlier, of Grace and the Airplane, to the violence. In those moments, the star trip came to earth and the human inadequacy was revealed. They were not prepared for such a thing as this. The dues were coming down and they were heavy; and response, to avert the danger, to turn the energy to up rather than down, was not there.

By the time Mick exhorted the crowd to show the world that we are one, it was too late. The oneness had gone and it was, again, "us" and "them." Either/or. Power went to the wrong people but it went there unnecessarily and this documentary of how it happened (which is not at all what the filmmakers set out to do, I suspect) is very valuable and should be seen over and over just for what it is. A documented object lesson in what not to do. Visual education.

There was a man standing on the stage near Mick at one point. As the music went on and Mick sang, the man just stood there, into the music all the way. Harmless. Eventually he was violently moved off the stage. The point, I think, is that once violence is used, it is like a lease from the devil himself. You have to pay the dues.

We all know better than Altamont. Even the Angels. Actually the Angels most of all. But by our own weakness we were thrust into that thing and then pulled along by the momentum it generated.

As a people, we are not used to gathering in huge crowds such as this without visible lines of demarcation. The football games, especially the professional ones, bring the audiences to a frenzy of drunken violence many times. So even do the college and high school games. We confuse the music with the music maker to a truly demonic degree, crediting the doctor with the power of the medicine and trampling others to get close to him like cripples at a religious rite fighting for the cure.

When the whole turbulent mass is whipped into a frenzy by the media, most especially radio and in this specific instance FM radio and Top 40 radio, a kind of over-ride of energy is released which sets up a volatile and wildly dangerous situation in which almost all the frustrations and angers of life get involved.

Although I believe the Stones were victims as well as the rest of us and guilty as we all are guilty, they have made it easy for the load to be dumped on them (as have the Angels). But we expect too much and we expect it because we have made them into superhuman species, the mirror opposite of the subhumans we are licensed to kill.

Gimme Shelter preserves it all like a bad dream. And like a bad dream, it has reality and it also has beauty. But it is still a bad dream and if we can think about it and learn from it, it may not ever have to happen again. We ought to work on that. □

Almost immediately, it was swarming with Angels

No. 80
April 15, 1971

Prodigal Sons Tour Mother Country

By Robert Greenfield

LONDON—"Boogie, Bobby, boogie," Marshall Chess is saying over and over to Bobby Keys in the seat next to him, slamming out the phrase and laughing, as they talk about old-time saxophone rides.

"Booo-gey, Booo-gey," Anita Richard, nee Pallenberg, is sing-songing in the back of the plane, making the word sound like an errant German nickname for Humphrey Bogart.

Boogie, a small brown and white puppy dog, is about to fall asleep in the arms of Anita's husband, Keith. The doors of the midnight flight from Glasgow to London are about to close. Conversations buzz and hum. Only the tops of heads and the outsides of elbows are visible.

What could be nicer? Flying home from Glasgow in the midnight hour after two good shows before packed houses of people from out of 1957 (brass blonde ladies screaming and clutching at their heads whenever Mick showed his ass to the audience).

Contentment positively flows from seat to seat, the engines are about to rev, it's five, four, three, two minutes to takeoff. When down the aisle comes a blue-jacketed airline official, all the way to the back seat where Keith and his dog recline. And the official says: "That dog flies by prior arrangement only sir, you'll have to get off the plane."

"What?"

"I'm sorry sir, I warned you in the airport. How you managed to slip by me on to the plane I don't know but you'll have to get off *now*."

"Look, I've flown BEA, TWA, Pan-Am." Keith Richard, singer, composer, lead guitar player, Rolling Stone, is reciting a list of every airline he's ever been on. "To San Francisco, to places you or this airline have never been . . ."

"You have to supply a box, sir."

"I happen to know that section of the Geneva Convention very well; *you* have to supply the box. This is ridiculous. It's an emergency. My wife and family are here, we have to get home to take my child to a doctor tomorrow."

"I'm sorry sir."

"We just want to get home. Is it that important? Just let us leave."

"The rules, sir."

"I know the rules. Get this plane going, we're not moving." Exit the official. Re-enter the official with two large blue Scottish policemen.

" 'Ere wot's the law doin' 'ere? Come to arrest us all, have you? Oy, you you, oy." A big Scottish cop is doing his best to ignore Mick Jagger, who is lying flat on his backbone in a seat, naked to the waist save for a blue nylon windbreaker someone has thrown over him after he gave away his sweaty T-shirt on stage.

"Oy, oy," Mick says loudly, a saucy schoolboy trying to get the police to notice. He reaches out to jangle at the cop's sleeve. "Now, now chummy," the cop says, leaning over. "No one's done nothin' yet, why should we arrest anyone?"

"He's come to arrest the dog," Keith says.

"Wot you doin' 'ere," Mick demands of the cop, "A little dog like that. A puppy." His face falls. "You should be ashamed.

"Ooo called the law," he wails. "Arrest us."

"Chummy," the cop says, "I wouldn't give you the publicity." "Chummy?" Mick demands. "Sir . . . look . . ."

"Don't curse me, I saw you say fuck, don't go curse me . . ." Beautiful, Mick. All they have to do is search the luggage and it's 20 years in the Glasgow jail. "Anita," Mick says, "Go find the captain."

Beautiful, Mick. Mata Hari Anita, all crocheted stockings and tiger hot pants, sent to seduce the captain of the airplane as it stands on a runway in Glasgow.

"Goooo," Mick googles. Marlan, Keith's 18-month-old son, googles back and laughs. The cop is outflanked, bewildered, surrounded by little kids, slinky ladies, rock stars.

"We'll put him in Charlie Watts' orange bag," Marshall Chess the solution maker says, meaning the dog, "Is that OK?"

"Yes," says the cop. "No," says the airlines official.

"You brought him on this plane and now the two of you can't agree," Keith shouts. "How about mah vulture," Bobby Keys yells out, "Can ah keep him up hyeah?"

"How 'bout mah rattlesnake?" Jim Price asks.

Words whizzing like bricks in a street fight and . . . the cops and the official are losing it.

"Ya Scots git, get off the plane."

"Arrest us," Mick demands.

A hurried conference at the front of the plane. Stewardesses and captains, cops and officials, the flight is 15 minutes late already because of one small dog and 20 crazies.

"We'll link arms."

"Arrest us," Mick demands. "Put the dog in the orange bag and he can ride in the hold," the official says.

"What's your name?" Keith demands.

"Never you mind. It's not important."

"Ah, but it is. If this dog dies, I'll see that it becomes important. . . . If he freezes to death . . ."

They trundle the dog off and put him in the hold and an hour and a half later, the plane touches down in London. Boogie doesn't freeze to death at all but instead comes spilling and sliding out on to the polished airport floor.

Everyone speeds home in chauffeur-driven Bentleys and long black Dorchester limousines and the incident is quickly forgotten, just another minor, laugh-filled moment with the Rolling Stones on tour. Or, as Bobby Keys shouted one sweaty night in a Newcastle dressing room, with his arm wrapped about Charlie Watts' head, "Gawdammit Chawlie, rock 'n' roll is on the road *agayn*."

In the five years since the Rolling Stones last toured England, they have made so much money through album sales and concert tours of Europe and America that they find themselves in the 97 percent tax bracket in their own country. They have become the first rock and roll band to be forced into stylish W. Somerset Maugham-type exile in the south of France.

Along with Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young, they are the last of the utter superstar bands—modern-day lords totally cared for and looked after, whose only responsibility it is to keep their heads in a place that enables them to keep on making their music.

It's been a year since Allen Klein had anything to do with representing their corporate interests. Their recording contract with Decca has lapsed. On their European tour, they were accompanied by Marshall Chess, the son of the good Jewish businessman who established and ran Chess Records. His presence on the English tour signals the start of something new for the Stones—incorporation

—*Continued*

Bianca Perez Moreno de Macias

on a scale no band except the Beatles has ever undertaken.

The Rolling Stones record label will most likely be distributed by Kinney National, which owns Atlantic, Warners-Reprise and Elektra. The deal has been in the works for months but the contract still remains unsigned.

Marshall Chess and the Stones will direct activities. The Rolling Stones record logo will be a stuck-out tongue and the first album to carry it has a cover designed by Andy Warhol featuring a pair of bluejeans with a zipper that really works.

Much of the energy and direction for what the Stones are about to get into comes from Marshall Chess, who bubbles nearly all the time and gets so knocked out by the music the Stones make, it sometimes seems he might be doing it all even if there was no money involved.

The Stones have spent their lives listening to Chess records. Now, with 29-year-old Marshall Chess to advise them, they're going to make their own.

Empty King's Cross Main Line station on a cold, clear Thursday that feels like November in New York. One penny for the toilets and the pay phones don't work. The twelve o'clock train for Doncaster, York, Darlington, Newcastle, Dunbar, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen leaving from track eight.

Pianist Nicky Hopkins, who went to California for a week and stayed two years, is on board and off again, and again, snapping pictures of anything that doesn't move: the station, Cadbury chocolate wrappers, as long as it's typically English. Mr. Session Man, with a beautiful hangdog face and a camera always dangling from his neck. Bobby Keys and Jim Price, the Texas Horns, most recently on the road with Delaney and Bonnie and Joe Cocker's Mad Dogs and Englishmen. Bill Wyman and his lady, Astrid. Charlie Watts, dapper, being seen off by his father: "Awrite, Charlie, I don't wanna go. Let me off."

A trainman with a green flag in his pocket comes down the line closing doors. The two Micks, Jagger and Taylor, catch a later train. Keith misses that one too and is driven up. Sudden small flake snow comes swirling as the train eases out of the station to the North.

Newcastle, a gray, scruffy, soulful city on the Tyne River, in the part of England nearest Scotland. Without any sound tests and only a week of rehearsal, the Stones begin the tour there with two concerts. They are still one of the killer bands of all time.

The concert over, there's a long white starched table set for 40 people back at the hotel. A beggar's banquet trailing away in the middle of a ballroom. Forty clear glass tumblers all in a line. Knife, spoon, fork set perfectly and repeated 40 times. At two in the morning, surrealism, Rolling Stones variety.

Marshall Chess sits across from Mick. Mick's lady, Bianca, sits next to him in a white linen cape and a wide-brim pushed-back hat. She has a face so beautiful as to be insolent: high cheekbones, sweeping facial planes, a cruel mouth, features that became Oriental in repose:

"More than 20 minutes on a side and you lose level," Marshall is saying, "You know that. It's how they cut the grooves. So we have to work out the running order . . ."

Down the table a ways, Jim Price asks Charlie Watts, "You dig Skinnay Ennis, the cat who blew that solo in 'We Meet And The Angels Sing'?"

"Fantastic," Charlie says, sounding a little like Cary Grant.

"That was Ziggy Elman," someone says.

"He's from mah home town," Jim Price smiles.

"Who?"

"We can begin distribution right away to key spots throughout the States. We're gonna use one picture world-wide to advertise it and it'll have an international number. That's a first," Marshall says proudly.

"He's dead," Jim Price notes.

"Who?"

"Skinnay Ennis."

"You mean Ziggy Elman, man?"

"They're both dead," Charlie says sadly, shaking his head.

"Henry Busse too," Jim says. "On 'I Can't Get Started With You.' "

"Fantastic," Charlie says, exploding it like a soft cymbal crash with brushes.

"We'll send you a test pressing by air," Marshall says, "and you send me back a dub . . ."

"You'll send me one too," Charlie demands loudly.

"We will, Charlie," Marshall says, a little surprised.

Charlie smiles. "Just addin' to the bravado."

"Ah am going to burn down this goddahmn hotel if ah don't find mah suitcase," Bobby Keys says, in a voice made louder by the fact that it's in England. "Goddamn . . . ah'll throw Chawlie Watts out a window . . . What's that? Slide one of them on mah plate, lady," he orders a waitress. "You know what these rolls are good for?"

"Oh-oh," Jim Price says softly, knowing the answer.

Whang, a roll comes spinning through the air.

"You know what these glasses are good for?" Bobby asks rhetorically.

"Will you do it that way, Mick?" Marshall asks. "Will you? If we cut 'Moonlit Mile' to four verses and make up a running order so that the guy in the States can get started on the sleeves?"

Mumble mumble, Mick's head is down, speaking to Bianca. It's four AM now. He raises his head, looks a little glazed. He says, "What, Marshall?"

One morning in a TV floodlit hotel lobby, a very proper BBC interviewer asked Mick Jagger, "Ahah, ahem, John Lennon, in his interview in ROLLING STONE magazine, said that the Rolling Stones always did things after the Beatles did them. Are you then too planning to break up?"

Mick's face widened and he broke into his haw-haw laugh. "Charlie, are we goin' a break up then then? Are ya gettin' tired of all this?" As Charlie crept around the outside of the cameras asking, "Who's he? Who is that?"

"Naw, we're not breakin' up," Mick said, "And if we did, we wouldn't be as bitchy as them."

Saturday night in Coventry, Mick Jagger is wearing a black and white checked jacket, sitting with hands folded, drinking red wine at a restaurant between shows.

Bianca is talking about going gambling somewhere. A few nights ago in Manchester, Mick, Marshall, and Bianca found a casino that only let you lose and Mick dropped more than anyone, about three hundred quid. "You even play gin rummy in a foreign language," Marshall tells Bianca. So far on the tour he owes her $8000 in rummy debts. "But the dealer in Manchester, he was terrible . . ."

"Dealing out of a shoe, probably had three decks in there," someone offers.

"Ah, if we had won, we'd be sayin' how good he was, wouldn't we, Mick?" Marshall asks.

Mick looks up, pauses, and says, "I really don't care."

And there is this silence that seems to grow around the phrase, before and after, like when the Stones sing "Wild Horses" on stage and no one knows what to do with it. It stops everyone cold. They have to think.

Mick *doesn't* care.

"Oh, that was last night, huh?" Marshall says, picking up on it.

"Tu vas changer le choix?" Bianca asks Mick. The first show was notable. A quiet country audience in peaceful Coventry was sitting politely and watching. Mick didn't throw them the flowers in "Street Fighting Man" and Chip Monck played "God Save The Queen" as soon as it was over.

"Drunken bitch," Mick notes, as one of the band's ladies wobbles by. "She won't lose weight that way, will she?" He sighs, "There's nothing to do but bitch, is there?"

"Intermission's over," a manager says. "Time to go."

"No," Mick says flatly, "Don't wanna. Oh fucking why? They sold all the tickets here in three hours and then they come and just sit there."

"Let's go out and tread the boards then, Mick," Charlie says, doing a little soft shoe, making him smile.

"Yeah. A tap dance. Oh, it's all right. Why do they have to sit there, though? C'mon then. Same show, if it's the same audience. Maybe we'll even knock out a number and go home early."

And of course, just like in the movies, the second show is a bitch and Mick and the boys incite the crowd to riot. Charlie cooks. The lights go all purple and green against a white painted wooden stage floor. Everyone sweats and goes home happy.

In Bobby Keys' dressing room before one show, his ever-present cassette tape recorder is spooling out Buddy Holly singing, "Are you ready? Are you ready? Ready, ready, ready to, rock and roll."

"Mah golden saxophone is comin' up now," Bobby says as the next song comes on. Indeed, Bobby Keys who looks about 18 after a good night actually played with Buddy Holly, recorded with him at K-triple L radio in Texas, and was on the first Alan Freed show at the Brooklyn Paramount which featured the Everly Brothers, Clyde McPhatter, Buddy Holly and the Crickets, all backed by Sam "The Man" Taylor's big band. Bobby is pushing 29. "Ah been on the road 16 goddahm years," he says, "That whay I am the way I am."

"Oh, who listens to Berry anymore," Mick Jagger asks on the flight to Glasgow. This day, he is wearing a long brushed grey suede maxi-coat, a tight ribbed sweater, and a blue printed cap perched on the back of his head. He is looking very French.

"I mean I haven't listened to that stuff in years. Rock 'n' roll has always been made by white suburban kids, bourgeois kids. Elton John is a fine example. For God's sake, I listen to the MC5.

"Rock 'n' roll's not over. I don't like to see one thing end until I see another beginning. Like when you break up with a woman. Do you know what I mean?"

Mick misses the train to Bristol even though he's on the platform when it pulls out. He doesn't want to run for it. No one expects Keith, Anita, baby, and dog to make trains. Along with Gram Parsons they've become a separate traveling entity.

In Liverpool, Mick shows up with his hair cut. Glyn Johns is along to record. Keith has missed the train.

The Stones finally go on to do the only bad show of the tour. Others have been less than perfect musically but there has always been electricity, excitement, some kind of contact. This time, nothing.

In the dressing room after, Bill looks sadder than usual, really unhappy. "I'm just saying don't be so brought down," Keith tells him.

"I just want everyone to say it was shit," Bill says. "They queued for five hours and . . ."

"They don't know the difference Bill," his lady says. "They enjoyed themselves. It doesn't matter to them."

"We were shit," Bill insists.

"Ah was great," Bobby Keys beams, trying to make it better. "Ah was fantastic. Ah carried y'all." There are a few weak smiles.

"I don't care," Mick Jagger says, "I don't give a shit. When I'm on stage, maybe, but now I'm off. Right now, I'm petting this little dog here, that's what I care about." He gets off the couch and walks out slowly.

"What we need is a joint," someone says.

"Yeah. Where are the dope dealers?" Gram Parsons asks. He sticks his head out into the hall. "Dope dealers?"

Two minutes later, Mick Jagger, who some will tell you is the devil incarnate, so blase that he can't be bothered to care about something once he's done with it, could be found on the fourth landing of a staircase that led to the room being held in the arms of his lady.

Everyone in London washed their hair and stood in line on Sunday for the Rolling Stones at the Roundhouse, a metaphysical gig of the first order, a long time coming. The right band in the right place and a chance to see a city turned out.

Dave Mason in a forest green velvet jacket, ex-Mad Dogs Jim Gordon and Snaky Jim Keltner. Eric is coming. Chris Jagger. Outside, Family, Edgar Broughton, the Faces. Upstairs, John Peel, Tom Donahue, the entire pop press, the straight press, the music business, a gaggle of PR men, a clutch of record execs, a congregation of super-dressed screamer freaks.

Joyce, the Voice, whose trip it is to be all trippy and sometimes grab the microphone on stage for unscheduled raps, has somehow slipped through the cordons and is slugging away in the dressing room like she was born to pop stardom.

"Excuse me," she says, talking directly to Bianca, "but didn't I see you with Osibisa in their dressing room last week?"

What? What is this? Hold on—Joyce the Voice has just asked Bianca, of the inscrutable face and blinding smile, of the mysterious eyes and gin rummy ways, she has just asked *Mick Jagger's lady*, "Aren't you a groupie for this band I know?"

"What is Osibisa?" Bianca asks politely.

"Oh wow," Joycie straightfaces, not knowing when she's been cut dead. "There is someone with your exact vibration around, I mean, like a twin sister. You know? Someone who is walking around with your face."

Bianca rolls her eyes white upwards. They remove Joyce.

One hour late the second show starts. A tough set in which the mikes go dead during "Street Fighting Man" and ping pong balls, yellow flowers, and white confetti pour onto the stage. The band is celebrating, out of sea green champagne bottles. The tour is over and it may be a while before there's another. Rock and roll is a young man's game. □

No. 84
June 10, 1971

St. Tropez: Mr. and Mrs. Mick

ST. TROPEZ, France — Ten hours after he'd gotten married, Mick Jagger was on stage performing. But he left the limelight to the others as he joined Doris Troy and P. P. Arnold to make up a chorus for a 25-minute soul-standard jam session, put together for the couple of hundred guests at the reception by Steve Stills, Bobby Keys, Nicky Hopkins and Michael Shrieve and David Brown of Santana.

Mick would have liked the Stones to have played, but Keith Richard was out to the rock world, flat on his back with his mouth open. Confronted with an undefeatable amount of food and booze, the party hung on till four the next morning.

At four in the afternoon, Mick and his bride to be, whose name on the wedding certificate is Blanca Rosa Perez-Mora, 26, daughter of a Nicaraguan businessman, were still entrenched in the Byblos Hotel in the center of St. Tropez. They'd heard that a hundred photographers were crammed into the wedding chamber of the local town hall, where the mayor was waiting to perform the civil ceremony. He wasn't going through with it unless that lot were cleared out.

"Impossible," the mayor told anybody willing to listen. The hall is a public place, and as such everyone had a legal right to be there. Picking up his tricolor sash, the mayor sashayed out, leaving the chief of police to calm down the atmosphere.

So 50 minutes late, protesting that he doesn't want to be married in a "fish bowl," surrounded by flying fists, agitated shrieks and popping flash bulbs, Mick arrived with his lady: Bianca Perez Moreno de Macias, 21, close friend of French record businessman Eddy Barclay, member of the European jet set, former girl friend of Michael Caine, the actor, society daughter of a Nicaraguan diplomat.

After posing for photographers and facing the glare of television lights for several minutes, the couple went through a brief civil ceremony in the mayor's office. This was followed by a Roman Catholic ceremony performed by the Rev. Lucien Baud in the 17th century Saint Anne Chapel. A selection of tunes from *Love Story* was played on a harmonium. Bianca reportedly requested the tunes.

Mick, who claims the Church of England as his faith, received a dispensation from the Bishop of Frejus and has been taking private catechism lessons from Fr. Baud so he could participate in the religious ceremony with his Catholic bride.

A chartered plane load of guests arrived from Gatwick Airport, England, in the afternoon and joined the rest at the party in the evening. On the plane were Ringo and Paul, plus wives and children. One of Paul's daughters showed her mother a drawing she'd just done. Paul looked at it too and the drawing was handed over to Ringo. He smiled, but the waiting eyes and ears of the press were disappointed. This wasn't going to be the reunion. They were just going to a wedding.

At the slightly seedy Cafe des Arts, where the reception was held, a local band opened the show and flopped. Next came the Rudies, a thumping reggae group big in their own scene in Britain. They lifted up plenty of souls ready for a set by Terry Reid and band. Among the flashing brown legs, see-throughs, sleepy-eyed children, strangely paternal-looking record executives, assorted junior Lords and Ladies, Countesses and Earls, designers, hairdressers and gatecrashers . . . among all these people wandered a rather lost looking Mr. and Mrs. Jagger, senior. Joe Jagger, 58, a physical education lecturer, and his wife were searching for a quiet space to give the couple their neatly wrapped present. They left still holding the present. Mrs. Jagger told a reporter, "I hope my other son doesn't become a superstar."

Back in London, one paper was advertising its coverage of the wedding with the headline, MICK'S BRIDE SPEAKS. It had been a bit of a circus by most accounts. What you'd expect if you tell the world you're getting married secretly on a Wednesday in St. Tropez. It wasn't surprising that the thousand dollars spent on caviar should ignite some noble French tempers and that the local students couldn't let Mick's Bentley drive past without aiming a kick at it. It was enough to evoke from Les Perrin, the Stones' chain-smoking press agent, a terse "the most difficult day in my 21 years in the business."

The plane from St. Tropez landed at London, and Paul McCartney caught his private plane back to his Scottish retreat. He'd been out to a wedding. □

No. 89
August 19, 1971

The Rolling Stone Interview: KEITH RICHARD

By Robert Greenfield

Keith plays in a rock & roll band. Anita is a movie star queen. They currently reside in a large white marble house that everyone describes as "decadent looking." The British Admiral who built it had trees brought from all over the world in ships of the line, pine and cypress and palm. There is an exotic colored bird in a cage in the front garden and a rabbit called Boots that lives in the back. A dog named Oakie sleeps where he wants.

Meals are the only recurring reality and twenty-three at a table is not an unusual number. The ceilings are thirty feet from the floor and some nights, pink lightning hangs over the bay and the nearby town of Villefrance, which waits for the fleet to come back so its hotels can turn again into whorehouses.

There is a private beach down a flight of stairs and a water bed on the porch. Good reference points for the whole mise en scene are F. Scott Fitzgerald's 'Tender Is The Night' and the Shirelles' greatest hits. There is a piano in the living room and guitars in the TV room. Between George Jones, Merle Haggard, Buddy Holly, and Chuck Berry, Keith Richard manages to sneak in a lick now and then like a great acoustic version of "The Jerk" by the Larks one morning at 4 AM.

A recording studio will soon be completed in the basement and the Stones will go to work on some tracks for the new album, Mick Jagger having returned from his honeymoon. They will tour the States soon.

Most of it is in the tapes, in the background. Two cogent statements, both made by Keith, may be kept in mind while reading the questions and answers (which were asked and answered over a ten-day period at odd hours).

"It's a pretty good house; we're doing our best to fill it up with kids and rock 'n' roll."

"You know that thing that Blind Willie said? 'I don't like the suits and ties/ They don't seem to harmonize.'"

What were you doing right at the beginning?

I was hanging out at art school. Yeah. Suburban art school. I mean in England, if you're lucky you get into art school. It's somewhere they put you if they can't put you anywhere else. If you can't saw wood straight or file metal. It's where they put me to learn graphic design because I happened to be good at drawing apples or something. Fifteen . . . I was there for three years and meanwhile I learned how to play guitar. Lotta guitar players in art school. A lot of terrible artists too. It's funny.

Your parents weren't musical?

Nah. My grandfather was. He used to have a dance band in the Thirties. Played the sax. Was in a country band in the late Fifties, too, playin' the US bases in England. Gus Dupree . . . King of the Country Fiddle. He was a groove, y'know . . . a good musician . . . He was never professional for more than a few years in the Thirties.

What did your father do?

He had a variety of professions. He was a baker for a while. I know he got shot up in the First World War. Gassed or something.

Were you raised middle class?

Working class. English working class . . . struggling, thinking they were middle class. Moved into a tough neighborhood when I was about ten. I used to be with Mick before that . . . we used to live close together. Then I moved to what they'd call in the States a housing project. Just been built. Thousands and thousands of houses, everyone wondering what the fuck was going on. Everyone was displaced. They were still building it and really there were gangs everywhere. Coming to Teddy Boys. Just before rock and roll hit England. But they were all waiting for it. They were practicing.

Were you one of the boys?

Rock and roll got me into being one of the boys. Before that I just got me ass kicked all over the place. Learned how to ride a punch.

It's strange, 'cause I knew Mick when I was really young . . . five, six, seven. We used to hang out together. Then I moved and didn't see him for a long time. I once met him selling ice creams outside the public library. I bought one. He was tryin' to make extra money.

Rock and roll got to England about '53, '54, you were eleven . . .

Yeah. Presley hit first. Actually, the music from *Blackboard Jungle,* "Rock Around the Clock," hit first. Not the movie, just the music. People saying, "Ah, did ya hear that music, man." Because in England, we had never heard anything. It's still the same scene: BBC controls it.

Then, everybody stood up for that music. I didn't think of playing it. I just wanted to go and listen to it. It took 'em a year or so before anyone in England could make that music. The first big things that hit were skiffle—simple three chord stuff. It wasn't really rock and roll. It was a lot more folky, a lot more strummy. Tea chest basses. A very crude sort of rock and roll. Lonnie Donegan's the only cat to come out of skiffle.

But we were really listening to what was coming from over the Atlantic. The ones that were hitting hard were Little Richard and Presley and Jerry Lee Lewis. Chuck Berry was never really that big in England. They dug him but . . . all his big big hits made it . . . but maybe because he never came over. Maybe because the movies he made like *Go Johnny Go* never got over because of distribution problems. Fats Domino was big. Freddie Bell and the Bellboys too; all kinds of weird people that never made it in America.

They loved the piano. Looking back on it, all the piano boys really had it together for England. More than just the cat that stood there with the guitar.

Did you start really playing in school then?

Yeah. It's funny going back that far. Things come through but . . . I'll tell you who's really good at pushing memories: Bill. He's got this little mind that remembers everything. I'm sure it's like he rolls a tape.

How things were at the start is something. It's when everybody's got short hair. And everybody thought it was long. That's the thing. I mean, we were really being put down like shit then for having long hair. Really. Now, people go into offices with longer hair.

When I went to art school, people were just startin' to grow their hair and loosen up. You got in there on the favors of the headmaster. You go there and show him your shit, the stuff you've done at ordinary school, during art lessons, and he decides. You don't have to do anything apart from going to see him. He says, "You takin' anything? What are you on?" And you're about 15 or 16 and you don't even know what the fuck they do in art school. You have this vague picture of naked ladies sittin' around. Drawing them . . . well, I'll try that.

So you go there and you get your packet of Five Weights [cigarettes] a day. Everybody's broke . . . and the best thing that's going on is in the bog [toilet] with the guitars. There's always some cat sneaked out going through his latest Woody Guthrie tune or Jack Elliot Everybody's into that kind of music as well. So when I went to art school I was thrown into that end of it too. Before that I was just into Little Richard. I was rockin' away, avoidin' the bicycle chains and the razors in those dance halls. The English get crazy. They're calm, but they were really violent then, those cats. Those suits cost them $150, which is a lot of money. Jackets down to here. Waistcoats. Leopardskin lapels . . . amazing. It was really "Don't step on mah blue suede shoes." It was down to that.

I really, literally, got myself thrown out of school. I was livin' at home but I had to go everyday. When you think that kids, all they really want to do is learn, watch how it's done and try and figure out why and leave it at that. You're going to school to do something you wanna do and they manage to turn

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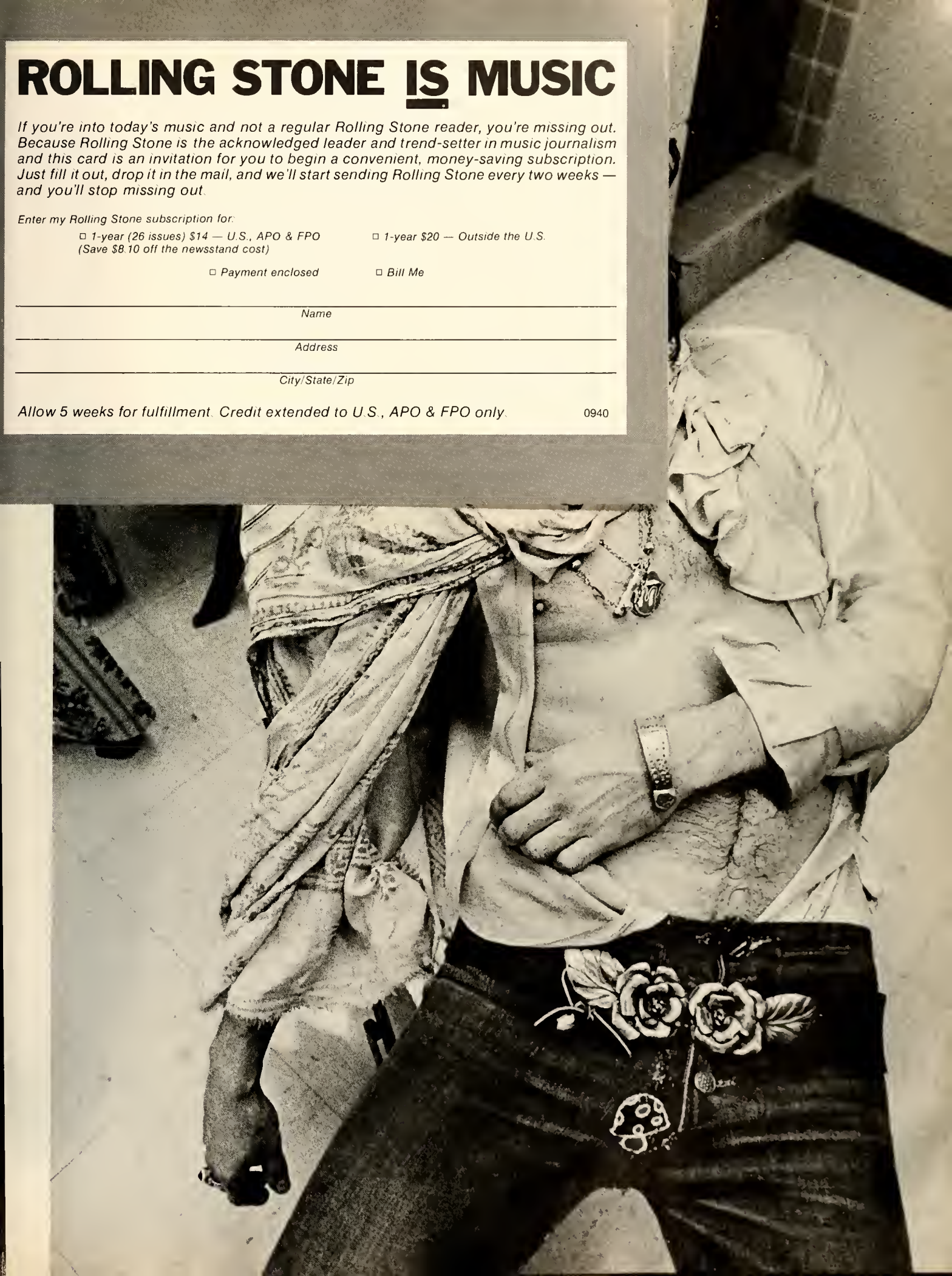

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The Rolling

BY ROBERT GREENFIEI

Keith plays in a rock & roll band a movie star queen. They currently a large white marble house that describes as "decadent looking." Th Admiral who built it had trees brou all over the world in ships of the and cypress and palm. There is colored bird in a cage in the fro and a rabbit called Boots that liv back. A dog named Oakie sleeps wants.

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the whole thing around and make you hate 'em. They really manage to do it. I don't know anyone at that school who liked it or anyone my age who liked to be at school. One or two people who went to a decent school had a good teacher, someone who really knew how to teach. The nearest thing I been to it is Wormwood Scrubbs [an English prison] and that's the nick. Really, it's the same feeling.

So you spent three years there and it was coming to degree time . . .

That's when they got me. It was 1958, they chucked me out. It's amazing—Lennon, all those people, were already playing. I hadn't really thought about playing. I was still just jivin' to it. I went straight into this art school, and I heard these cats playin', heard they were layin' down some Broonzy songs. And I suddenly realized it goes back a lot further than just the two years I'd been listenin'. And I picked up the nearest guitar and started learnin' from these cats. I learned from all these amateur art school people. One cat knew how to play "Cocaine Blues" very well, another cat knew how to play something else very well. There were a lot better guitar players at school than me.

But then I started to get into where it had come from. Broonzy first. He and Josh White were considered to be the only living black bluesmen still playing. So let's get that together, I thought, that can't be right. Then I started to discover Robert Johnson and those cats. You could never get their records though. One heard about them. On one hand I was playing all that folk stuff on the guitar. The other half of me was listenin' to all that rock and roll, Chuck Berry, and sayin' yeah, yeah.

And one day, I met Jagger again, man. Of all places, on the fucking train. I was going to the school and he was going up to the London School of Economics. It was about 1960. I never been able to get this one together, it's so strange. I had these two things going and not being able to plug 'em together, playing guitar like all the other cats, folk, a little blues. But you can't get the sounds from the States. Maybe once every six months someone'll come through with an album, an Arhoolie album of Fred McDowell. And you'd say: There's another cat! That's another one. Just blowin' my mind, like one album every six months.

So I get on this train one morning and there's Jagger and under his arm he has four or five albums. I haven't seen him since the time I bought an ice cream off him and we haven't hung around since we were five, six, ten years. We recognized each other straight off. "Hi, man," I say. "Where ya going?" he says. And under his arm, he's got Chuck Berry and Little Walter, Muddy Waters. "You're into Chuck Berry, man, really?" That's a coincidence. He said, "Yeah, I got few more albums. Been writin' away to this, uh, Chess Records in Chicago and got a mailing list thing and . . . got it together, you know?" Wow, man!

So I invited him up to my place for a cup of tea. He started playing me these records and I really turned on to it. We were both still living in Dartford, on the edge of London and I was still in art school.

There was another cat at art school named Dick Taylor, who later got the Pretty Things together. Mick found out—"Oh, you play?" he said to me. That's what amazed him. Mick had been singin' with some rock and roll bands, doin' Buddy Holly . . . Buddy Holly was in England as solid as Elvis. Everything came out was a record smash number one. By about '58, it was either Elvis or Buddy Holly. It was split into two camps. The Elvis fans were the heavy leather boys and the Buddy Holly ones all somehow looked like Buddy Holly.

By that time, the initial wham had gone out of rock and roll. You were getting "By The Light of The Silvery Moon" by Little Richard and "My Blue Heaven" by Fats, "Baby Face." They'd run out of songs in a way, it seemed like. England itself was turning on to its own breed of rock and rollers. Cliff Richard at the time was a big rocker. Adam Faith. Billy Fury, who did one fantastic album that I've lost. He got it together once. One really good album. Songs he'd written, like people do now, he got some people he knew to play together and did it. His other scene was the hits, heavy moody ballads and the lead pipe down the trousers. They were all into that one.

To get back to Mick and I . . . He found out that I could play a little and he could sing a bit. "I dig to sing," he said, and he also knew Dick Taylor from another school they'd gone to and the thing tied up so we try and do something. We'd all go to Dick Taylor's house, in his back room, some other cats would come along and play, and we'd try to

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lay some of this Little Walter stuff and Chuck Berry stuff. No drummer or anything. Just two guitars and a little amplifier. Usual back room stuff. It fell into place very quickly.

Then we found Slim Harpo, we started to really find people. Mick was just singing, no harp. And suddenly in '62, just when we were getting together, we read this little thing about a rhythm and blues club starting in Ealing. Everybody must have been trying to get one together. "Let's go up to this place and find out what's happening." There was this amazing old cat playing harp . . . Cyril Davies. Where did he come from? He turned out to be a panel beater from North London. He was a great cat, Cyril. He didn't last long. I only knew him for about two years and he died.

Alexis Korner really got this scene together. He'd been playin' in jazz clubs for ages and he knew all the connections for gigs. So we went up there. The first or the second time Mick and I were sittin' there Alexis Korner gets up and says, "We got a guest to play some guitar. He comes from Cheltenham. All the way up from Cheltenham just to play for ya."

Suddenly, it's *Elmore James,* this cat, man. And it's *Brian,* man, he sittin' on his little . . . he's bent over . . . da-da-da, da-da-da . . . I said, what? What the fuck? Playing bar slide guitar.

We get into Brian after he finishes "Dust My Blues." He's really fantastic and a gas. We speak to Brian. He'd been doin' the same as we'd been doin' . . . thinkin' he was the only cat in the world who was doin' it. We started to turn Brian on to some Jimmy Reed things, Chicago blues that he hadn't heard. He was more into T-Bone Walker and jazz-blues stuff. We'd turn him on to Chuck Berry and say, "Look, it's all the same shit, man, and you can do it." But Brian was also much more together. He was in the process of getting a band together and moving up to London with one of his many women and children. God knows how many he had. He sure left his mark, that cat. I know of five kids, at least. All by different chicks, and they all look like Brian.

He was a good guitar player then. He had the touch and was just peaking. He was already out of school, he'd been kicked out of university and had a variety of jobs. He was already into living on his own and trying to find a pad for his old lady. Whereas Mick and I were just kicking around in back rooms, still living at home.

I left art school and I didn't even bother to get a job. We were still kids. Mick was still serious, he thought he was, everyone told him he ought to be serious about a career in economics. He was very much into it.

But Brian, he was already working at it. We said, "We're just amateurs, man, but we dig to play." He invited me up to listen to what he was getting together in some pub in London. It's then it starts getting into back rooms of pubs in Soho and places. That's where I met Stew [Ian Stewart]. He was with Brian. They'd just met. He used to play boogie-woogie piano in jazz clubs, apart from his regular job. He blew my head off too, when he started to play. I never heard a white piano like that before. Real Albert Ammons stuff. This is all '62.

A lot of these old cats had been playin' blues in those clubs for ages, or thought they were playin' blues. Just because they'd met Big Bill Broonzy at a party or played with him once, they thought they were the king's asshole.

Music was their love. They all wanted to be professional but in those days a recording contract was a voice from heaven. It was that rare. Not like now when you get a band together and hustle an advance. It was a closed shop.

Were you and Mick and Brian very strange for them?

That's right. They couldn't figure us out. Especially when I tried to lay Chuck Berry shit on them. "What are ya hangin' with them rock and rollers for?" they'd ask. Brian kicked a lot of them out and I really dug it. He turned around and said, "Fuck off, you bastards, you're a load of shit and I'm going to get it together with these cats." This cat Dick Taylor shifted to bass by then. We were really looking for drums. Stew drifted with us for some reason. I sort of put him with those other cats because he had a job. But he said no too. "I'll stick around and see what happens with you."

So we got another back room in a different pub. Competition. Not that anybody came. Just rehearsin'.

Stew at that time used to turn up at rehearsals in a pair of shorts, on his bike. His piano used to be by the window and his biggest fear, the only thing that really stopped him at piano was the thought that his bike might get nicked while he was playin'. So every now and then when some-

one walked past his bike, he'd stretch up and put his head out the window and keep playin', sit down again and then he'd see someone else lookin' at his bike. Up and up, still playing.

Were you playing electric then?

Yeah. With homemade amps, old wireless sets. It took a while longer to get the electric bit together. At the time we thought, "Oh, it just makes it louder," but it ain't quite as simple at that.

Brian was the one who kept us all together then. Mick was still going to school. I'd dropped out. So we decided we got to live in London to get it together. Time to break loose. So everybody left home, upped and got this pad in London. Chelsea.

Different Chelsea than now?

Edith Grove. World's End. That place . . . every room got condemned slowly. It was like we slowly moved till we were all in the end room. Every room was shut up and stunk to hell, man. Terrible. Brian's only possession was a radio-record player. That, and a few beds and a little gas fire. We kept on playin', playin', playin'.

Brian kicked his job. He was in a department store. He got into a very heavy scene for nickin' some bread and just managed to work his way out of it. So he thought, "Fuck it. If I work anymore I'm gonna get in real trouble." Get into jail or something.

He only nicked two pound . . . but he quit his job and his old lady had gone back to Cheltenham so he was on the loose again.

Are you gigging?

We didn't dare, man, we didn't dare. We were rehearsin' drummers. Mick Avery came by, the drummer of the Kinks. He was terrible, then. Couldn't find that off beat. Couldn't pick up on that Jimmy Reed stuff.

Is everybody still straight?

It was very hard to find anything. No one could afford to buy anything anyway. A little bit of grass might turn up occasionally but . . . everybody'd dig it . . . everybody's turn-on was just playing. It didn't matter if you were pissed. That was it. That was the big shot.

Mick was the only one who was still hovering because he was more heavily committed to the London School of Economics and he was being supported by a government grant, and his parents and all that. So he had a heavier scene to break away from than me because they were very pleased to kick me out anyway. And Brian too, they were glad to kick out. From university for making some chick pregnant or something.

Brian and I were the sort of people they were glad to kick out. They'd say, "You're nothing but bums, you're gonna end up on skid row," and that sort of thing. Probably will anyway. But Mick was still doing the two things. Brian and me'd be home in this pad all day tryin' to make one foray a day to either pick up some beer bottles from a party and sell 'em back for threepence deposit or raid the local supermarket. Try and get some potatoes or some eggs or something.

I went out one morning and came back in the evening and Brian was *blowing harp*, man. He's got it together. He's standin' at the top of the stairs sayin', "Listen to this." *Whoooooow. Whooow.* All these blues notes comin' out. "I've learned how to do it. I've figured it out." One day.

So then he started to really work on the harp. He dropped the guitar. He still dug to play it and was still into it and played very well but the harp became his thing. He'd walk around all the time playing his harp.

Is there anything going in London in terms of music then?

Alexis had that club together and we'd go down once a week to see what they were doing and they wanted to know what we were doing. "It's coming," we'd tell 'em. "We'll be gigging soon." We didn't know where the fuck do ya start? Where do ya go to play?

But you were living together, unlike Cyril Davies or the older blues musicians, because you were young and broke . . .

Yeah. Just Mick and myself and Brian. We knew Charlie. He was a friend. He was gigging at the time, playing with Alexis. He was Korner's drummer. We couldn't afford him.

One day we picked up a drummer called Tony Chapman who was our first regular drummer. Terrible. One of the worst . . . cat would start a number and end up either four times as fast as he started it or three times as slow. But never stay the same.

We did say, "Hey Tony, d'y'know any bass players?" He said, "I do know one." "Tell him come to next rehearsal." So we all turned up and in walks . . . Bill Wyman, ladies and gentlemen. Huge speaker he's got, and a spare Vox eight-thirty amp which is the biggest amp we've ever seen in our lives. And that's spare. He says, "You can put one of your guitars through there." Whew. Put us up quite a few volts goin' through there.

He had the bass together already. He'd

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been playin' in rock bands for three or four years. He's older than us. He knows how to play. But he doesn't want to play with these shitty rock bands anymore because they're all terrible. They're all doing that Shadows trip, all those instrumental numbers, Duane Eddy, "Rebel Rouser." There was no one who could sing very good.

Also, they don't know what to play anymore. At that point, nobody wants to hear Buddy Holly anymore. He's an old scene already to the rock and roll hip circuit. It's that very light pop thing they're all into . . . Bobby Vee was a big scene then. You wouldn't dream of going to play in a ballroom. They'd just hurl bricks at you. Still have to stick to this little circuit of clubs, back rooms for one night, a shilling for everyone to get in. For people who didn't want to go to ballrooms. Who wanted to listen to something different.

Most of these clubs at the time are filled with dixieland bands, traditional jazz bands. An alternative to all that Bobby Vee stuff. There was a big boom in that: the stomp, stompin' about, weird dance, just really tryin' to break the ceiling to a two beat. That was the big scene. They had all the clubs under control. That's where Alexis made the breakthrough. He managed to open it up at the Ealing Club. Then he moved on to the Marquee and R&B started to become the thing. And all these traddies, as they were called, started getting worried. So they started this very bitter opposition.

Which is one reason I swung my guitar at Harold Pendleton's head at the Marquee thing, because he was the kingpin behind all that. He owned all these trad clubs and he got a cut from these trad bands, he couldn't bear to see them die. He couldn't afford it.

But Alexis was packin' em in man. Jus' playing blues. Very similar to Chicago stuff. Heavy atmosphere. Workers and art students, kids who couldn't make the ballrooms with supposedly long hair then, forget it, you couldn't go into those places. You gravitated to places where you wouldn't get hassled. The Marquee's a West End club, where we stood in for Alexis a couple of times.

With Charlie drumming?

No. Our first gig was down at the Ealing Club, a stand-in gig. That's the band without Charlie as drummer. We played everything. Muddy Waters. A lot of Jimmy Reed.

Still living in Chelsea?

Yeah. We had the middle floor. The top floor was sort of two school teachers tryin' to keep a straight life. God knows how they managed it. Two guys trainin' to be school teachers, they used to throw these bottle parties. All these weirdos, we used to think they were weirdos, they were as straight as . . . havin' their little parties up there, all dancing around to Duke Ellington. Then when they'd all zonked out, we'd go up there and nick all the bottles. Get a big bag, Brian and I, get all the beer bottles and the next day we'd take 'em to the pub to get the money on 'em.

Downstairs was livin' four old whores from Liverpool. Isn't that a coincidence. "'Allo dahlin', 'ow are ya? All right?" Real old boots they were. I don't know how they made their bread, working . . . They used to sort of nurse people and keep us together when we really got out of it.

The cat that supported Brian, this is a long story. He came from Brian's hometown. He got 80 quid a year for being in the Territorial Army in England, which is where you go for two weeks on a camp with the rest of these guys. Sort of a civil defense thing. They all live in tents and get soakin' wet and get a cold and at the end they learn how to shoot a rifle and they get 80 quid cash depending on what rank you've managed to wangle yourself.

This cat arrived in London with his 80 quid, fresh out of the hills, from his tent. And he wants to have a good time with Brian. And Brian took him for every penny, man. Got a new guitar. The whole lot.

This weird thing with this cat. He was one of those weird people who would do anything you say. Things like, Brian would say, "Give me your overcoat." Freezing cold, it's the worst winter and he gave Brian this Army overcoat. "Give Keith the sweater." So I put the sweater on.

"Now, you walk twenty yards behind us, man." And off we'd walk to the local hamburger place. "Ah, stay there. No, you can't come in. Give us two quid." Used to treat him like really weird. This cat would stand outside the hamburger joint freezing cold giving Brian the money to pay for our hamburgers. Never saw him again after that.

No, no, it ended up with us tryin' to electrocute him. It ended up with us gettin' out of our heads one night. That was the night he disappeared. It was snowing outside. We came back to our pad and he was in Brian's bed. Brian for some reason got very annoyed that he was in his bed asleep. We had all these cables lyin' around and he pulled out this wire. "This end is plugged in, baby, and I'm comin' after ya."

This cat went screaming out of the pad and into the snow in his underpants. "They're electrocuting me, they're electrocuting me." Somebody brought him in an hour later and he was blue. He was afraid to come in because he was so scared of Brian.

Brian used to pull these weird things. The next day the cat split. Brian had a new guitar, and his amp re-fixed, a whole new set of harmonicas.

I guess the craziness comes from the chemistry of the people. The craziness sort of kept us together. When the gigs become a little more plentiful and the kids started picking up on us was when we got picked up by Giorgio Gomelsky. Before he was into producing records. He was on the jazz club scene. I don't know exactly what he did, promoting a couple of clubs a week. He cottoned on to us and sort of organized us a bit.

We still didn't have Charlie as a drummer. We were really lacking a good drummer. We were really feeling it.

All I wanted to do is keep the band together. How were we going to do it and get gigs and people to listen to us? How to get a record together? We couldn't even afford to make a dub. Anyway we didn't have a drummer to make a dub with.

By this time we had it so together musically. We were really pleased with the way we were sounding. We were missing a drummer. We were missing good equipment. By this time the stuff we had was completely beaten to shit.

And the three of you get on? Are you the closest people for each other?

We were really a team. But there was always something between Brian, Mick and myself that didn't quite make it somewhere. Always something. I've often thought, tried to figure it out. It was in Brian, somewhere; there was something . . . he still felt alone somewhere . . . he was either completely into Mick at the expense of me, like nickin' my bread to go and have a drink. Like when I was zonked out, takin' the only pound I had in me pocket. He'd do something like that. Or he'd be completely in with me tryin' to work something against Mick. Brian was a very weird cat. He was a little insecure. He wouldn't be able to make it with two other guys at one time and really get along well.

I don't think it was a sexual thing. He was always so open with his chicks . . . It was something else I've never been able to figure out. You can read Jung. I still can't figure it out. Maybe it was in the stars. He was a Pisces. I don't know. I'm Sag and Mick's a Leo. Maybe those three can't ever connect completely all together at the same time for very long. There were periods when we had a ball together.

As we became more and more well known and eventually grew into that giant sort of thing, that in Brian also became blown up until it became very difficult to work with him and very difficult for him to be with us. Mick and I were more and more put together because we wrote together and Brian would become uptight about that because he couldn't write. He couldn't even ask if he could come and try to write something with us. Where earlier on Brian and I would sit for hours trying to write songs and say, "Aw fuck it, we can't write songs."

It worked both ways. When we played, it gave Brian . . . man, when he wanted to play, he could play his ass off, that cat. To get him to do it, especially later on, was another thing. In the studio, for instance, to try and get Brian to play was such a hassle that eventually on a lot of those records that people think are the Stones, it's me overdubbing three guitars and Brian zonked out on the floor.

It became very difficult because we were working non-stop . . . I'm skipping a lot of time now . . . when we were doing those American tours in '64, '65, '66. When things were getting really difficult. Brian would go out and meet a lot of people, before we did, because Mick and I spent most of our time writing. He'd go out and get high somewhere, get smashed. We'd say, "Look, we got a session tomorrow, man, got to keep it together." He'd come, completely out of his head, and zonk out on the floor with his guitar over him. So we started overdubbing, which was a drag cause it meant the whole band wasn't playing.

Can you tell me about Oldham?

Andrew had the opportunity. He didn't have the talent, really. He didn't have the talent for what he wanted to be. He could hustle people and there's nothing wrong with hustling . . . it still has to be done to get through. You need someone who can talk for you. But he's got to be straight with you too.

Was he in the business before the Stones?

Yeah, he was with the Beatles. He helped kick them off in London. Epstein hired him and he did a very good job for them. One doesn't know how much of a job was needed, but he managed to get them a lot of space in the press when "Love Me Do" came out and was like number nine in the charts and the

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kids were turning on to them and it was obvious they were going to be big, big, because they were only third on the bill and yet they were tearing the house down every night. A lot of it was down to Andrew. He got them known. And he did the same gig for us. He did it. Except he was more involved with us. He was working for us.

He had a genius for getting things through the media. Before people really knew what media was, to get messages through without people knowing.

Anita: But Brian, he never got on with Andrew.

Keith: Never. I've seen Brian and Andrew really pissed hanging all over each other but really basically there was no chemistry between them. They just didn't get on. There was a time when Mick and I got on really well with Andrew. We went through the whole *Clockwork Orange* thing. We went through that whole trip together. Very sort of butch number. Ridin' around with that mad criminal chauffeur of his.

Epstein and Oldham did a thing on the media in England that's made it easier for millions of people since and for lots of musicians. It's down to people like those that you can get on a record now. They blew that scene wide open, that EMI-Decca stranglehold. EMI is still the biggest record company in the whole fucking world despite being an English company. They can distribute in Hong Kong. They have it sewn up in the Philippines and Australia and everywhere. No matter who you go through, somewhere in the world, EMI is dealing your records. It's a network left over from the colonial days and they've kept hold of it.

Oldham made money for the Stones.

Yeah. I mean, God knows how much money has been made on the Stones name and how much of it has got through to us and how much got through to people along the way. Without mentioning any names but there is one guy I'm still going to get.

It's not money. It's like, what do you want? And how do you want to get it? And do you want to keep it cool? It's not simple, cut and dried. By the time it goes through all those peoples' hands they're pretty soiled, those dollar bills. To work it out any other way, you have to end up like them to do it.

How long was Andrew involved?

From '63 to the end of '67. It still goes on though. I got a letter the other day about some litigation, Oldham versus Eric Easton, who was our first manager proper. Oldham was only half of the team, the other was Eric Easton, who was just a bumbly old Northern agent. Handled a couple semi-successful chick singers and could get you gigs in ballrooms in the North of England. Once it got to America, this cat Easton dissolved. He went into a puddle. He couldn't handle that scene.

Was Charlie drumming with you when Andrew first saw you work?

I'll tell you how we picked Charlie up. I told you about the people Brian was getting a band together with and then he turned on to us and he told those other people to fuck off, et cetera. Our common ground with Brian back then was Elmore James and Muddy Waters. We laid Slim Harpo on him, and Fred McDowell.

Because Brian was from Cheltenham, a very genteel town full of old ladies, where it used to be fashionable to go and take the baths once a year at Cheltenham Spa. The water is very good because it comes out of the hills, it's spring water. It's a Regency thing, you know Beau Brummell, around that time. Turn of the 19th century. Now it's a seedy sort of place full of aspirations to be an aristocratic town. It rubs off on anyone who comes from there.

The R&B thing started to blossom and we found playing on the bill with us in a club, there were two bands on. Charlie was in the other band. He'd left Korner and was with the same cats Brian had said fuck off to about six months before. We did our set and Charlie was knocked out by it. "You're great, man," he says, "but you need a fucking good drummer." So we said, "Charlie, we can't afford you, man." Because Charlie had a job and just wanted to do weekend gigs. Charlie used to play anything then—he'd play pubs, anything, just to play, cause he loves to play with good people. But he always had to do it for economic reasons. By this time we're getting three, four gigs a week. "Well, we can't pay you as much as that band but . . ." we said. So he said, OK and told the other band to fuck off, "I'm gonna play with these guys."

That was it. When we got Charlie, that really made it for us. We started getting a lot of gigs. Then we got that Richmond gig with Giorgio and that built up to an enormous scene. In London, that was *the* place to be every Sunday night. At the Richmond Station Hotel. It's on the river Richmond, a fairly well-to-do neighborhood but kids from all over London would come down there on a Sunday night.

There's only so far you can go on that London scene; if you stay in that club circuit eventually you get constipated. You go round and round so many times and then suddenly, you're not the hip band anymore, someone else is. Like the High Numbers, they took over from us in a lot of clubs. The High Numbers turned out to become the Who. The Yardbirds took over from us in Richmond and on Sunday nights we'd find we were booked into a place in Manchester.

Where are you recording now, with Giorgio?

Not with Giorgio. Eric and Andrew fucked Giorgio because he had nothing on paper with us. They screwed him to get us a recording contract. We were saying to Giorgio, "What about records?" and he didn't have it together for the record thing. Not for a long time afterwards either. He was still very much a club man. We knew that to go any further and reach out a bit we wanted to get off the club thing and get into the ballrooms where the kids were. It turned out to be right.

It was difficult the first few months though. We were known in the big cities but when you get outside into the sticks, they don't know who the fuck you are and they're still preferring the local band. That makes you play your ass off every night so that at the end of two hour-long sets, you've got 'em. You've gotta do it. That's the testing ground, in those ballrooms where it's really hard to play.

Stew is driving you around now?

Yeah, there was this whole thing, because for us Stew is one of the band up until Andrew. "Well, he just doesn't look the part," Andrew said, "and six is too many for them to remember the faces in the picture." But piano is important for us. Brian at that time is the leader of the band. He pulled us all together, he's playing good guitar, but his love is the harmonica. On top of that, he's got the pop star hangup—he wants to sing, with Mick, like "Walking the Dog."

Are you singing?

Naw, I was getting into writing then though. Andrew was getting on to me to write because he sussed that maybe I could do it if I put my mind to it.

What are some of the first things you wrote?

They're on the first album. "Tell Me," which was pulled out as a single in America, which was a dub. Half those records were dubs on that first album, that Mick and I and Charlie and I'd put a bass on or maybe Bill was there and he'd put a bass on. "Let's put it down while we remember it" and the next thing we know is, "Oh look, track eight is that dub we did a couple months ago." That's how little control we had. We were driving around the country every fucking night, playing a different gig, sleeping in the van, hotels if we were lucky.

A lot of it was Andrew's choice. He selected what was to be released. He was executive record producer, so-called. While we were gigging, he'd get that scene together. But remember, then it was important to put out a single every three months. You had to put out a 45, a red-hot single, every three months. An album was something like Motown—you put the hit single on the album and ten tracks of shit and then rush it out. Now, the album is the thing. Marshall has laid the figures on me and *Sticky Fingers* album has done more than the single. They're both number one in the charts but the album's done more than the single.

The concept's changed so completely. Back then it was down to turning on 13-year-old chicks and putting out singles every three months. That was the basic force of the whole business. That was how it was done.

That's another thing. Both the Beatles and us had been through buying albums that were filled with ten tracks of rubbish. We said, "No, we want to make each track good. Work almost as hard on it as you would work on a single." So maybe we changed that concept.

Still, we were on the road every night so there are probably a couple of tracks in there that are probably bummers because Andrew said, "Well, put that on." Because up until the Beatles and ourselves got into records, the cat who was singing had ab-

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Opposite: Keith and Anita in their "decadent" home

solutely no control, man. None at all. He had no say in the studio. The backing track was laid down by session men, under the A and R man, artists and repertoire, whatever the fuck that means. He controlled the artist and the material. Bobby Vee or Billy Fury just laid down the vocal. They weren't allowed to go into the booth and say, "I want my voice to sound like this or I want the guitar to sound like this." The man from the record company decided what went where.

That's why there became longer and longer gaps between albums coming out because we got into trying to make everything good.

The first three albums are pretty close though.

The first one was done all in England. In a little demo studio in "Tin Pan Alley" as it used to be called. Denmark Street in Soho. It was all done on a two-track Revox that he had on the wall. We used to think, "Oh, this is a recording studio, huh? This is what they're like?" A tiny little back room.

When we got into RCA in Hollywood, fuckin' huge Studio A, with Dave Hassinger engineering, we said, "We can really do it here. It's all laid out. All you have to do is not let them take you over." Engineers never even used to work, man. They'd flick a few switches and that was it. The machinery was unsophisticated in those days, four track was the biggest there was.

Suddenly a whole new breed of engineers appears, like Glyn Johns, people who are willing to work with you, and not with someone from the record company. There are all those weird things which have broken up in the record industry, which haven't happened for movies yet. There are no more in-between men between you and the engineer and you can lay it down. If you want a producer or feel you need one, which most people do, it's a close friend, someone you dig to work with, that translates for you. Eventually we found Jimmy Miller, after all those years.

Slowly and slowly, we've been finding the right people to do the right thing like Marshall Chess, like Jo Bergman. All those people are as important as we are. Especially now that we've got Rolling Stones records.

What was the first time Oldham saw the band?

It was in March, 1963. The next week he took us right into a big studio and we cut "Come On." We were always doing other people's material but we thought we'd have a go at that—"Oh, it sounds catchy." And it worked out. At the time it was done just to get a record out. We never wanted to hear it. The idea was Andrew's—to get a strong single so they'd let us make an album which back then was a privilege.

Were you still a London band then?

Completely. We'd never been out of the city. I'd never been further north than the north of London.

Was Andrew a change in the kind of people you had to deal with?

He faced us with the real problems. That we had to find the hole to get out of the circle of London clubs and into the next circle. Lot of hustle, a lot of blague.

Did you have an image thing already?

It's funny. He tried . . . people think Oldham made the image, but he tried to tidy us up. He fought it. Absolutely. There are photographs of us in suits he put us in, those dog-tooth checked suits with the black velvet collars. Everybody's got black pants, and a tie and a shirt. For a month on the first tour, we said, "All right. We'll do it. You know the game. We'll try it out." But then the Stones thing started taking over. Charlie'd leave his jacket in some dressing room and I'd pull mine out and there'd be whiskey stains all over it or chocolate pudding. The thing just took over and by the end of the tour we were playing in our own gear again because that's all we had left. Which was the usual reason.

You weren't the socially "smart" band yet?

No. The Beatles went through it, and they put us through it. They have to know you. They've changed a lot too you know. A lot of them have gone through some funny trips. Some titled gentlemen of some stature are now roaming around England like gypsies and they've acquired this fantastic country Cockney accent. "Ai sole a fe 'orses down 'ere. Got a new caravan like and we're thinking of tripping up to see . . ." But it's great.

It must have been amazing early on, when some young lord or some young titled lady would come to see you play?

Brian and I were really fascinated by them. They used to make us really laugh, from a real working class thing. It was so silly to us. It happened so fast that one never had time to really get into that thing, "Wow, I'm a Rolling Stone." We were still sleeping in the back of this truck every night because of the most hard-hearted and callous roadie I've ever encountered, Stew. From one end of England to another in Stew's Volkswagen bus. With just an engine and a rear window and all the equipment and then you fit in. The gear first though.

But to even get out of London then was such a weird trip for Mick and me. The North. Like we went back this year right, on the English tour, and it hasn't changed a bit, man. In the Thirties, it used to look exactly the same, in the middle of the depression. It's never ended for those people.

You're traveling alone?

Sure. Never carry chicks. Pick it up there or drop it. No room, man. Stew wouldn't allow it. Crafty Bill Wyman. For years we believed that he couldn't travel in the back of the bus or he'd spew all over us so he was always allowed to sit in the passenger seat. Years later, we find out he never gets travel sick at all.

Is the first album out?

No, we released two singles before the album. The first single was "Come On" with Muddy Waters' "I Wanna Be Loved" on the other side. We were learning to record. Andrew too. He'd never made a record in his life, and he was producing. Just to walk in and start telling people, it took guts. Andrew had his own ideas on what we were supposed to sound like. It's only been in the last few years with Jimmy that it's changed. The music went through Andrew then. He was in the booth.

Was there a period when it was all the same, just working, but you knew something was building?

It's weird. I can remember. You know it in front. Being on the road every night you can tell by the way the gigs are going, there's something enormous coming. You can feel this energy building up as you go around the country. You feel it winding tighter and tighter, until one day you get out there halfway through the first number and the whole stage is full of chicks screaming "Nyeehhh." There was a period of six months in England we couldn't play ballrooms anymore because we never got through more than three or four songs every night, man. Chaos. Police and too many people in the places, fainting.

We'd walk into some of those places and it was like they had the Battle of the Crimea going on, people gasping, tits hanging out, chicks choking, nurses running around with ambulances.

I know it was the same for the Beatles. One had been reading about that, "Beatlemania." "Scream power" was the thing everything was judged by, as far as gigs were concerned. If Gerry and the Pacemakers were the top of the bill, incredible, man. You know that weird sound that thousands of chicks make when they're really lettin' it go. They couldn't hear the music. We couldn't hear ourselves, for years. Monitors were unheard of. It was impossible to play as a band on stage, and we forgot all about it.

Did you develop a stage act?

Not really. Mick did his thing and I tried to keep the band together. That's always what it's been, basically. If I'm leapin' about, it's only because something's goin' drastically wrong or it's going drastically right.

Mick had always dug visual artists himself. He always loved Diddley and Chuck Berry and Little Richard for the thing they laid on people on stage. He really dug James Brown the first time he saw him. All that organization . . . ten dollar fine for the drummer if he missed the off beat.

What was Brian like onstage?

He'd worked out these movements. In those days, little chicks would all have their favorites. Yeah, when you think the Rolling Stones magazine, the Beatles magazine came out once a month. Big sort of fan thing. It was a very old thing that one had the feeling had to change. All those teenyboppers.

It might have been a great last gasp.

Yeah, I think so. Chicks now maybe they feel more equal. I think chicks and guys have gotten more into each other, realized there's the same in each. Instead of them having to go through that completely hysterical, completely female trip to let it out that way. Probably now they just screw it out.

Was it innocent hysteria?

They used to tell us, "There's not a dry seat in the cinema." It was like that.

Were you being approached by the kids?

Yeah, I got strangled twice. That's why I never wear anything around my neck anymore. Going out of theatres was the dodgiest. One chick grabs one side of the chain and another chick grabs the other side . . . Another time I found myself lying in the gutter with shirt on and half a pair of pants and the car roaring away down the street. Oh shit, man. They leap on you. "What do you want? What?"

You have to get a little crazy from that.

You get completely crazy. And the bigger it got, America and Australia and everywhere it's exactly the same number. Oh, we were so glad when that finished. We stopped. We couldn't go on anymore. And when we decided to get it together again, everybody had changed.

Was it the same kind of madness in the States before it changed?

Completely different kind of madness. Before, America was a real fantasy land. It

was still Walt Disney and hamburger dates and when you came back in 1969 it wasn't anymore. Kids were really into what was going on in their country. I remember watching Goldwater-Johnson in '64 and it was a comp ete little show. But by the time it came to Nixon's turn two years ago, people were concerned in a really different way.

Rock music as politics?

Who knows, man? I mean they used to try and put it down so heavy, rock 'n' roll. I wonder if they knew there was some rhythm in there that was gonna shake their house down. I used to pick up those posters down South that say, "Don't let your kid buy Negro records. Savage music. It will twist their minds." Real heavy stuff against a black radio station or black records.

Was it a big thing to finally see the black lifestyle in America for the first time?

It was a real joy. It was like I imagined but even better. Always a gas to see Etta James or B.B. King work for the first time. Some of those old blues cats. Wherever I go I still try and see whoever I can, I've heard is good, or is still alive I saw Arthur Crudup and Bukka White last time. Incredible.

We all went to the Apollo Theatre the first time over. Joe Tex and Wilson Pickett and the complete James Brown Review. Could never get over the fact that they were into that soul bag in '64. Those suits, those movements, the vocal groups. It became obvious then the spades were going to change their music. They were into that formal, professional thing, which is not half as exciting as when they just let it go. And music ties in with all the rest. Like a real rebellion against that soul thing. Like "Papa's Got a Brand New Bag." You were always told it was going to be heavy going up there, but it never was.

Actually, the first gig was in San Bernardino. It was a straight gas, man. They all knew the songs and they were all bopping. It was like being back home. "Ah, love these American gigs," and "Route 66" mentioned San Bernardino, so everybody was into it. The next gig was Omaha with the motorcycles and 600 kids. Then you get deflated. That's what stopped us from turning into pop stars then, we were always having those continual complete somebody hittin' you in the face, "Don't forget, boy." Then we really had to work America and it really got the band together. We'd fallen off in playing in England 'cause nobody was listening, we'd do four numbers and be gone. Don't blink, you'll miss us.

There was one ballroom number in Blackpool during Scots week when all the Scots come down and get really drunk and let it rip. A whole gang of 'em came to this ballroom and they didn't like us and they punched their way to the front, right through the whole 7000 people, straight to the stage and started spitting at us. This guy in front spitting. His head was just football size, just right. In those days for me, I had a temper, and "You spit on me?" and I kicked his face in. It was down to the pressure of the road too. America to Australia to Canada to Europe, then recording.

You did some recording the first time over?

Yeah, at Chess "Michigan Avenue" and "It's All Over Now" and "Confessing the Blues." Oldham was never a blues man, which was one reason he couldn't connect with us. But a lot of things like "Spider and the Fly" were cut at the end of a session, while some guy was sweeping up. "Play with Fire" is like that, with Phil Spector on tuned-down electric guitar, me on acoustic, Jack Nitzsche on harpsichord, and Mick on tambourine with echo chamber. It was about seven o'clock in the morning. Everybody fell asleep.

Did you meet Spector that first time over?

I think we met him in England before we even went to the States. We were still into the blues. Phil Spector was a big American record producer, kind of just another person that Andrew wanted you to meet. Although I really dug his sound, those records. Always wanted to know how he got such a big sound, and when I found out it was a 170-piece orchestra, OK. Jack Nitzsche was Phil's arranger and a very important part of that whole sound. It was Jack's idea of harmonies and spacing. But it's nice he's singing with Crazy Horse now. He couldn't stand to . . . to even get him to play the piano you used to have to do a whole Jack number. It's great he's doing it.

Brian had some kind of genius for finding people, didn't he?

He did. He got us together . . . Charlie, Mick and me.

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He brought Nico to the Velvet Underground.

He was into Dylan too, very early on. He was the only one of us who hung out with Dylan for a bit. A lot of people know Brian that I don't know, that I didn't know knew him who come up and say, "Yeah, I knew Brian."

He was great. It was only when you had to work with him that he got very hung up. Anita could tell you a lot about Brian, obviously, because she was Brian's chick for a long time. Brian did have that thing for pulling people together, for meeting people, didn't he?

Anita: Mixing. Mix it. Mix it, Charlie. Fix it, Charlie.

Keith: We're just trying to figure out why Brian couldn't be with Mick and me at the same time. "Why can't Mick come in?" "No, no," he'd say . . . he was a big whisperer too, Brian. Little giggles . . . you don't meet people like that. Since everybody got stoned, people just say what they want to say.

Brian got very fragile. As he went along, he got more and more fragile and delicate. His personality and physically. I think all that touring did a lot to break him. We worked our asses off from '63 to '66, right through those three years, non-stop. I believe we had two weeks off. That's nothing, I mean I tell that to B.B. King and he'll say, "I been doing it for years." But for cats like Brian . . . He was tough but one thing and another he slowly became more fragile. When I first met Brian he was like a little Welsh bull. He was broad, and he seemed to be very tough.

For a start, people were always laying stuff on him because he was a Stone. And he'd try it. He'd take anything. Any other sort of trip too, head trips. He never had time to work it out 'cause we were on the road all the time, always on the plane the next day. Eventually, it caught up.

Right until the last, Brian was trying to get it together. Just before he died, he was rehearsing with more people. Because it happened so quickly people think...

Anita: They think he was really down. But he was really up.

Keith: And they also think that he was one of the Stones when he died. But in actual fact, he'd left. We went down to see him and he said, "I can't do it again. I can't start again and go on the road again like that again." And we said, "We understand. We'll come and see you in a couple weeks and see how you feel. Meantime, how do you want to say. Do you want to say that you've left?" And he said, "Yeah, let's do it. Let's say I've left and if I want to I can come back." "Because we've got to know. We've got to get someone to take your place because we're starting to think about getting it together for another tour. We've got itchy feet and we've got Mick Taylor lined up." We didn't really, we didn't have Mick waiting in the wings to bring on. But we wanted to know if we should get someone else or if Brian wanted to get back into it again. "I don't think I can," he said, "I don't think I can go to America and do those one-nighters anymore. I just can't." Two weeks later, they found him in the pool, man.

In those two weeks, he'd had musicians down there every day. He was rehearsing. I'd talk to him every day and he'd say, "It's coming along fine. Gonna get a really funky little band together and work and make a record."

Do you think his death was an accident?

Well, I don't want to say. Some very weird things happened that night, that's all I can say.

It could have as well been an accident. There were people there that suddenly disappeared. . . the whole thing with Brian is...

Anita: They opened the inquiry again six months after his death.

Keith: But nothing happened. None of us were trying to hush it up. We wanted to know what was going on. We were at a session that night and we weren't expecting Brian to come along. He'd officially left the band. We were doing the first gig with Mick Taylor that night. No, I wouldn't say that was true. Maybe Mick had been with us for a week or so but it was very close to when Mick had joined. And someone called us up at midnight and said, "Brian's dead."

Well, what the fuck's going on? We had these chauffeurs working for us and we tried to find out . . . some of them had a weird hold over Brian. There were a lot of chicks there and there was a whole thing going on, they were having a party. I don't know, man, I just don't know what happened to Brian that night.

Do you think he was murdered?

There was no one there that'd want to murder him. Somebody didn't take care of him. And they should have done because he had somebody there who was supposed to take care of him. Everyone knew what Brian was like, especially at a party. Maybe he did just go in for a swim and have an asthma attack. I'd never seen Brian have an attack. I know that he was asthmatic. I know that he was hung up with his spray but I've never seen him have an attack. He was a good swimmer. He was a better swimmer than anybody else around me. He could dive off those rocks straight into the sea.

He was really easing back from the whole drug thing. He wasn't hitting 'em like he had been, he wasn't hitting anything like he had. Maybe the combination of things. It's one of those things I just can't find out. You know, who do you ask?

Such a beautiful cat, man. He was one of those people who are so beautiful in one way, and such an asshole in another. "Brian, how could you do that to me, man?" It was like that.

How did you feel about his death?

We were completely shocked. I got straight into it and wanted to know who was there and couldn't find out. The only cat I could ask was the one I think who got rid of everybody and did the whole disappearing trick so when the cops arrived, it was just an accident. Maybe it was. Maybe the cat just wanted to get everyone out of the way so it wasn't all names involved, et cetera. Maybe he did the right thing, but I don't know. I don't even know who was there that night and trying to find out is impossible.

Maybe he tried to pull one of his deep diving stunts and was too loaded and hit his chest and that was it. But I've seen Brian swim in terrible conditions, in the sea with breakers up to here. I've been underwater with Brian in Fiji. He was all right then. He was a goddamn good swimmer and it's very hard to believe he could have died in a swimming pool.

But goddammit, to find out is impossible. And especially with him not being officially

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one of the Stones then, none of our people were in direct contact so it was trying to find out who was around Brian at that moment, who he had there. It's the same feeling with who killed Kennedy. You can't get to the bottom of it.

Anita: He was surrounded by the wrong kind of people.

Keith: Like Jimi Hendrix. He just couldn't suss the assholes from the good people. He wouldn't kick out somebody that was a shit. He'd let them sit there and maybe they'd be thinking how to sell off his possessions. He'd give 'em booze and he'd feed 'em and they'd be thinking, "Oh, that's worth 250 quid and I can roll that up and take it away." I don't know.

Anita: Brian was a leader. With the Stones, he was the first one that had a car. He was the first into flash clothes. And smoke. And acid. It was back when it seemed anything was possible. Everybody was turning on to acid, young and beautiful and then a friend of Brian's died and it affected him very much. It made it seem as if the whole thing was a lie.

Did he stop taking acid then?

Anita: No. He got further into it. And STP. DMT, which I think is the worst, no? Too chemical. The first time Brian and I took acid we thought it was like smoking a joint. We went to bed. Suddenly we looked around and all these Hieronymus Bosch things were flashing around. That was in 1965. Musically he would have got it together. I'm sure of it. He and Keith couldn't play together any more. I don't know what causes those things but they couldn't.

Was there a gap between Brian and the rest of the Stones because he had taken acid and they hadn't?

Anita: Yes, as far as I know, Mick took his first trip the day he got busted, in '67. Keith had started to suss, he saw us flying around all over the place. He started to live with us. Every time Brian was taking trips, he was working, making tapes. Fantastic.

He didn't dig the music the Stones were making and he really got a block in his head that he couldn't play with them. Now, he would dig it. He never really stopped playing. It was just so different from what they were playing, he couldn't play in sessions. I'm positive he could have gotten it together. Positive. He was just a musician. Pure, so pure a musician.

Keith: I remember once in Philadelphia some kids had picked up on an interview Brian had done with somebody, he'd used one of those intellectual words like "esoteric." And so, right in the front, these kids had big signs that said, "Brian, you're so esoteric." It had that aura. It was down to Sixteen magazine. Everything you did in America then, it could all be in Sixteen magazine.

It was a thing when the Beatles and the Stones came over on that first wave . . . in New York, they were on the radio all the time with Murray the K . . .

Ah, Murray. The fifth Beatle and the sixth Rolling Stone. Nobody realizes how America blew our minds and the Beatles too. Can't even describe what America meant to us. We first started listenin' to Otis when we got to the States, and picked up our first Stax singles. And Wilson Pickett. That's what's so amazing about Bobby Keys, that cat, man, he was there from the beginnin'.

If you come from the city, somehow you're aware of black music but if, say, you're from Nebraska . . .

Nebraska. We really felt like a sore pimple in Omaha. On top of that, the first time we arrived there, the only people to meet us off the plane were twelve motorcycle cops who insisted on doing this motorcade thing right through town. And nobody in Omaha had ever heard of us. We thought, "Wow, we've made it. We must be heavy." And we get to the auditorium and there's 600 people there in a 15,000 seat hall. But we had a good time.

The only thing that went down heavy there was a cop scene. It was then I realized what Lenny Bruce was talking about. We were sitting back in the dressing room. First time in Omaha in '64. Drinkin' whiskey and coke out of cups, paper cups, just waiting to go on. Cops walked in. "What's that?" "Whiskey." "You can't drink whiskey in a public place." I happened to be drinking just Coke actually. "Tip it down the bog." I said, "No man, I've just got Coca-Cola in here."

I look up and I got a .44 lookin' at me, right between the eyes. Here's a cop, tellin' me to tip Coca-Cola down the bog. Wouldn't be there if it wasn't for Coca-Cola. But that's

Brian with Jimi Hendrix at the Monterey festival, 1967

when I realized what it could get into.

Lenny Bruce gave his life . . .

They really got him strung up. He must have read every lawbook. His last gigs were all Constitution and federal law. In England, that's where they did him way back. They left him alone in America until the English bothered about him and when he went back, they threw the shit at him.

The same thing happened to Jerry Lee Lewis, man. He was ridin' on the crest of a wave until he came to England with his 13-year-old wife. The English busted him for it and said, y'know, "Get out of the country. This is scandalous." When he got back to the States he suddenly found out he couldn't gig anymore, straight from being number one.

England's so strange. The way they've taken over the Stones, as "our" Stones and "good on ya, boys," for making it.

The English are very strange. They're tolerant up to a point where they're told not to be. You get to a point up there where somebody turns around and swings a little finger. They've had it in their hands so long, the power. They haven't been fucked since Cromwell, man.

Three weeks before I left, I was just goin' out my front door. Up screams a squad car. "Hello, Keith. How are ya, boy? All right? Let's roll up your sleeve, eh? Let us have a look at your veins. Not on the heavy stuff, are ya?" Just like that. "How's Anita and the baby? What's this? This smell like hash to you, Fred?"

In the States, you know the cops are bent and if you want to get into it, OK, you can go to them and say, "How much do you want?" and they'll drop it. In England, you can drop fifty grand and the next week they'll still bust you and say, "Oh, it went to the wrong hands. I'm sorry. It didn't get to the right man." It's insane.

This whole Western Civilization would be fine if everybody works, if they did it right but they don't. They're all trying to fuck each other, behind each other's backs. The people in England think their police are the finest police force in the world. They don't even know, man . . . what goes on. If they were told, they wouldn't wanna believe it. What goes on in London. They'd turn the other way and pretend they hadn't heard.

The 1967 bust was arranged, wasn't it?

The News of the World got hold of someone who was working for us. I think it was the cat who was driving me, at the time. They knew we were going to be down there at a party. Really, just something I'd done a million times before and I've done a million times since. I simply said, "Let's go down to my place for a weekend." It just so happened we all took acid and were in a completely freaked out state when they arrived. They weren't ready for that.

There's a big knock at the door. 8 o'clock. Everybody is just sort of gliding down slowly from the whole day of sort of freaking about. Everyone has managed to find their way back to the house. TV is on with the sound off and the record player is on. Strobe lights are flickering. Marianne Faithfull has just decided that she wanted a bath and has wrapped herself up in a rug and is watching the box.

"Bang, bang, bang," this big knock at the door and I go to answer it. "Oh look, there's lots of little ladies and gentlemen outside." He says, "Read this," and I'm goin' whaa, whaa. All right.

There was this other pusher there who I really didn't know. He'd come with some other people and was sittin' there with a big bag of stash. They even let him go, out of the country. He wasn't what they were looking for.

When it came down to it, they couldn't pin anything at all on us. All they could pin on me was allowing people to smoke on my premises. It wasn't my shit. All they could pin on Mick was these four amphetamine tablets that he'd bought in Italy across the counter. It really backfired on them because they didn't get enough on us. They had more on the people who were with us who they weren't interested in. There were lots of people there they didn't even bring up on charges.

Because you were young kids with a lot of money or because they saw you as leaders of some kind of movement?

Both. First, they don't like young kids with a lot of money. But as long as you don't bother them, that's cool. But we bothered them. We bothered 'em because of the way we looked, the way we'd act. Because we never showed any reverence for them whatsoever. Whereas the Beatles had. They'd gone along with it so far, with the MBEs and shaking hands. Whenever we were asked about things like that we'd say, "Fuck it. Don't want to know about things like that. Ballocks. Don't need it." That riled 'em somewhere.

It came from quite a way up, that thing. It was CID.

Was the bust physically heavy?

No. It might have been. But we were just gliding off from a 12-hour trip. You know how that freaks people out when they walk in on you. The vibes were so funny for them. I told one of the women with them they'd brought to search the ladies, "Would you mind stepping off that Moroccan cushion. Because you're ruining the tapestries." We were playin' it like that. They tried to get us to turn the record player off and we said, "No. We won't turn it off but we'll turn it down." As they went, as they started going out the door, somebody put on "Rainy Day Women" really loud. Everybody must get stoned. And that was it.

What usually happens is that someone gets busted, the papers have it the next day. For a week they held it back to see how much bread they could get off us. Nothing was said for a week. They wanted to see. Unfortunately none of us knew what to do, who to hum the bread to and so went via slightly the wrong people and it didn't get up all the way.

Mick can tell you how much. It was his bread. Quite a bit of bread.

Eventually after a couple of weeks the papers said the Rolling Stones have been raided for possession. The first court thing didn't come up for three months. Just a straight hearing. That was cool. The heavy trial came in June, about five months after. It was really startin' to wear us out by then. The lawyers were saying, "It seems really weird, they want to really do it to you."

I didn't play it that way anyway. When the prosecuting counsel asked me about chicks in nothing but fur rugs, I said, "I'm not concerned with your petty morals which are illegitimate." They couldn't take that one.

The rumor that there was an orgy going on was part of the thing too, wasn't it?

Nobody was in the state for an orgy, man. They should have come some other times, they would have really . . . They tried to make it seem as bad as they could. So OK, here come the sentences. Mick and Robert Fraser, who was another cat who got done, already been in the local jail for two days, waiting. They'd already been found guilty. They were waiting for their sentence until they'd gone through with my one. Mick gets three months for those four amphetamine pills. They give me a year, for allowing people to smoke in my house.

Now Wormwood Scrubs is 150 years old, man. I wouldn't even want to play there, much less live there. They take me inside. They don't give you a knife and fork, they give you a spoon with very blunt edges so you can't do yourself in. They don't give you a belt, in case you hang yourself. It's that bad in there.

They give you a little piece of paper and a pencil. Both Robert and I, the first thing we did is sit down and write. "Dear Mum, don't worry . . .I'm in here and someone's workin' to get me out, da-da-da." Then you're given your cell. And they start knockin' on the bars at six in the morning to wake you up.

All the other prisoners started droppin' bits of tobacco through for me, 'cause in any jail tobacco is the currency. Some of them were really great. Some of them were in for life. Shovin' papers under the door to roll it up with. The first thing you do automatically when you wake up is drag the chair to the window and look up to see what you can see out the window. It's an automatic reaction. That one little square of sky, tryin' to reach it.

It's amazing. I was going to have to make those little Christmas trees that go on cakes. And sewing up mailbags. Then there's the hour walk when you have to keep moving round in a courtyard. Cats comin' up behind me, it's amazing, they can talk without moving their mouths, "Want some hash? Want some acid?" Take acid? In here?

Most of the prisoners were really great. "What you doin' in here? Bastards. They just wanted to get you." They filled me in. "They been waiting for you in here for ages," they said. So I said, "I ain't gonna be in here very long, baby, don't worry about that."

And that afternoon, they had the radio playing, this fucking Stones record comes on. And the whole prison started, "Rayyyyy!" Goin' like mad. Bangin' on the bars. They knew I was in and they wanted to let me know.

They took all the new prisoners to have their photographs taken sitting on a swivel stool, looked like an execution chamber. Really hard. Face and profile. Those are the sort of things they'll do automatically if they pick you up in America, you get fingerdabs and photographs. In England, it's a much heavier scene. You don't get photographed and fingerprinted until you've been convicted.

Then they take you to the padre and

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the chapel and the library, you're allowed one book and they show you where you're going to work and that's it. That afternoon, I'm lyin' in my cell, wondering what the fuck was going on and suddenly someone yelled, "You're out, man, you're out. It's just been on the news." So I started kickin' the shit out of the door, I said, "You let me out you bastards, I got bail."

So they took me to the governor's office and signed me out. And when it got up to the appeal court, they just threw it out in ten minutes. This judge had just blown it. I mean, he said things to me while I was up there that if I'd caught him by himself I'd have wrung his neck. When he gave me the year sentence, he called me "scum" and "filth," and "People like this shouldn't be . . ."

Was the bust some kind of confirmation of things you already knew?

Yeah. It kind of said, "OK, from now on it's heavy." Up till then, it had been showbiz, entertainment, play it how you want to, teenyboppers. At that point you knew, they considered you to be outside . . . they're the ones who put you outside the law. Like Dylan says, "To live outside the law, you must be honest."

They're the ones that decide who lives outside the law. I mean, you don't decide, right? You're just livin'. I mean your laws don't apply to me, nobody says that, because you can't. But they say it. And then you have to decide what you're going to do from then on.

It was the summer too. You had just started to turn on to acid.

Yeah, we had picked it up in America in '66, on that last tour in the summer and we came home and just laid back and started to get it on. We had been working for a long time without stopping, without thinking for a long time. For three years. The bust ended it. We knew it was going to be heavy. We split England about a week after the bust

Keith: We just carried on down in Morocco for a while. Soon after then, it's "You have to come back to England to speak to the lawyers." Slowly you start to straighten out again.

Anita: Mick was on his first trip at the bust.

Keith: I'm not sure. I know he took a lot more after that.

Was 'Between the Buttons' cut after the bust?

No, that was done after the American tour. The album that was done while we were waiting to go in and on trial was *Satanic Majesties.* It was made in between court sessions and lawyers with everyone sort of falling apart. I ended up with chicken pox. At the appeal, when I got up, I was covered with spots, man. It was too much. It was the last thing, they couldn't take it. They couldn't even get me into court because I was diseased.

Flowers was put together in America by Andrew Oldham, just to put something out because they were begging for product. In fact, all that stuff had been cut a year or so before and rejected by us as not making it. I was really surprised when people dug it, when it even came out. Andrew was kind of getting pissed off with us by then because we were getting stoned and been busted. It hung him up that he couldn't carry on hustling because he didn't know if we were going to jail or what. And we kept saying, "Andrew, Andrew . . ."

I remember "Dandelion" as a single in the States in flower power summer.

With the other side, "We Love You" with the sound of the jail door. We didn't have a chance to go through too much flower power because of the bust. We're outlaws.

But there's a time in everybody's life when they come out, when they bloom and it was just about then for the Stones.

Keith: Brian was like that at Monterey.

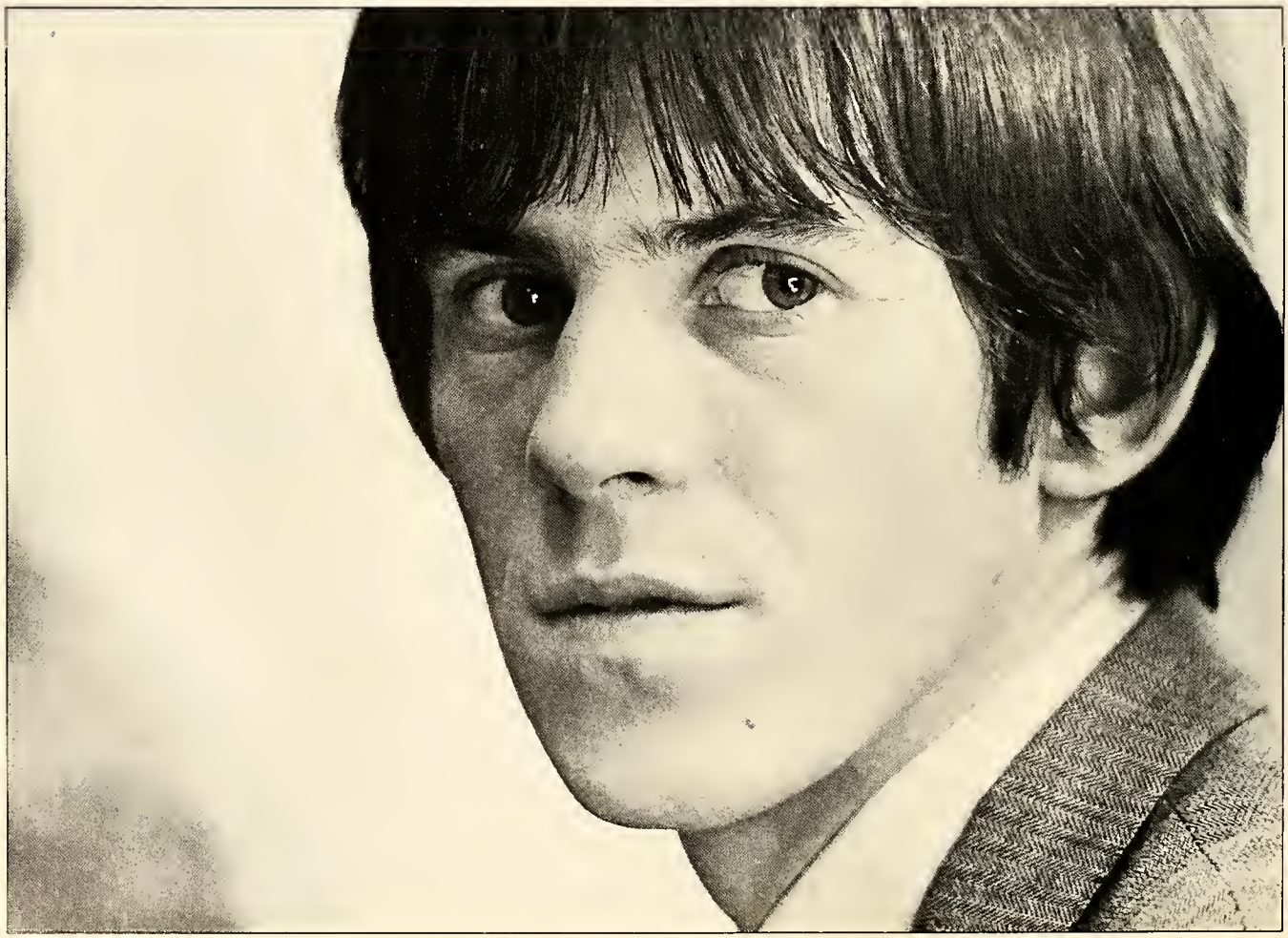
Anita: He was on STP at Monterey.

Did he come back from there with a lot of things in his head?

Keith: Yeah, he did.

Anita: With a lot of STP.

Keith: He changed . . . because we changed around Brian, Anita, and I. We had that whole thing in Morocco and that kind of blew Brian too, on top of everything else. The thing I've forgotten about was when we were in court waiting to hear if there was to be bail before the real trial, that's when they busted Brian, man. They had it timed down to the minute. When we were actually in the fucking courtroom up in London, an hour and a half drive away, they were going into Brian's house to do him so that the papers would come out with "Rolling Stones Keith



Keith Richard in 1965

Richard and Mick Jagger on trial for this, meanwhile Brian Jones just been found with this"—so they could lay that on. "Well, they must be guilty."

Anita: They were going to come down and see us . . . and we called from Brian's house and said, "Don't bother. The cops are here."

Keith: "Don't come down. We'll come up." Unbelievable. It's really weird because people think of England as far more tolerant and genteel than America but when they laid that one on us, when they want to lay it down, they can be just as heavy. They just don't carry guns, that's all.

To talk about the music then, with Brian into acid before anyone and having been to the West Coast, was there a reluctance to play just rock and roll?

There was a point where it was difficult to do that. People would say. "What you playin' that old shit for?" Which really screwed me up 'cause that's all I can play. We just sort of laid back and listened to what they were doing in Frisco whereas Brian was making great tapes, overdubbing. He was much more into it than we were. And we were digging what we were hearing for what it was but that other thing in you is saying, "Yeah. But where's Chuck Berry? What's he doing?" It's got to follow through. It's got to connect.

The feeling that a lot of people had first in '69, that they didn't want to work for other people, do you think that might have rubbed off on the Stones?

With the Stones though, you're always involved in that other scene, that financial scene. Another heavy trip. But it's more under control now. I mean ask John Lennon and Paul McCartney if we aren't more together than they are with it. They're not. Because it's a very hard thing. You can get it any way you want it, but it's who gets it for you, and how much do you want? For doing what?

I don't want to go to America and be called a capitalist bastard because of what the tickets cost. In '69, I didn't know what the tickets were costing. You just go and play some music and when you get there you find out and you're in the deep end already.

What were you paying in '66 to see us? Because I don't want to make the prices so high that there is a whole stratum of kids that can't afford to see us. They're probably the funkiest kids, you know? They're the ones that would come and dig to see it and have a good time at doin' it too.

Like in Poland, in Warsaw in '67. Nearest thing to that Long Beach riot I ever saw.

You did a concert in Warsaw?

Man, fantastic. We get there, behind the Iron Curtain, do the whole bit, all very uptight. There's Army at the airport. Get to the hotel which is very jail-like. Lots of security people about, a lot like America. And it gets even more like America as it goes along. We're invited by the Minister of Culture, on a cultural visit, and we're playing in the Palace of Culture. We get there to do our gig. We go on "Honksi-de-boyski, boysk. Zee Rolling Stones-ki."

And who's got the best seats in the house right down front? The sons and daughters of the hierarchy of the Communist Party. They're sitting there with their diamonds and their pearls . . . and their fingers in their ears. About three numbers, and I say, "Fuckin' stop playin' Charlie. You fuckin' lot, get out and let those bahstads in the back down front." So they went. About four rows just walked out. All the mumma and daddy's boys.

Outside, they've got water cannons . . . the only scene I ever seen near it was when we tried to get out of the Long Beach Auditorium in 1965 when a motorcycle cop got run over and crushed. Exactly the same equipment, man. Deployed in the same way. All the cops had white helmets and the big long batons. Exactly the same uniforms.

There were 2000 kids that couldn't get in because of the sons and daughters. They wouldn't have had a riot there if they'd let the kids in. Only later I found out Poland is one of the most corrupt countries in the world.

There can't be many bands that have played behind the Iron Curtain.

I always figured the Beatles were perfect for doing that. They were perfect for opening doors. But somewhere along the line, they got heavy. They wanted to be the ones to actually do it. They copped all the goodies for doing it. Sure enough.

When they went to America they made it wide open for us. We could never have gone there without them. They're so fucking good at what they did. If they'd kept it together and realized what they were doing, instead of now doing "Power to the People" and disintegrating like that in such a tatty way. It's a shame.

The Stones seem to have done much better in just handling success.

Anita: As far as I can see, it has always been a question of the Stones being from London and the Beatles being from Liverpool.

Keith: Maybe, because you're not English you can see it that way. It's true enough that the Beatles' first obstacle was to get out of Liverpool and get into London. We kicked off in London so it was no hang-up. Brian knew about those problems because he came from a provincial town in England. He had to conquer London first, that was his thing. He felt very happy when he made it in London, when we were the hip band in London.

For Mick and me, it didn't mean a thing, because it was just our place. We thought "Well, at least we've got a foothold in our own fucking town."

Do you and Mick still write now the way you used to then?

Well, I haven't seen him for a couple weeks because he went and got married, but basically yes. We do bits that we hear and then we throw them all together on a cassette or something, and listen to it. Mick writes more melodies now than he used to.

The first things, usually I wrote the melody and Mick wrote the words. It's not gotten like the Lennon-McCartney thing got where they wrote completely by themselves. Every song we've got have pieces of each other in it. The only thing in *Sticky Fingers* I don't have anything to do with is "Moonlight Mile," 'cause I wasn't there when they did it. It was great to hear that because I was very out of it by the end of the album and it was like listening, really listening. It was really nice. We were all surprised at the way that album fell together. *Sticky Fingers* — it pulled itself together.

How about "Satisfaction"?

I wrote that. I woke up one night in a hotel room. Hotel rooms are great. You can do some of your best writing in hotel rooms. I woke up with a riff in my head and the basic refrain and wrote it down. The record still sounded like a dub to me. I wanted to do . . . I couldn't see getting excited about. I'd really dug it that night in the hotel but I'd gone past it. No, I didn't want it out, I said. I wanted to cut it again. It sounded all right but I didn't really like that fuzz guitar. I wanted to make that thing different. But I don't think we could have done, you needed either horns or something that could really knock that riff out.

With "Satisfaction," people start to wonder what certain phrases mean like "smoke another kind of cigarette."

A lot of them are completely innocent. I don't think that one is. It might have been. I don't know if it was a sly reference to drugs or not. After a while, one realizes that whatever one writes, it goes through other people, and it's what gets to them. Like the way people used to go through Dylan songs. It don't matter. They're just words. Words is words.

There was a time when for the Beatles and us . . . Dylan was another punch in the face. Someone said, "You've got to look outside what you're doing." He was someone else who was working hard but . . . good musicians too, that cat always picked 'em. Robbie Robertson . . . Kooper.

Al Kooper's a gas to play with. We cut a version of "Brown Sugar" with Al Kooper, it was a good track. He's playing piano on it at Bobby Keys' and my birthday party which was held at Olympic Studios. A lot of people came; Eric's on guitar. We wanted to use it 'cause it's a new version but there's something about the Muscle Shoals feel of the album one, that we got into at the end of the last American tour. Charlie really fills the sound and it was so easy to cut down there. We do a track a day there which is amazing. If you've been playing every night you can record quickly.

That's why we all moved . . . people say, "Why the south of France?" It's just the closest place where we can relax a bit and then record. That's why we're all living in the same . . . to transfer all that equipment, I hope it's worthwhile.

After you came back to England from the first or second American tour, did you have some kind of acceptance, were you starting to get respectable?

Still came across some opposition. It wasn't that complete acceptance that the Beatles had. Always being kicked out of our hotel for not being dressed properly or something.

How is it that the Stones are banned from essentially every hotel in Manchester?

It's from years ago. They're so ridiculous with their little rules. For us to arrive at a place at 3 o'clock in the morning and be told we couldn't have anything to eat or that the drink cupboard is locked, immediately it's "Wadda you mean?" You're off a gig and you've been traveling for five hours and you've been doing it every day for a year. Eventually, they just ban you and night porters put up their bars when they hear you coming.

The funniest thing that happened like that

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was the court case for peeing in the gas station. That was just in that period, when the Rolling Stones were real big biggies. One night coming back from a gig in North London, Bill Wyman, who has this prodigious bladder, decided he wanted to have a pee. So we told the driver to stop. The car is full up with people and a few other people say, "Yeah, I could get into that. Let's take a pee." So we leap out and we had chosen a gas station that looked closed but it wasn't. There they are, up against the wall, spraying away.

And suddenly this guy steps out. And a cop flashes his torch on Bill's cock and says "All right. What you up to then?" And that was it. The next day it was all in the papers. Bill was accused and Brian was accused of insulting language. Because what they did them for was not peeing but for trespassing.

All these witnesses come up. "There he was, your Honor, he was facing the wall, and well, he was, uh, urinating."

How about the wall of the toilet for the corner of 'Beggars Banquet'?

Anita, Mick and I found this wall. Barry Feinstein photographed it. It was a great picture. A real funky cover. The fight they gave us — we dug in our heels. They really wouldn't budge. It stopped the album from coming out. Eventually it got to be too much of a drag. It went on for nine months or so.

It was like them saying. "We don't give a shit if your album never goes out." After that, we knew it was impossible and started looking around to do it differently. The main thing about having your own label is that you're not solely confined to putting out Rolling Stones material. If we come across anyone else we like or any other thing we dig that people are saying, we can put it on record. It doesn't all have to be our product. Somebody said they got hold of some tapes of Artaud explaining a few things. That would be great to put out.

Did you go to Rome to write that album?

No, to Positano, south of Naples. We'd been there before. We knew the place vaguely and someone offered us their house there. It was empty, barren, very cold. Huge fires and we just sat and wrote. Did "Midnight Rambler" there, "Monkey Man" and some others.

Do you think 'Let It Bleed' is the Stones' best album?

I haven't heard it for a long time and I believe things like "Midnight Rambler" come through better live, because we've extended it more. Sometimes when you record something you go off half-cocked because maybe you haven't ever played it live. You've just written it and you record it. From then on you take it and keep on playing it and it gets different. I remember I was into 12-string bottlenecks then.

That song is Mick way out on his persona, isn't it?

Usually when you write you just kick Mick off on something and let him fly on it, just let it roll out and listen to it and start to pick up on certain words that are coming through and it's built up on that. A lot of people still complain they can't hear the voice properly. If the words come through it's fine, if they don't, that's all right too because anyway they can mean a thousand different things to anybody.

But the song's almost psychotic isn't it?

It's just something that's there, that's always been there. Some kind of chemistry. Mick and I can really get it on together. It's one way to channel it out. I'd rather play it out than shoot it out.

People come to Stones concerts to work it out.

Yeah, which in turn has been interpreted as violence or "a goddamn riot" when it's just people letting it out. Not against anybody but with each other. That rock and roll thing, even when it was young, those songs created a domestic revolution. When the parents were out, there were all those parties. Eddie Cochran and all those people, they created some kind of thing which has followed through now and is being built on.

Like "Streetfighting Man"?

The timing of those things is funny because you're really following what's going on. That's been interpreted thousands of different ways because it really is ambiguous as a song. Trying to be revolutionary in London in Grosvenor Square. Mick went to all those demonstrations and got charged by the cops.

The basic track of that was done on a mono cassette with very distorted overrecording, on a Phillips with no limiters. Brian is playing sitar, it twangs away. He's holding notes that wouldn't come through if you had a board, you wouldn't be able to fit it in. But on a cassette if you just move the people, it does. Cut in the studio and then put on a tape. Started puttin' percussion and bass on it. That was really an electronic track, up in the realms.

Some songs, with a 16-track, I don't really need all that. It's nice to make it simpler sometimes. "Parachute Woman" is a cassette track.

"Salt of the Earth"?

No, that's studio. Mick's words, but I think I was there for a bit of them too. I'd forgotten about that actually. Nearly all Mick, that one. Funny year, '68, it's got a hole in it somewhere. Coming out of the bust and other stuff . . . I was in L.A. for a couple months.

When did you start to meet with Allen Klein?

Andrew got Klein to meet us, to get us out of the original English scene. There was a new deal with Decca to be made and no one really knew, everyone wanted to know about it, in a business we'd never thought of. Who's actually making the money. He was managing financial advisor for Donovan and the Dave Clark Five, Herman's Hermits, who were all enormous then.

The first time we met was in London. The only thing that impressed me about him was that he said he could do it. Nobody else had said that. The thing that he really wanted was the Beatles and the Stones together, to have them both. He did it. But as he picked one up, he dropped the other. A juggling act. Then he didn't get Paul either, which was a real fuckup, coming at such a time that it really did them in. In a way, he was probably the last straw in the whole thing for the Beatles. To be set against each other in things like that is such a downer. To have to go through that court thing that they did in London.

Did the Stones decide together to go with Klein?

I really pushed them. I was saying, "Let's turn things around. Let's do something." Either we go down to Decca and tell them to do it with us . . . which is what we did that very day with Klein, just went down there and scared the shit out of them.

You originally signed a two-year contract with them?

Yeah, in '63. He did a good job, man. Andrew told us that Klein was a fantastic cat for dealing with those people, which we couldn't do. Andrew knew he didn't know enough about the legal side of it to be able to do it. So we had to get someone who knew how to do it or someone who'd fuck it up once and for all. Then it would be up to us to deal with him.

Andrew had gotten together his own label and we had the feeling that he had what we wanted and could go ahead and do his own stuff. He was no longer that into what we were doing and we weren't sure what we wanted to do, because of the busts. He didn't want to get involved in all of that, so it seemed the right time. It just fell apart.

Did it feel like an end to anybody?

It did to Brian, thinking about it. Not to me. I just sort of picked it up again. I think Brian felt that was it. He was really a sensitive cat, too sensitive. The thought of going back on the road really horrified him. In '66 when we last saw America it was 45's and teenyboppers and in three years it established a completely different order. What a change in America, just amazing.

And he was OK on that last tour?

Yeah, we were all very stoned. The last gig was in L.A. We came back to England with pockets full of acid. In '65 you hardly saw any grass. By '66, it was becoming common. It was still a spade trip before that. A spade laid it on you and it was a pleasure to get a joint. It was one of those turn-ons, like when we get to America, we'll get joints laid on us if we get a spade act with us.

Apart from a visit to New York in '67 to do the cover for *Satanic Majesties,* which we constructed in a day, and a couple months in '68, I was there just before the convention . . . the only contact I had was the underground press and whatever came through.

Were the Springfield going in L.A. then?

Jack Nitzsche had told me about Neil Young and I had seen the Springfield in a club in New York in '66. Hendrix too, at Ondines. He was fantastic. Doing Dylan songs and "Wild Thing" in a club with a pick-up band. Fantastic. One of those cats you just knew you were going to see again. He was like Brian too. We were on the European tour when both Jimi and Janis died, so I didn't really get into it till I got back, a few months later.

Did it scare you?

Not really, because I don't feel as fragile as those people.

You live in the same world.

Yeah, but they were very vulnerable. Like Brian was. He really got it all off on stage and he didn't want to fuck with anybody after. I didn't know Jimi that well, but he had a lot of people hangin' 'round that he didn't need and that's what screwed Brian. We're talking about people I really didn't know that well, so I can only relate it to Brian.

Did you do a lot of traveling in the years when the Stones didn't work as a band?

Went to Morocco for quite a while. I drove down through Spain. It's incredible. It's like getting stoned for the first time to go through

the Casbah. Mick and everybody ended up there because it was after the bust. Everybody sort of ran.

How did that picture of the band in drag come about?

There was a big rush for "Have You Seen Your Mother Baby?" Jerry Schatzberg took the picture and Andrew ordered a truckload of costumes and Brian just laid on me this incredible stuff. He just said, "Take this." We walked down from Park Lane in that gear and we did the pictures. It was very quiet, Saturday afternoon, all the businesses are shut but there's traffic . . .

Wearing high heels?

Yeah, and the whole bit. Bill in a wheelchair. It took a while to get this picture and going back, what do you do? Do you take half the stuff off and walk back . . . or do you keep it on? Anyway, I'm thirsty, let's go and have a beer. We all zip down to this bar. Hey, what voice do you do? We sat there and had a beer and watched TV and no one said anything. But it was just so outrageous because Bill stayed in his wheelchair and Brian was pushing him about.

Do you like that record?

I loved the track of it. I never did like the record. It was cut badly. It was mastered badly. It was mixed badly. The only reason we were so hot on it was that the track blew our heads off, everything else was rushed too quickly. Tapes were being flown . . . and lost. It needed another couple weeks. The rhythm section thing is almost lost completely.

Along with "Stupid Girl" and "Under My Thumb" and other songs of that time, there's a real down-on-chicks feeling in it.

It was all a spinoff from our environment . . . hotels, and too many dumb chicks. Not all dumb, not by any means but that's how one got. When you're canned up—half the time it's impossible to go out, it's a real hassle to go out—it was to go through a whole sort of football match. One just didn't. You got all you needed from room service, you sent out for it. Limousines sent tearing across cities to pick up a little bag of this or that. You're getting really cut off.

Of course, there was still "Lady Jane."

Brian was getting into dulcimer then. Because he dug Richard Farina. It has to do with what you listen to. Like I'll just listen to old blues cats for months and not want to hear anything else and then I just want to hear what's happening and collect it all and listen to it. We were also listening to a lot of Appalachian music then too. To me, "Lady Jane" is very Elizabethan. There are a few places in England where people still speak that way, Chaucer English.

Brian played flute on "Ruby Tuesday."

Yeah, he was a gas. He was a cat who could play any instrument. It was like, "there it is, music comes out of it, if I work at it for a bit, I can do it." It's him on marimbas on "Under My Thumb" and mellotron on a quite a few things on *Satanic Majesties*. He was the strings on "Two Thousand Light Years From Home," Brian on mellotron, and the brass on "We Love You," all that Arabic riff.

How about "Goin' Home"? It was one of the earlier jams to be put on a pop album.

It was the first long rock and roll cut. It broke that two minute barrier. We tried to make singles as long as we could do then because we just like to let things roll on. Dylan was used to building a song for 20 minutes because of the folk thing he came from.

That was another thing. No one sat down to make an 11 minute track. I mean "Goin' Home," the song was written just the first two and a half minutes. We just happened to keep the tape rolling, me on guitar, Brian on harp, Bill and Charlie and Mick. If there's a piano, it's Stew.

Did you record during those years you didn't gig?

A lot of recording, and getting together with Jimmy Miller in '68 or late '67 when we started *Beggars Banquet*. It's really a gas to work with Jimmy. We'd tried to do it ourselves but it's a drag not to have someone to bounce off of. Someone who knows what you want and what he wants. I wouldn't like to produce, there's too much running up and down, too much legwork.

John Lennon said that the Stones did things two months after the Beatles. A lot of people say 'Satanic Majesties' is just 'Sergeant Pepper' upside down.

But then I don't know. I never listened any more to the Beatles than to anyone else in those days when we were working. It's probably more down to the fact that we were

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going through the same things. Maybe we were doing it a little bit after them. Anyway, we were following them through so many scenes. We're only just mirrors ourselves of that whole thing. It took us much longer to get a record out for us, our stuff was always coming out later anyway.

I moved around a lot. And then Anita and I got together and I lay back for a long time. We just decided what we wanted to do. There was a time three, four years ago, in '67, when everybody just stopped, everything just stopped dead. Everybody was tryin' to work it out, what was going to go on. So many weird things happened to so many weird people at one time. America really turned itself round, the kids . . . coming together. Pushed together so hard that they sort of dug each other.

For us too, we had always been pushed together . . . not bein' able to get hotel rooms. Even now, it's one of the last things I say, you never pull that thing . . . that you're a Rolling Stone. I like to be anonymous, which is sort of difficult.

How long did 'Satanic Majesties' take to cut?

It wasn't meant to be that ambitious, it just got that way. It must have taken nearly all of '67 to get it together. Started in February and March and it came out in November.

The design was yours?

Michael Cooper was in charge of the whole thing, under his leadership. It was handicrafts day . . . you make Saturn, and I'll make the rings. I forget the name of those people, those 3D postcards. Thing is, everyone looks round on that one. They take pictures at slightly different times and distances and they're put together and the heads move but after it gets scratched you don't really see it anymore.

People always ask, "Are John and George in there?" I don't even know. I'd forgotten if they're all in there. They are all in there. And Paul and Ringo.

And who else?

Lyndon Johnson and Mao . . . We just started . . . we had to put a stop to it. We were getting the whole of *Sergeant Pepper* in there, just for the hell of it. It was gettin' late and Michael finally got Saturn suspended . . . It was really funny . . . we should have done a gig that night.

Hidden things like that . . . like Paul is dead.

Ohhhhh. We were in L.A. when that came down. Just playing before the tour started. It's incredible. I've never heard the things they say are on the albums. I've read about it but I've never gotten into it enough to sort of try and slow down a track.

It's a weird kind of paranoia. To think that people are working on you that way.

"Two Thousand Lightyears From Home". Were you into reading science fiction then?

Not so much. We got into a lot of those English eccentrics. People finding out all about these magnetic lines. We hung around a lot with John Michelle, wandered around England a few weekends, and he showed us obvious things. I mean, bloody obvious. He's into the pyramids in Egypt. There are an awful lot of straight professors who are aiding in that thing. Michelle's incredible. I haven't seen him for ages. He's the sort you never see for years . . . and then he pops up.

And all those flying saucers kept appearing. A whole rash of them in England. There was one right near my place that two cops had seen. We all rushed out to a village about fourteen miles from my place. They'd seen it and chased it and lost it. The whole story got lost and you never heard any more about it, but two cops around our way, man, were really spaced out.

Is that where "God ride the music" comes from?

There was a cat in America, Charles Foot, who collected useless information, about levitating plates with violin notes. I don't know where he is now either.

Where did the title 'Beggars Banquet' come from?

It comes from a cat called Christopher Gibbs. Mick laid it on me but it was Christopher who arrived at that mixture. Although we had all been throwing around "Tramps' Mushup" or something. On the same idea. We wanted to do the picture. That idea came first, the beggars thing came first. "Sticky Fingers" was never meant to be the title. It's just what we called it while we were working on it. Usually though, the working titles stick. Mick was very into that tattered minstrel bit then.

Did 'Let It Bleed' have anything to do with 'Let It Be.'?

Not a thing. Just a coincidence because you're working along the same lines at the same time at the same age as a lot of other cats. All trying to do the same thing basically, turn themselves and other people on. "Let It Bleed" was just one line in that song Mick wrote. It became the title . . . we just kicked a line out. We didn't know what to call that song. We'd gone through "Take my arm, take my leg" and we'd done the track. We dug that song so . . . maybe there was some influence because *Let It Be* had been kicked around for years for their movie, for that album. Let it . . . be something. Let it out. Let it loose.

Do you sing for the first time alone on that album?

Please. My voice first appeared solo on the first verse of "Salt of the Earth." We did the chorus together, me and Mick. If I write a song, I usually write it all but it's difficult. Somebody's always got their finger in there. I thought I wasn't on "Moonlight Mile" but the last riff everybody gets into playing is a riff I'd been playing on earlier tapes before I dropped out. "Wild Horses," we wrote the chorus in the john of the Muscle Shoals recording studio 'cause it didn't finish off right.

Does it have to do with Marlan's birth?

Yeah,'cause I knew we were going to have to go to America and start work again, to get me off me ass, and not really wanting to go away. It was a very delicate moment, the kid's only two months old, and you're goin' away. Millions of people do it all the time but still...

How about earlier stuff like "Paint It Black?"

Mick wrote it. I wrote the music, he did the words. Get a single together.

What's amazing about that one for me is the sitar. Also, the fact that we cut it as a comedy track. Bill was playing an organ, doing a takeoff of our first manager who started his career in show business as an organist in a cinema pit. We'd been doing it with funky rhythms and it hadn't worked and he started playing it like this and everybody got behind it. It's a two-beat, very strange. Brian playing the sitar makes it a whole other thing.

There were some weird letters, racial letters. "Was there a comma in the title? Was it an order to the world?"

How about "Get Off My Cloud"?

That was the follow-up to "Satisfaction." I never dug it as a record. The chorus was a nice idea but we rushed it as the follow-up. We were in L.A. and it was time for another single. But how do you follow "Satisfaction"? Actually, what I wanted was to do it slow like a Lee Dorsey thing. We rocked it up. I thought it was one of Andrew's worse productions.

"Mother's Little Helper"?

In those days, Mick and I were into a solid word-music bag unless I thought of something outstanding, which could be used in the title or something. I would spend the first two weeks of the tour, because it was done on the road, all of it was worked out . . . an American tour meant you started writing another album. After three, four weeks you had enough and then you went to L.A. and recorded it. We worked very fast that way and when you came off a tour you were shit hot playing, as hot as the band is gonna be.

"Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown," "Have You Seen Your Mother Baby," "Mother's Little Helper," they're all putting down another generation.

Mick's always written a lot about it. A lot of the stuff Chuck Berry and early rock writers did was putting down that other generation. That feeling then, like in '67. We used to laugh at those people but they must have gotten the message right away because they tried to put rock 'n' roll down, trying to get it off the radio, off records. Obviously they saw some destruction stemming from . . . they felt it right away.

The Mayor of Denver once sent us a letter asking us to come in quietly, do the show as quietly as possible, and split the same night, if possible. "Thank you very much, we'll be very pleased to see you in the near future." I've got that letter with the seal of Denver on it. That's what the mayors wanted to do with us. They might entertain the Beatles, but they wanted to kick us out of town.

Part of the Stones image is sex trips.

Yeah, on our first expedition to the United States we noticed a distinct lack of crumpet, as we put it in those days. It was very difficult, man. For cats who had done Europe and England, scoring chicks right, left, and center, to come to a country where apparently no one believed in it. We really got down to the lowest and worked our way up again. Because it was difficult.

In New York or L.A., you can always find something in a city that big if that's what you want. But when you're in Omaha in 1964 and you suddenly feel horny, you might as well forget it. In three years, in two years, every time you went back it was . . . the next time back it was like, it only took someone from outside to come in and hit the switch somewhere.

Did you have guys trying to hustle you?

Yeah, in America we went through a lot of that. In France and England too, not groupies as such, they have some concrete reason for being around. They work for a radio station, they contribute to some obscure magazine. It's hard to suss if they want to know what's going on or if they just want to be around for a second-hand thrill. Out of just being around.

Unlike the Beatles, the Stones, and Mick in particular, have always had the uni-sexual thing going.

Oh, you should have seen Mick really . . . I'll put it like this, there was a period when Mick was extremely camp. When Mick went through his camp period, in 1964, Brian and I immediately went enormously butch and sort of laughin' at him. That terrible thing . . . that switching around confusion of roles that still goes on.

Anita is something very special for the Stones.

It's because she's an amazing lady. She's worked with Mick, Mick and I work together . . . she's an incredible chick. She found us, through Brian. A long time ago. She's been involved in it all . . . Anita . . . yeah . . . there are some people you just know are gonna end up all right. It's really nice. That's why we had Marlan . . . because . . . we just knew it was the right time . . . we're very instinctive people. He's traveled around, though, even before he was born, to Peru. We found out in South America she was pregnant.

What was South America like?

I really like to go to places I know nothing about. Brazil is an amazing place, aside from the amazing hangovers from the Spanish thing that run it. North of Rio it gets really primitive, and Mick's been there a couple times.

But even Rio, man, on New Years, on the beach practicing macumba. Whole place turns into . . . thousands of thousands of people living in shacks on hills and every time they knock one down, three or four new ones pop up . . . an even more incredible city is Sao Paulo. Which is, in the south, as fast as New York, as speedy as that in tropical conditions, it pours down rain for ten minutes then the sun comes out and it's a hundred and twenty, and the place starts to steam. Millions of people rushing about . . . all for Coca-Cola. It's just like New York.

Lot of good guitar players down there. All over South America, it must be the most widely played instrument.

Did you get the earring in South America?

The one that's hanging there? Yeah. Not the hole. I bought the earring in Peru. I rebent this one after I got into a fight . . . I mean that's why I say I never mention the Rolling Stones when I'm just going about my business. We had a car crash down there and settled it all and some little bureaucrat from the local harbor has to butt in so someone mentioned, "Oh, that's one of the Rolling Stones." Is it? Bang. Someone leaps in. Telephones flying. And when someone hits them back, it's pistols. "They've got a gun. Call the police." Mention the Rolling Stones and get a smack in the face.

I know what we did do in South America. Went to a ranch and wrote "Honky Tonk Women" because it was into a cowboy thing. All these spades are fantastic cowboys. Beautiful ponies and quarter horses. Miles from anywhere. Just like being in Arizona or something.

"Honky Tonk" is always the song that brings people up to dance, isn't it?

We've never known why. There's always been a few songs that do that. If they weren't dancing by then, you'd know you weren't getting it on. The guitar is in open tuning on that, I learned that particular tuning off Ry Cooder.

It's been said that the Stones brought him over for 'Let It Bleed' and ripped him off.

He came over with Jack Nitzsche, and we said, "Do you want to come along and play?" The first thing Mick wanted was to re-cut "Sister Morphine" with the Stones, which is what we got together. He's also playing mandolin on "Love In Vain" or . . . he's on another track too. He played beautifully, man. I heard those things he said, I was amazed. I learned a lot of things off a lot of people. I learned a lot watching Bukka White play. He taught me the tuning and I got behind it.

He says you kept him in the studio with the tapes going and then just used some of his stuff and stole the rest.

If the cat . . . first of all, he was never brought over for the album, which is the main thing. He came over with Jack Nitzsche to get the music for some movie. He came by and we played together a lot, sure. I mean, he's a gas to play with. He's amazing. I wasn't there for a lot of it, but Bill and Charlie still talk about it. They really dug to play with him. I mean, he's so good.

I had already been into open tuning on

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Beggars Banquet, "Street Fighting Man." Just a different tuning. Those old cats are always turning a few machineheads. I learned a lot of things from watching Chuck Berry's hands on *Jazz On A Summer's Day.* It got shown a lot in Europe.

I remember Brian, Mick and I on the way to one of our first gigs stopped into a cinema because we had a few hours to kill to see this movie. I had a guitar with me in just a soft case. We had just gotten in on Chuck Berry's bit, which is what everybody wanted to turn on to, particularly. We were watching and walking and I tripped over this fucking guitar and smashed it to pieces. 'Dyonnng' . . . it made this huge noise, strings going and wood splintering.

But you learned from his hands.

It was the only way to watch someone play then.

Tell us the interesting story of how you got your ear pierced.

Well, the cat who was doing it—a jeweler or he studied it—was on about 15 Mandrax. Very stoned. Doing it the good old-fashioned way. None of your anaesthetics and machinery. With a sewing needle and ice. Me next. Rubs the ice on and he's dodging back and forth. God knows how he managed to do it. And he just made it. It's right at the lobe.

I've always wanted a pierced ear. I made me first bottleneck and had me ear pierced the same night, with about 15 of the Living Theatre and I was about the fourth ear. He did Anita's too, at a special angle. By then he had another ten Mandrax and was completely out of it. Try it from the front. No, let's go at it from the back.

But a lot of people got their ear pierced that night. It was around the time of the Hyde Park concert.

That was June, 1969. You hadn't worked for two years but had you become better musicians?

No, you always get worse laying off, in one way. You get rusty. Which you can put right if you start playing together. None of us were worried about it. I learned a lot though. I played a lot of acoustic guitar. I did a lot of writing; I didn't use to but I dug to do it. I was writing in a different way, not for a hit single or to keep that riff going.

Everybody let their hair grow.

The thing is we were already getting so hassled with our hair like it was. You really weren't safe in some places. I've chopped it off now for the sun. It's usually long in the winter. You couldn't go into Omaha, you'd get the shit beat out of you.

We did a lot of things in those years, traveled. I hung around a lot with the Living Theatre when they were in Rome and London. They were still working on stage doing things which made the audience no longer an audience, which got them involved.

Did the Stones get more theatrical? "Midnight Rambler" is a piece of theatre.

It's all experiments. I know there are certain things you can do up there when the lights are on you. But the gas of it is when the whole place looks the same, when the house lights are up, when the stage then looks just as tatty as the rest of the auditorium and everybody's standing up. That's the real turn-on. Not the theater, although that song's a gas, and I dig to play it. It's when the audience decides to join, that's when it really knocks you out.

You've only got to see a few people dancing, and I turn and watch, and play for them to dance to. It's like you can play for a body that moves. It's always them turning you on so that you can turn them on some more.

Was the Hyde Park concert scheduled before Brian's death?

It was. Don't forget, it was our first thing with Mick Taylor. We wanted to get Mick Taylor up on stage to be seen. We wanted to do something in London. And we wanted it to be free. Which is also a bastard. Because the two free things we've done have been that and Altamont. Both so totally different.

We went in an armored ambulance. Took about two hours to drive through the crowd. And we played pretty bad. Until near the end, 'cause we hadn't played for years. And nobody minded 'cause they just wanted to hear us play again. It was nice they were glad to see us because we were glad to see them. Coming after Brian's death, it was like a thing we had to do. We had that big picture of him on stage and it comes out looking like a ghost in some pictures.

Was his death still unreal?

It didn't hit me for months because I hadn't seen him a lot. The only time we'd see him

was down at the courthouse, at one of his trials. They really roughed him up, man. He wasn't a cat that could stand that kind of shit and they really went for him like when hound dogs smell blood. "There's one that'll break if we keep on." And they busted him and busted him. That cat got so paranoid at the end like they did to Lenny Bruce, the same tactics, break him down. Maybe with Mick and me they felt, well, they're just old lads.

Mick read a poem for Brian at the concert.

He read something from Shelley. He wanted to do it for Brian. It's a tough thing . . . the first thing you've done on stage before an audience in two years. To get up and read a Shelley poem. He wanted to do it for Brian. He said it was necessary to make some sort of incantation.

And the butterflies . . . they were really nice. Biggest public gathering in London for over two hundred years. The last time they had a gathering that big in England, it started a people's revolt. Had to be put down with the dragoons.

You did songs from 'Beggars Banquet.'

Yeah. It had already been out quite a while because we'd had *Let It Bleed* almost finished. We took it with us to the States where we met Bobby and Jim Price.

The whole Satan trip really comes out after 'Beggars Banquet.'

I think there's always been an acceptance . . . I mean Kenneth Anger told me I was his right-hand man. It's just what you feel. Whether you've gotten that good and evil thing together. Left hand path, right hand path, how far do you want to go down?

How far?

Once you start, there's no going back. Where they lead to is another thing.

The same place?

Yeah. So what the fuck? It's something everybody ought to explore. There are possibilities there. A lot of people have played on it, and it's inside everybody. I mean, Doctor John's whole trip is based on it.

Why do people practice voodoo? All these things bunged under the name of superstition and old wives' tales. I'm no expert in it. I would never pretend to be, I just try to bring it into the open a little. There's only so much you can bring into the open.

There's got to be people around who know it all, man. Nobody ever really finds out what's important with the kinds of government you've got now. Fifty years after, they tell you what really went on. They'll let you know what happened to Kennedy in a few years' time. It's no mystery. An enormous fuckup in the organization, a cog went wrong, and they'll say who did it. But by then it won't matter, they'll all be dead and gone and "Now it's different, and in this more enlightened age . . ."

"I shouted out who killed the Kennedys". Does that thing hold for Mick too, or is it more a show business thing?

Mick and I basically have been through the same things. A lot of it comes anyway from association and press and media people laying it on people. Before, when we were just innocent kids out for a good time, they're saying, "They're evil, they're evil." Oh I'm evil, really? So that makes you start thinking about evil.

What is evil? Half of it, I don't know how much people think of Mick as the devil or as just a good rock performer or what? There are black magicians who think we are acting as unknown agents of Lucifer and others who think we are Lucifer. Everybody's Lucifer.

Does that produce things like Altamont?

As I said, I particularly didn't like the atmosphere there by the time we went on. After a day of letting some uniforms loose, what can you expect? Who do you want to lay it on? Do you want to just blame someone, or do you want to learn from it? I don't really think anyone is to blame, in laying it on the Angels.

If you put that kind of people in that kind of position . . . but I didn't know what kind of people they were. I'd heard about the Angels but I haven't lived in California and San Jose. I have no contact with those people. I don't know how uncontrolled they are, how basic their drives are.

But when the Dead told us, "It's cool. We've used them for the last two or three years, Kesey cooled them out," I was skeptical about it but I said, "I'll take your word for it. I've taken everybody's word for it up till now that they know what they're doing when they put on a show." You have to accept that for a start, that it's gonna be together when you get there or else you never get to any gigs. Few ripoff promoters in the Midwest though . . .

Who put the Angels in that position? Specifically.

Specifically? . . . we asked the Dead basically if they would help us get a free concert together. First we had this idea we want to do a free concert and we want to do it in Frisco because that's where they do a lot of free concerts. Who do you ask and who's done more free concerts than anybody—the Grateful Dead. It's very nice, man, we hung around, talked about lots of things, played a bit. They said this is how they done it and this is a big one and they think they can get it together.

It comes down to how many people can you put together. In India they're used to that many people turning up for a religious occasion. But this was not a religious occasion and also it was in the middle of the fucking desert, in California with freeways. We were so hassled. We were in Muscle Shoals, trying to make a record. Meanwhile they're going through all these hassles with people saying yeah you can set up a stage and put up all your equipment and then saying "Fuck off." We'd been going through it throughout the whole tour, man. "Golden Gate Park, yes it's on. No no. City officials say no." Then they pack across the Bay.

We're still in Alabama, into making records. And so we have to take people at their word. We have to trust them. And they could do it, and they did. But it wasn't their fault they didn't have enough time to think about the parking or how people are going to get there or the johns or the . . . they thought of them to a certain extent but nobody knew exactly how many people were coming anyway. Then you get there and what a fucking place, man. Well, let's just make the best of it.

I went out there the night before Mick. Mick went back. I stayed there. I just hung around, met a few nice people. It was really beautiful. That night before, everywhere I went was a gas. People were sitting around their fires, really cool, getting high and I ended up in a trailer and woke up when it was about a hundred and ten degrees inside.

Were you there when Mick got hit?

I was there the whole fucking day in that trailer. Also, it's the last gig. Do this and we go home. So everybody is in sort of that final mad rush. We'd done this incredible flight from New York to West Palm Beach and sat on the tarmac in the plane for nine hours at LaGuardia, in New York, while they got it ready. We got to the gig eight hours behind schedule, after a helicopter flight. We got on at four o'clock in the morning. Below zero. And that was the last gig of the tour proper.

Those kids waited all night to see you.

They were great. Such a sight. That place wasn't much better than Altamont. Everyone was frozen stiff. We got it on for a bit but everybody dug it. It was a gas. By the time we finished and got back to the hotel on the beach, dawn was coming up, the sun was warm and we went to Muscle Shoals.

When did you first feel things might turn out badly?

The Airplane's gig. When I heard what they done to Marty Balin, they're gettin' out of hand. It's just gonna get worse, I thought, obviously it's not going to get better. Nothing's gonna cool them out once they start. What a bummer. What can you do? Just sit tight.

Did you consider not going on?

Can you think what that would have caused on top of getting all the people to the place? Talk about one cat getting killed . . . on top of that, everybody was very sensitive. America suddenly seems to have developed this hypersensitivity to life and death that I'd never seen them concerned with before. I never saw them concerned when a cop got crushed at Long Beach.

I don't care who it is. Some Angel or whatever . . . the underground suddenly leaps up in a horrified shriek when some spade hippie gets done, which is a terrible thing, but they never got uptight if some cop got done. Some cop, he's probably on extra duty, and he gets crushed at a pop concert. That one really brought me down. I could never believe it ended up in the 15th page of the Herald-Tribune or whatever it was called. That sort of thing makes you want to stop. I don't demand sacrifices at this stage of the game.

What information were you getting at Altamont as to what was going on?

Ah, it's obvious, man. Maybe they'll do me the next time I go there, but they were out of control, man. The Angels shouldn't have been asked to do the job. I didn't know if the Angels were still like Marlon Brando had depicted fifteen years before, or whether they'd grown up a little or if they're still into that "don't touch my chromework" bit. All right. Someone else should have known that. If they didn't, then the Angels kept it very well hidden for a long time.

Who should have known? Sam Cutler?

Sam Cutler was with us all the time, man.

Ronnie Schneider? John Jaymes?

They should have known. I think the Dead should have known. Rock Scully should have known, I think. He didn't. I spoke to him, we all spoke to him and he trusted those cats, man, to do just a good job of keeping the stage clear of people so no plugs'll get pulled out and no chaos would ensue. Somewhere along they flipped.

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The people look very very stoned in "Gimme Shelter.'

People were just asking for it. All those nude fat people, just asking for it. They had those victims' faces. That guy was pathetic. Most of this I've seen from the movie. Same as anyone else. Most of the people who've seen what went down at Altamont have caught it from the movie. When I was there, I just heard a bit, I never actually saw anything flying till we went on.

What did you see when you went on?

The usual sort of chaotic scene.

Did you wait purposely until it was dark to go to heighten the effect?

Oh man, I'd been there 24 hours, I couldn't wait to get out of that place. It was fuckups, the beatups, the chaos, our people telling us not to go on yet, let the people cool down a bit. Those campfire sessions, they always go on longer than expected anyway.

What happens when you come out on stage?

Perfectly normal. Go into "Jumpin' Jack Flash." It felt great and sounded great. I'm not used to bein' upstaged by Hells Angels—goddammit, man, somebody's motorbike. I can't believe it. For a stunt. What is the bike doin' there anyway, in the fourth row of the fucking . . . it would have looked better up on stage and it would have been safer too.

So the cat left his bike there and it got knocked over so that was the first one. "Oh dear, a bike's got knocked over." Yes, I perfectly understand that your bike's got knocked over, can we carry on with the concert? But they're not like that. They have a whole thing going with their bikes, as we all know now. It's like Sonny Barger, "If you've spent $1700. "

Well, if that's what you want to get together, that's fine but I really don't think if you leave it in front of half a million people, you can't expect it to not to get knocked over.

What if someone tried to do your guitar? They'd get punched out very quickly, wouldn't they?

I don't kill him, man. And I don't get five hundred buddies of mine to come down and put their boot in too. I don't have it organized to that extent. If someone tries to do my guitar, and I don't want it to be done, it's between him and me. I don't call in Bill Wyman to come in and do him over for me, with one of his vicious ankle-twisters or Chinese burns.

I didn't see any killings. If I see any killing going on, I shout "Murder." You dig, when you're on stage you can't see much, like just the first four rows. It's blinding, like a pool of light in complete darkness, unless someone out there lights up a cigarette. All you see is lights out there. If someone strikes one or shines one. Since all this went on 10 or 15 rows back, the only time we were aware of trouble was when suddenly a hundred cats would leap in front of us and everybody would start yelling.

But you stopped playing right after the stabbing and Sam Cutler went to the mike for a doctor.

Someone asked for a doctor, yeah. Half of our concerts in our whole career have been stopped for doctors and stretchers. How much responsibility for the gig are you going to lay on the cat who's playing and how much on the cat that organized it? Rolling Stones' name is linked with Altamont. It wasn't our production particularly. Our people were involved but they were relying on local knowledge.

There were all these rumors flashing around. "There's a bomb gone off and 20 people have been blown to bits, man." You say, "I think you got it wrong, man, I'm sure you got it wrong." 'Cause you've been hearing crazy rumors all day, that you're dead, as ridiculous as that. By the time you're in California and you've gone through a whole tour and you've heard all those rumors that seem to go round and around and around . . . you don't believe anything. I don't believe

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anything at the end of an American tour ever.

Mick seemed to know something was going on, he tried to cool it out.

The same as Grace Slick tried earlier. "Be cool, be cool." For all the control one can have over an audience, it doesn't mean you can control the murderers. That's a different thing, man, you can't make someone's knife disappear by just looking at him. Somehow in America in '69—I don't know about now, and I never got it before—one got the feeling they really wanted to suck you out.

Like at the Rainbow Room press conference. So ridiculous, cats asking what to do about the Vietnam War. "What are you asking me? You've got your people to get that one together." And they're asking you about everything, about your third eye . . . it's very nice. But you can't be God. You can't ever pretend to play at being God . . . Altamont, it could only happen to the Stones, man. Let's face it. It wouldn't happen to the BeeGees and it wouldn't happen to Crosby, Stills, and Nash.

Except that they were there and it didn't make a difference.

Were they? I heard they were in some airport and didn't come, all those rumors. The wisest people I saw were Jerry Garcia and Phil Lesh in that movie: "Those Angels beatin' the shit out of people? I ain't goin' in there." I don't blame the Dead for not working. I just wish they . . . ah, it's too late. Maybe what saves the whole thing is making a movie about it and showing what went down and maybe a little less belief in uniforms.

Does the money from that film go to Meredith Hunter's family?

I don't know, man. As far as I know, the Maysles, the cats who made it, told me that the premieres in various cities have been to help street clinics . . . I don't know about the Meredith Hunter scene because it's all litigation. It's all lawyers.

I've never met his mother. They should get something from somebody. Because . . . I don't know. I get like Charlie when I get down and think about it. The cat was waving a gun, man, and he looked very spaced out.

But the gun was unloaded.

Tell it to Wild Bill Hickock, man.

What were the concerts on the tour like before Altamont?

I remember enjoying them. There's always a bummer. It was probably West Palm Beach. You could enjoy the people for hanging around that long but it was too fucking cold to play properly and we tried to do the whole show . . . too fucking cold. A bummer. After Madison Square Garden, came out of three shows there to freeze your balls off in a Florida swamp. We always get 'em.

It was the first time you saw that America.

It was the first time we played it. Mick and I had been to L.A. in '68, the Strip every night, I dug what was going on there. Brian and I popped over a few times in '67 incognito. Went over in December '66 with Brian. Down in Watts a lot. Very stoned. We got so much out of it we wanted to go back and do some more. Without having to play a gig every night. It was the only place we knew where to score, man.

And then Mick and I went in '68 to mix down *Beggars Banquet* with Jimmy and stayed for two months. Hung out with Taj and the Burritos. Went to the Palomino a lot.

I think England has such a high standard in heavy drugs. Well, the system for junkies was beautiful. It's fucked up now because it's a halfway thing. They really had it under control. It depends how you want to see junk.

It's two years since I've been to America, which is the longest period ever I'm away. I hear stories. You hear how that junk thing is getting heavier and heavier. I been through all that. It depends how you want to see it. There's a lot of Chinese shit around. That's all I can say. That's another one of those rumors.

You get young kids as junkies in the cities.

You know what it does. It's on the wrong end. They should turn on to it when they're 60. All these old ladies down here, learn a lesson from these old chicks. For a start look at its effect on a nine-year-old. Say he kicks when he's 15. More than likely he'll only be 10 or 11 when he's 15. His voice will break suddenly. Puberty is delayed.

But these old ladies, they leave it alone, then start hitting morphine and horse and they don't feel things like lumbago and arthritis and the plague or old age and things like that. They live to 90, 105. It's a particular Europe trip. Old rich people.

If you're going to get into junk, it stands to reason you should . . . for a start, in guys particularly, it takes the place of everything. You don't need a chick, you don't need music, you don't need nothing. It doesn't get you anywhere. It's not called "junk" for nothing. Why did Burroughs kick it, after 25 years? He's thankful he kicked it, believe me.

How about for making music?

People have offered me a lot of things over the years, mainly to keep going . . ."Work, ya bastard. Take one of these." I've tried a lot of shit. I don't even know what it is. I personally think . . . it depends if you're ready. Same with alcohol. You should find out what it does. If you don't know what it does and you're just putting it in, for the sake of it, you're a dummy.

What it does depends on what form you take it in. Some people snort, some people shoot it. You tell me what it does. The Peruvians, they chew it, and that's the trip. You can buy it in any grocery store and you eat it with a hunk of limestone and it just freezes you . . . at 11,000 feet it's hard to breathe anyway. Those cats have 47 percent more red corpuscles than us lowlanders. Huge lungs, and they're chewing it all the time. You buy it along with your eggs and your lemons. It depends how you take it.

People also say the drunker you are, the better you play.

All those things are true. The first time you go out every time roaring drunk, after five years you're a fucking wreck. And you still might think it's a gas, but you're making it for yourself, which is cool, but people are coming and paying and you're not turning them on, you're only turning yourself on. And you don't know.

What works for you?

It used to be booze. It used to be this . . . I try not to get behind anything for too long anymore because . . . I've been hung up on things. I've got to travel on, I've got to be on stage, I don't want to be hung up carrying all those things with me. When I go through, I go through clean. I'm a clean man.

Again, about Hendrix . . .

I don't know if someone sold him some bad shit or what. These days they're selling stuff, it's no longer cut with talcum powder and sugar, its cut with caustic soda, or with Ajax. England is a very healthy place in a way, or was, because they fucked it and they're gonna let the big boys in now for sure. They're blowing it by the way they're handling the drug situation. People will go somewhere else to look for junk and buy bad shit.

Once things get into powders . . . Arthur Machen wrote a story about white powder back in 1909 . . . a guy takes more and more white powder until one night he turns into a blob and drips through the ceiling. Since then I haven't touched a white powder if I don't know what they are. Even if it's for the runs.

You, though, are in a unique position. People listen when you sing, and 'Sticky Fingers' is a heavy drug album, one way or another.

I don't think *Sticky Fingers* is a heavy drug album any more than the world is a heavy world. In 1964, I didn't used to run into cats in America who'd come up to me and say, "Do you want some skag? Do you want some coke? Do you want some acid? Do you want some peyote?" And then go through all those initials and names. Now you have trouble avoiding them.

People who think you're ready to finance every drug smuggling expedition in the world. "Hey listen, I'm not interested. You got the wrong idea." The cats that are into it are into it because they're good at . . . they've taken their chances at it. They're not doing it for nothing. It's either they're getting their rocks off or they're into it for bread. A lot of cats get their kicks going through customs. So what, man?

How about a 12- or 13-year-old kid who buys 'Sticky Fingers' and that's the first time he hears about cocaine, or he finds out that "Brown Sugar" has another meaning?

Well, I didn't find out that "Brown Sugar" had another meaning . . . we wrote it in '69. And as far as I can tell they weren't calling it brown sugar then.

Cocaine?

Horse, in some places. Apparently what they get in L.A., it's light brown with brown lumps in it. I don't know where that stuff comes from or what it is. These people don't know what they're getting. If you don't know what you're getting, you don't know what you're putting into yourself. And if you don't know that, you're a dummy. Nobody would eat meat with maggots crawling out of it but people will shoot up some shit they don't know about.

Don't take my example. Take Jimi Hendrix. Or not. Depending on where you are and how you feel. Who says you've got to live threescore and ten years? There's only one source of information I know that says that, and even that doesn't say everybody's got to make it. Everybody can't make 70.

Do you want to make 70?

I can't even imagine what it's like, to be 70. When I was 20 I couldn't imagine what it would be like to be 28.

Can you imagine 30?

It's only two years away. I don't know, not really. Thirty still seems like a real trip to me. And I know 33 is a real trip: 33 is a

year.

When Christ was crucified . . .

Everybody who reaches 33 goes through some weird things.

About 'Sticky Fingers' . . .

I mean, though there are songs with heavy drug references, as people have pointed out to me. Me being completely unaware of the situation. They're all actually quite old, which maybe indicates that we were into those things a couple of years ago, three years ago. Maybe we recorded it 20 years ago, man, you know.

I mean, people, you can't take a fucking record like other people take a bible. It's only a fucking record, man. Goddamn it, you know, you might love it one day, you might hate it the next. Or you might love it forever, but it doesn't mean to say that whatever it says in there you've got to go out and do, you've got to go out and say.

There's no rules, you know. When it was teenybopper time one just despaired anyway. I mean, what was the relevance of it.

What did it all mean?

Yeah. Suddenly you're a pop star. Well, you do that because you know pop stars only last two years anyway. So you go through it. "Oh, you know, I'll be that for a bit." The thing is that things change along with it.

You understand that hardly anybody, especially in America —

I thought that also along with it had changed that sort of bullshit, that authority. The establishment has its fingers on show business in this way that in fact it comes out through the mouth of justice itself. "Since you are an idol of millions you therefore hold special responsiblities."

In actual fact, you don't. There's only him that says you do. You don't shoulder any responsibilities when you pick up a guitar or sing a song, because it's not a position of responsibility.

Some people try and reflect it, don't they? Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young? The song, "Chicago" — like that.

Good topical stuff.

Which sells records?

Certainly. Mayor Daley's a good target. And there's a million Mayor Daleys in America. Why have a go at one? Sure he's a cunt, you know, everyone knows he's a cunt. But there's a million hiding behind. Last time I was in L.A. I met the old lady that owns most of those head shops in the Strip, man. She's got a little home in Beverly Hills, she's rolling, you know. She's made a packet, man, and she gets those little hippies to work in there. And it's a front, man. It's all a fucking front. There's another Mayor Daley.

I mean, who knows where they are? How many times can you use those words — justice, freedom. It's like margarine, man. You can package it and you can sell that too. In America they have a great talent for doing that.

And so, as I was saying, just because it's on a record doesn't mean that you have to take it for what it is. The cat could be lying, you know, at the end of the record, you know, maybe they cut the tape off and he said, "Oh, I'm sorry, I'm lying. You know, I'm just fooling you." But they just happened to edit the tape there, you know. "I'm putting you on."

Maybe Dylan said at the end of "Visions of Johanna" — oh, I don't know, which is a very personal thing — but maybe he said it at the end of some of his earlier stuff: "But I don't give a fuck," at the end of "Blowin' in the Wind" or "That's up to you," maybe said that.

But they just, by the time somebody gets to a record anyway, they've got to realize that even our records have gone through the hands of some of the straightest people you could ever meet. Nearly all the Rolling Stones records — you know this is the first album that hasn't — have gone through this very straight English private fucking company, man. They're the people that are really giving it to you. It's not us that are giving it, we're giving it to them.

Because that's the only way you can get records out, and they're giving it to the people. So really it's coming from them anyway. I mean, we went through a lot of hassles with them, but it's not like straight from us to you. It's always going through the hands of somebody, and the thing is to try and get those hands into the same sort of sympathy.

The music says something very basic and simple, man. Which, I don't know, exasperates. I mean, look at Richard Nixon and then look at your average young cat in the

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Jagger cruising L.A.

street, or some Indian cat. It's all there, you've only got to look at what's in front of you. And that's all we've ever been trying to do. Not trying to tell people where to go or which way to go because I don't know. We're all following. I mean, it's all going to happen. It's all coming down.

And to us it might seem, oh, world population. Before there were newspapers and radios and TV you wouldn't hear about that . . . You would never hear about that plague in India or Bengal that they're having and the cholera thing. If you was living in Wales at the time of the great plague in London you probably wouldn't get to hear about that until five years after it happened. And so, something like world population, you wouldn't even know about it.

Depends how worried you want to get about everything. I mean, how can you worry about world population, whose problem is that? You tell me.

Everybody feels they ought to do something about it. If you know the facts. On the face of it it sounds scary. But after a while it always splits into two things, one side is "Oh, in ten years there's going to be so many people on the earth, you're not going to be able to do this, that and the other," and the other says, "Oh yes; it's going to be terrible for them, but it's going to be all right for us."

And then there's "Oh, the world's growing too much food and they're just throwing it all away, enough to feed the world five times over is being thrown into the Atlantic Ocean"; and the only reason it's not getting to the people that need it to stay alive is either because they don't want to afford the cost of transporting it to those people or they want those people to die anyway. I mean, what about that tidal wave in Pakistan, man? Quarter of a million in one night.

No way to understand it. On the face of that, what kind of music are you writing?

I'll just keep on rocking and hope for the best. I mean that's really what in all honesty it comes down to. I mean why do people want to be entertainers or do they want to listen to music or come and watch people make music? Is it just a distraction or is it a vision or God knows what? It's everything to all kinds of people. You know, it's all different things.

OK, but the music's changing. "Can't you hear me knockin'" changed because of Bobby Keys and Jim Price. "Moonlight Mile" is a change.

Yeah, it's a gas to play. It's a gas not to be so insulated and play with some more people, especially people like Bobby, man, who sort of on top of being born at the same time of day and the same everything as me has been playing on the road, man, since '56 '57.

He was on Buddy Holly's first record. I mean he's a fantastic cat to know, for somebody who's into playing rock and roll, because it's been an unending chain for him. The first few years that he was playing around, man, I was just the same as anyone, I was just listening to it and digging it and wondering where it came from. And he was there, man. Bobby's like one of those things that goes all the way through that whole thing, sails right through it.

I didn't know it man, but we played on the same show as Bobby Keys in '64, first time we went to San Antone. San Antone State Fair, no, Teen Fair, San Antone Teen Fair, 1964. George Jones, Bobby Vee, that's who Bobby Keys was playing with, playing with Bobby Vee's backup band. I remember that gig, but I don't remember Bobby.

But the reason I remember San Antone so much is waking up and this is, I mean, a young English cat never been face to face with the realities of American life. San Antone was like one of the first places we hit after Omaha and L.A. L.A., Omaha, San Antone, you know, really right in there.

I put on the TV the first morning: "15 killed last night in a brawl down on the river Brazos" or whatever it is. I thought, "God, they're riotin' down here, what's going on?" "Is it a race riot, old chap?" "Did you hear that? All these weird people with this English accent."

Turn on the TV next morning, 18 people killed last night and it slowly began to sink in, right, every night around 15 or 20 people get it done to them in San Antone, either Mexicans or spades or kids that go out. I mean in '65, I don't know if the locals are still up to it but in '64 they were very into spick hunting. You know, just go across the river on a Friday night and have a night, have a little chiv up.

I mean that's amazing. Why doesn't someone do something about that? That's what I used to think then. You know, that doesn't happen in my home town. It happens, one could find it, you could find it in any town, you could find it in my town, sure. But it wasn't that *18 people* were dead the next morning, you know, and one could certainly get one's self chipped about quite easily.

You don't have to go very far to provoke, even in an English town, to get yourself done over, but 15 people dead, you know, 12 people, you know. If I'm exaggerating over the years, 12 people dead or whatever. But regularly every morning! I was there for about four or five days and every morning it was within two or three of 15. They're probably still going on now, man. I bet that morgue makes a fortune.

You going to start working on a new album here?

Yeah, right in me own basement, as it turns out. After months of searching I end up sitting on it.

How long has it been since 'Sticky Fingers' was finished? How long since the band recorded?

We finished—when were the last sessions, man? Was I even there for the last sessions of *Sticky Fingers?* When did they finish it? February, January, March? Most of it was finished before the tour. And it was all finished, complete by the time we came here.

And it took over a year, did it?

Well, I mean, stretched out, the songs, one could say it stretched over two years, you know, because "Sister Morphine" comes from '68, although we cut it in early '69. Some songs were written awhile ago.

But Stones albums usually take a long time, don't they?

They've usually taken longer and longer.

Why is that?

Which really pisses me off. Because everybody's laid back a little more and everybody has other things, they do other things now, whereas when it was just a matter of being on the road and recording, that's all you did, you know, and that was it. And obviously you could do things much quicker that way.

But I mean, if we carried on doing it like that, we'd probably be doing it from wheelchairs already. Because you can't carry on at that pace forever. You know, you can do it in spurts, but I mean, even if you're young and a teenager, you get awfully drawn looking.

Do you reckon you could be doing more work than you are? More recording, laying down more tracks? You, personally?

Yeah, but you know, but you can't have weddings of the year and solo albums and you know, I mean, it's great fun.

You going to do a solo album?

No, I'm not going to do one. All I'm going to do is see if I've got enough things left over from Stones things that they don't like that I do, that I might want to put out at some time, but I'm not going to go and make an album.

Too much trouble or what?

I can't imagine doing it, you know? I can't imagine making an album just like that. I've never had an urge to be a solo. Maybe I can get together one song, two songs a year, that I really feel that I want to sing. And so I do it and I put it on the Stones album. Because it's cool. If I feel, if I become more productive, I'll just collect things. I'll just wait until I've got enough things.

Shit, man, I was just a hired guitar player when I started. Things grew out of that and I learned how to write songs just by sitting down and doing it. For me it seems inconceivable that any guitar player can't sit down and write songs. I don't see how a cat can play a guitar, really, and not be able to lay something down of his own in some way.

But that's the way I feel because I happen to be able to do it. For some guitar players it's inconceivable that nobody can play the guitar, you know, that anybody can't just pick it up just like that.

Because to them it's a second . . . you know. If it's sort of in you, and it's something that you've got together, it's simple, you can't explain it, it's easy. How do you write a song? It's fucking easy, man. I'll come back in a few minutes and lay one on you. But if you're one of these cats that sat down for fucking weeks and months and tried desperately to produce something and nothing ever comes out, it must seem like the greatest task in the world.

I mean, I've desperately tried to remain anonymous. The state the world is in today it's much more of an advantage to remain anonymous than it is to be identifiable or recognized.

As a musician?

Fucking Chuck Berry wrote "Let It Rock" under E. Anderson man, and it's one of the best things he ever did. And yet he put it out, you know he's got some tax publishing hassle, he puts it out under some middle name: Charles A. Berry, Edward Anderson, or whatever. He should have got recognition for it, and as far as I'm concerned he should definitely be recognized as the writer for "Let It Rock." Would the U.S. Internal Revenue kindly bear it in mind.

How do you feel about the music business?

How can you check up on the fucking record company when to get it together in the first place you have to be out on that

stage every fucking night, you have to get out there every night in front of the people saying here I am and this is what I do. You can't keep a check on it. Someone else is handling all that bread.

We found out, and it wasn't years till we did, that all the bread we made for Decca was going into making little black boxes that go into American Air Force bombers to bomb fucking North Vietnam. They took the bread we made for them and put it into the radar section of their business. When we found that out, it blew our minds. That was it. Goddamn, you find out you've helped to kill God knows how many thousands of people without even knowing it.

I'd rather the Mafia than Decca.

Anita: I mean, Mafia than the CIA, man. But if you've got to be on that stage every night, there's no possible way of checking up on all those people.

Gram Parsons told me a great story about the Mafia. What they're really into now is growing tomatoes. Tomatoes is the only business in America that you can still get cash on the nail so that if you drive up with a truckload of tomatoes, you get money right off. So they have the whole tomato business sewn up.

Gram had an uncle who was growing a thousand acres of tomatoes and one day some guys came down in a limousine and got very heavy with him and said, "Why don't you switch to citrus fruits and leave the tomatoes to us."

Keith: It gets so weird, one has to think about everything. I mean, they're running it. They're running America.

Anita: That's why in an interview with the Daily Mirror Keith said he was ready to grow tomatoes.

Keith: A subliminal message to the Mafia. "Come see me, I'm ready to grow tomatoes."

What is the conjunction of show business and crime?

A lot of money in entertainment. The criminal element is there for the bread. And where there's crime, there's cops. They're both in the same business, right? Who else deals with crime but criminals and cops? They're the only two that are hung up on it.

Anita: And Italians.

Anita's seen it all, from another viewpoint. I mean, I'm always in the middle. I've heard incredible Rolling Stones stories I know nothing about. I don't know if I was asleep in my room or . . . why did I miss out on that one?

No. 94
October 28, 1971

Table Talk with Mick in Paris

By Chris Hodenfield

PARIS — L'Hotel is the Paris hotel that Oscar Wilde made famous by dying in it. You can, if well-heeled enough, sleep in the very room. The specialty of the restaurant is Steak de la Oscar Wilde, which is what he ate on the night he died.

Now Mick Jagger is not Oscar Wilde. And if Chuck Berry *is*, it was Mick Jagger who stayed at L'Hotel for a week or so, spending time while Bianca was expecting the last days of her expectancy. Bobby Keys was there too, just passing time on his way back to London to finish his album, just passing wasted through the lobby in his buffalo blanket jacket, *just passin' through mistah* . . .

"France is alright, as long as you can get out," Jagger said, competing with the Boulez being pumped over the bar's sound system. "Like I've been in France longer than I've ever stayed in England. There's fuck-all live music here, there's Jacques Brel and electronic music. Even the accordion players are dead."

Just last spring, Jagger wasn't sounding keen at all on an American tour. But the idle months in Antibes have made changes. "I think Mick Taylor wants to play on stage with somebody. I think he's a bit frustrated. We're not touring all the time: I don't want to tour all the time. So I don't know what he wants to do. And I'm not the only one talking about going to America. Mick does; Bill Wyman's gone for a vacation. Charlie, he's in the country with his sheep and horses, that's what he does. Gad, the houses are really a hell of a long way away.

"Now I want to go to America and look around. Go to L.A. Maybe Texas. *Nooooo Orleans.* Then Florida. I really miss having things to do — well, anyway . . . last winter there were all these sessions. A lot was going on. Now it's nothing. I guess you get what you put in. Like I can't be contributing to something if I'm not there, but even in the clubs, I don't know. Is it in America?

"Christ. Do you wanna drink? Where's a waiter? *S'il vous plait!* Hey, *see voo play, y'all* out there." He turns back to the interview. "We've not finished the album, we've just cut 20 tracks. Since July. Plus we've got about 28 others."

That's all the Stones do all day now, make music in Keith's basement at his fabulous mansion on the Mediterranean Coast?

"Yeah. The studios are not that great. OK, but not really good. It's *terrible.* I don't like it. Like it's too hot in the summer. I can't hear anything down there. We cut some nice things, but we'll mix it at Island or someplace."

The waiter brought the wine. "I hate to talk about what we're doing anymore. Like the union in America is giving us such a hassle. The only way they find out what we're doing is through Rolling Stone. I'll have to ask your co-operation. I mean, we can't record in America. They've sent us warning letters and all that. They've never done that to anyone else. Last time we were there they tried to fine Leon Russell £5000 for writing an arrangement for us. Legally, English bands aren't supposed to record there, but they all do."

The American tour then?

"Yeah, we've had hundreds of ideas on how to do this tour. Like we were thinking of doing it in a caravan. In coaches and do all sorts of places we wouldn't normally get to. Like . . . *the South.* Or just go by bus for the first ten days to get it all together. Some areas. You can't cover the entire country in a Greyhound bus, not with a big show, you're just wasting your time. Somebody gets stuck in a restaurant and that's a *draag.*

"Or we thought of getting a regular back-up band. That's an old spade tradition. Say, keyboards, brass and chicks. Nine pieces maybe, so we can have four other singers as well as using the brass and chicks ourself. The Stones have already been in touch with the Memphis Horns. And there are four other singers who are really good. I like Stevie Wonder very much. I've always admired him. But, I don't know. Whether it's right or wrong, he's always playing in clubs. Well, not clubs, but . . . *niteries.* You know? Or there could be one or two people who've never been seen by white audiences. You could take Little Milton and Bobby Bland. Plus there could be some younger people as well. Get a nicely balanced show."

But where do the Stones play?

"In most towns there's a large ballroom which holds 5-6000. Which I consider a large ballroom. Either we're going to play in a club with 500 people and actually play or we're going to play really big crowds. Playing to 5000 is really nonsensical; it's not intimate. I mean, the best I've ever played has been in a club, but I haven't done that in ages. So I really don't know what to *do* anymore, I've forgotten. I got into the thing very early on in how to play the big halls and I know how to do it. It's very exaggerated. Like, before public address systems, politicians used to make very exaggerated gestures.

The waiter brought some more red wine, plus the bill. And L'Hotel is expensive. You know the kind of joint: $20 breakfasts and that. Thinking of money, how's Allen Klein?

"We tried to be nice about it, and friendly, for about a year now, 18 months. I mean, I really hate lawsuits, but he won't . . . y'know. He was supposed to pay me a certain amount of money per annum and he hasn't for years. I mean, you can't go on asking people, so eventually we had to do it like this. It's not big business, it's just that I don't have much money. Really. In actual fact. He just got us into a terrific mess and he's not a very nice person. I don't think he's genuine. Who cares? Allen Klein can jump in the East River for all I care, but he does owe me some money.

"Who cares? This new album is fucking mad. There's so many different tracks. It's very rock 'n' roll, y'know. I didn't want it to be like that. I'm the more experimental person in the group, you see I like to experiment. Not go over the same thing over and over. Since I've left England, I've had this thing I've wanted to do. I'm not against rock 'n' roll, but I really want to experiment."

Electronic music?

"Well that's the obvious thing to do, but I don't know if that's more valid than anything else. The real experiment is what you want to say. You can express a very freaky or experimental idea in a strict framework, or you can express a very trite, boring, oft-repeated idea within an experimental framework.

"The new album's very rock 'n' roll and it's good. I think rock 'n' roll is getting a bit . . . I mean, I'm very bored with rock 'n' roll. The revival. Everyone knows what their roots are, but you've got to explore everywhere. You've got to explore the sky too."

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SUMMER 1972

USA '72: Tread the Boards Lightly

It's Saturday afternoon and sometime around the civilized hour of four or so Mick Jagger comes padding barefoot down the stairs of his rented Bel-Air home. The house was originally owned by Marion Davies, William Randolph Hearst's protegee. The place is straight South California Gothic even now, tangles of jungle vines and underbrush by an artificial waterfall that's gone dry. The only sound around is the whisper of a sprinkler outside.

Mick sits down at the dining room table with a beer, wearing one of those shiny silk zippered jackets that sometimes have maps of Vietnam or Japan on the back. Two tigers snarl at each other across the shoulders of this one.

"It's not such a grueling schedule really, this tour," he says. "It's like the one we did las' time. Five cities a week for six weeks. We wanted to 'ave a rest in the middle, two weeks off to recover, but that meant we'd have been in the country more than six months and eligible for national service . . . you know, the draft. . . .

"It'll give us a chance to play music people haven't heard us do before . . . I mean . . . God knows I love rock and roll. Still, I'd like to see the band experiment more, with form as well as content. Because myself, I like *Satanic Majesties* . . . I mean Mick Taylor has even more strange ideas than me an' I know Charlie wouldn't mind goin' along with it. . . . I wouldn't wanna be a band people think they could rely on. . . ."

"I'm not even thinkin' about this tour," Keith says, concentrating on coloring circles on a piece of paper with a yellow crayon he's found. "I'm just gonna show up and be on it. I wish we'd work some places we haven't been though, like Kansas City. We've only been to Memphis once . . . y'get hung up in the same old circuit of cities all the time . . . we've got a short list of people we'd like to take with us, the Staple Singers, Joe Tex . . . an old bluesman would be nice but they're pretty fragile. . . .

"By the time we get 'round to doin' it, it'll be almost as long a gap as between the last and the one before it. Funny though how things have changed, no one's talkin' about free concerts anymore and yet right now grass is legal in Michigan. It's like maybe when you stop pushin', you get what you want . . . there's a message there somewhere, folks . . ."

Will it be the last tour?

Keith looks up from his coloring. "I doubt it," he says. "We need the money."

Robert Greenfield
No. 107/April 27, 1972

LOS ANGELES — Danny has no shirt, no shoes, no wallet, no keys. The shirt went when he took it off and stuck it in his back pocket, the shoes, wallet and keys disappeared some time later. Danny's just seen the Rolling Stones work and as he stands shoeless and barechested in the carpeted hallway of a Beverly Hills hotel, he's mumbling.

After standing in line for 14 hours outside a store in the Century City shopping plaza and not getting any tickets, after going straight to the bank and withdrawing his life savings only to find that the tickets were going at $75 *each*, after spending a day on the phone getting hold of everyone he knew, he finally made someone an offer he couldn't refuse — two tickets to Jethro Tull and Led Zeppelin at the Forum *and* the Grateful Dead at the Hollywood Bowl *and* 12 new albums — and all Danny had to do then was wait in line outside the Palladium for eight hours and he got to see *them*.

You might say that Danny, a 17-year-old high school senior, is a Rolling Stones fanatic. A fan. Can you remember that word? From back in the Forties when girls swooned for Frank Sinatra, from the Fifties when they moaned for Elvis, from the Sixties when they threw jelly babies at the Beatles and fainted at airports?

Because it's happening again. As the Rolling Stones begin an eight-week cross-country tour, you can get just about anything you need with a spare ticket. In L.A., seven grams of hash and a $20 lid is considered a reasonable asking price. The Forum received 50,000 letters when they announced they were adding a second show. In Norfolk, Virginia, 14,000 Stones tickets were sold in four hours. Every hall in every one of the 30 tour cities is a complete sellout. *Exile on Main Street* is the Number One album in the country. Radio stations are playing Stones music non-stop and record stores have re-ordered grosses of all their old albums.

Just down the Strip from the big billboard for *Exile on Main Street*, in the mafia-dark bar of the hotel that only groupies, roadies, A and R men and producers stay at, Wolfman Jack is eating his lunch. Wolfman, for those who don't know, is the last of the great AM shouters. He can be heard on 1505 radio stations throughout the world, 420 of them scattered through 42 countries in Europe, Africa, and Asia. During the two weeks preceding the tour, the Wolfman has been a ductless gland, dropping Stones adrenalin into L.A.'s carbon monoxide blood stream, playing six, eight Stones cuts an hour, two solid hours of old Stones at the drop of a 45, finally becoming the first jock to play the entire album on the air and have his listeners rate it.

"Dey da heaviest act in the bizness," Wolfman says. "Do ya understan'? If Jesus Christ came to town, he couldn't sell more tickets. Do ya understan' me?"

"Do ya understan'?" is a Wolfman trademark, a guttural rhetorical one syllable phrase that he uses to punctuate his sentences. The Wolfman now works for KDAY, probably the country's best AM station and one of the few playing "Sweet Virginia," with its "Got to scrape that shit right off your shoes" chorus.

"When that came in our program director said, 'I don't care if they say "motherfucker" on it. *Track that album.*' Do ya understan'?

"The Stones can get away with whatever they want. They're universals. They're Gods, they ain't even immortals anymore. They're whites makin' black music. Everybody black digs the Stones. Everybody white. And they even got the Chinese and the Mexicans, too. Do ya understan' what I'm talkin' about?"

Higher up, 12 floors higher up, to be exact, on the roof of the music business hotel, a leonine-looking mustachioed gentleman with shirred hair, Edward Herbert Beregford Monck, called Chip by his friends, is waiting for the sun to find his body. L.A.'s sky is a grey blanket of fumes and poisons this day, but Mr. Monck has not had a day off in two weeks and he's out there by the hotel pool, digging it for all he's worth.

Chip Monck is responsible for the lighting and stage production that makes this Stones tour different from any others. A 16 by 40 foot mirror will be hung in most halls in front of the stage, above the Stones and Stevie Wonder. Six large spotlights are then focused up into it from the back of the stage. As all those who failed high school physics know, the angle of incidence is always equal to the angle of reflection. Therefore, in one fell swoop, the Stones get back lit and spotlighted in front.

"The mirror itself is made up of 11 light-

—Continued

weight coated mylar panels. At each side of the Stones as they work will be hydraulic lifts filled with Tychobrahe speakers. Each hydraulic weighs 10,000 pounds fully loaded and cranks up to a height of 18 feet so that the sound will spread evenly in large arenas.

The stage floor, which like the mirror and the hydraulics has to be struck after every show and trucked to the next gig, is made up of six white plywood and duralon panels upon which two green firebreathing dragons have been painted. It is washed with warm water and Seven-Up to make it danceable.

It's just a five minute drive from Mr. Monck eating his hreakfast to Danny's house. Danny's house has a white hrick fireplace and good carpets in the living room and a pool in the hackyard. It's his father's house and Danny's heen living in it since his step-father got too heavy, insisting he grease back his long hair before he came to the dinner tahle.

"This is my world," Danny says when he takes you into his room, which has posters and music magazines stacked neatly on the lower shelf across from where his albums are.

"I actually spoke to Jagger once you know," he says. "After a T. Rex concert at the Palladium, I saw him in the dressing room and I said, 'Hey man, how do you keep your head together?' And he said, 'I don't man.' I was just blown away. A kid again. Like Jagger is so amazing, man. I'd like to just observe him for a long time. There's nobody like him. He and the Stones are the class of the rock world.

"I've had my friends tell me about Alice Cooper or the Faces and I've seen 'em work. I even dropped some reds to listen to Grand Funk and they were still terrible . . . they're good live but their albums are nowhere . . .

"But the Stones, man. Every energy freak in L.A. is gonna turn out to see them. Dudes are takin' dudes, y'know. 'Cause who wants to worry about being cool at the concert and not gettin' up and dancin' because the chick you're with sits next to you in Algebra every day . . . Shit . . .

"I'd been after the biggest fox in school for a year and a half, askin' her out and stuff, and gettin' told no. She heard I had Stones tickets and she came over and asked if I had a spare. 'Get down, bitch,' I said, 'I ain't wastin' it on you' . . ."

As it turns out, Danny will be going to every one of the Stones concerts in L.A., the Palladium, Long Beach, and the Forum.

Why?

"To see if they *deliver*, man. If they're good, it'll be one thing. But if they deliver, can you imagine? I'll be a slur that whole weekend. Like the time the Dead played six hours and I was high on it for three fucking weeks. That's why I'm going. Everybody else? You'll have to ask them. Maybe because everyone else they know is."

On The Road

The Rolling Stones 1972 tour of America and parts of Canada began with Marshall Chess hanging off a pay phone in an air terminal full of charming old biddies waiting for charter flights to Malaga and Oakland A's haseball fans in flowered shirts.

Marshall Chess is saying, "Yes, the Prime Minister, yes . . . Tell Mr. Trudeau that if we are not permitted to land at Vancouver there will be a delay that will make 17,000 people feel . . . aroused."

After a busride through foggy smogged-out L.A. on a Saturday morning with the bank temperature clicking at 67 degrees and Peter Rudge, the man responsible, saying "We're about to hit the beaches, we're about to hit the beaches," the Rolling Stones tour party has arrived to find their charter airplane will not be allowed to land in Vancouver.

Wandering through the terminal, trying for a beer at the flyspecked lunch counter are Bob Gibson, Hollywood press agent extra-ordinaire, a tour doctor, a tour make-up man, two tour accountants, the tour roadies, Alan Dunn, Jo Bergman, Pete Rudge . . . "So you see sir, we need your help in this matter as quickly as possible," Chess tells the Prime Minister's press secretary up in Ottawa. Full co-operation will be forthcoming, he is told.

But the plane has to leave immediately and takes off without permission to land in Canada. It touches down instead at a small suburban airport in Washington state. The local folks are lined up and gawking. A fleet of six shiny Cadillacs await outside the port wing of a big charter plane with a funny red stuck-out tongue on the side. A door opens and out come the visiting dignitaries . . . Keith Richard first in a silver and black striped suit that glows in the dark, a two foot long yellow scarf covered with Tibetan prayers that used to hang as a window shade somewhere looped around his neck; Mick

Jagger in a faded blue work shirt open to his waist and clinging white trousers. No sooner do they hit the concrete than they're off, running down the runway to dig the green mountains, the trees, two kids pointing and giggling. Mick runs back and sticks his head into the turbo jet, then plays with the propeller. The locals stand with their minds blown, and mouths open. Cadillacs zoom out towards Canada.

The first gig is a riot. An actual riot. A 12½-foot stage has been set up at one end of a huge ice hockey-type arena. There are no reserved seats and 17,000 kids cover the floor and all the seats in the stands. It looks like one great garage sale of bare midriff bodies and long hair. The sweet smell of burning incense hangs over everything.

Marshall Chess has a fistful of tickets he doesn't need so he goes to the back door to give them away. A tidal wave of screaming, clawing kids engulf him and are about to tear him apart when two security men wade in and pull him out. He flings the tickets over his head and shouts, "Have a ball," and then the shit comes down.

BANG! Doors fly open and are jerked back closed. Two kids hit an unprotected exit and come flying into the backstage area. Two bearded security heavies throw punches at them and they go flying back out. "Chain for the door," one of the guards screams, "a piece of chain for the door." Just as Stevie Wonder's band comes off after a hot set, 50 kids slam into the roll-up corrugated metal door. The door's actually going, giving way, a foot and a half off the ground before someone sees what's happening and lets out a piercing scream. Peter Rudge, a tour accountant, two of the chauffeurs, and some ushers fling themselves on it and hang there, like soldiers defending the last perimeter.

"We're isolated here," Rudge shouts, "we're blind. We need a policeman with a walkie-talkie. Who's in charge of your security? I want him here now." There are 185 Vancouver police outside the arena but most of them are battling with "a sea of kids, maybe a thousand of 'em out front," an usher says.

"And we'll be on in about four minutes . . ." Chip Monck says in his kindly way. A beer bottle splinters into blown glass in back of him on the concrete floor that runs around the stage.

"Keep in mind that it's not as comfortable for the people outside as it is for you," he says. Five cops are in the hospital already, from rocks and flying bottles.

Everyone was still high from the second show in Seattle as they boarded the plane to San Francisco the next day. Charlie Watts stood in back of the stewardess demonstrating the proper use of the life jacket and pointing to the emergency exit located at the rear of the cabin. Mick chinned himself on the luggage rack, then hung upside down like an orangutan. "Used to be able to do that wi' one hand," he noted, uncoiling himself on to the floor, "till my strength-to-weight ratio changed." Down the aisle Bobby Keys was saying, "Ah came back to mah room last night to get some sleep and there's a gayng-hayng goin' on. In mah bed. Chick looked like Joe Palooka."

"Loik what?" Mick inquired, with raised eyebrows.

"Lahk a bus mechanic." Mick's eyes narrowed to slits and he laughed. "This is the most critical part right here," he said biting down on his lip, "The power turn. If it's gonna happen . . ." He closed his eyes and settled into his seat.

Bill Wyman told someone they'd have to get a game of chance going during the plane rides. "I even accept credit cards," he said.

A discussion then began on the various devices Mick might use on stage. Balls of confetti that you can light and float over the audience. Guns that shoot string foam from between one's legs.

"A rope, Chawlie," Mick said. "We could swing on stage over the amps."

"You could," Charlie said.

"I would," Mick answered.

"I know," Charlie smiled. He hadn't slept well the past few nights. Hotel rooms make him jumpy. "You close the door and there you are alone. Then what?"

Champagne and orange juice is making the rounds and there's a table of yogurt and raw vegetables in the galley. Half of the plane's seats have been ripped out so there's room to sprawl on the floor, walk around, and laugh. "Jack Nitzsche," Charlie says, "He's the funniest man I know, Jack is. Played tambourine on 'Satisfaction,' y'know. Ee'll ask you somethin' then say 'Well, if *that's* your opinion of it. If that's how you *really* feel' . . . Won't see 'em for months an 'Gimme a beer' 'll be the first thing he'll say. You've got to meet him, honestly."

—Continued

The plane comes in through the San Francisco sunset and lands at a private air terminal and the Stones are whisked into town by those omnipresent black limousines.

The Stones played four concerts in San Francisco and they were all good. The last time they worked the city was at the Altamont Speedway in November, 1969. The time before that was at the Oakland Coliseum when the guitars blew, the sound was bad, as were the vibes.

Bill Graham did a job at Winterland that should convince any who still doubt it that he is the best at his business. More Rent-A-Cops than had ever before been hired by Winterland patrolled the streets outside and kept everyone moving. Those without tickets did not get near the hall. Those inside had plenty of room to dance and all the shows went off on time.

Which is not to say it was all perfectly smooth on the streets. It never is in America. A guy carrying a half gallon of Red Mountain Vin Rose and wearing another on his T-shirt has his hands cuffed behind his back by two black private cops.

"Hit me motherfucker," the guy keeps saying drunkenly, "Just pull back my shades and hit me. I ain't got no record but if you wanna hit me, go ahead. Only pull back my shades first."

The cop shakes his head and says, "Now I'm a motha fucka, huh? I ask you five times to move and you doan listen. You be quiet a second, we still let you go."

"Hit me mother. Pull back my shades and hit me." The guy insists as they trundle him into a police car.

At 4:15 on the day of the first show, the Stones trooped down a narrow concrete passageway out of the sunlight into Winterland. Nicky Hopkins brought up the rear carrying for some reason a tray set with tea, service for two.

Later, the Stones were playing a double bridge in "Bitch" because Keith was getting off on it, and the crowd was holding on and dancing.

Halfway through the set, joints began to fly on stage. Bill Wyman, who never moves on stage, leaned into the house and took a light from someone, then applied it to one Keith had stuck in the corner of his mouth. He smoked it all the way through "Midnight Rambler" bouncing and jamming and rooster-stepping across the stage.

The second show that night was a bitch, a stone rocker. The Stones did their first encore of the tour, what Mick later called "A minute-40 of 'Let It Rock.' "

"It's true, y'know." Mick Jagger said some days after. "It's something to go to places you've been like Seattle, which we haven't played since '66 and see it better now than it was then. More people came to see us there than when we worked there last.

"San Francisco . . . was . . . the people were just . . . dare I say, the vibrations were just *so good*. We've always had strange times there. Altamont, yeah, everyone knows about. But Oakland too. It was just the start of the tour then and we played poorly and Keith blew two guitars . . . but this time we just had fun.

"So far, the only prohlem on the tour's been with the monitors. I can't hear what I'm singin' or what the band's doin'. We'll keep on changin' the program all the time though to stay interested. But ya can't really tell yet what's gonna happen, can ya?

"I mean, California doesn't have anything to do with the rest of America, does it? The truth of it is . . . the tour hasn't even really started."

Robert Greenfield
No. 112/July 6, 1972

IN TRANSIT — Underway at last. In flight and moving. Denver, Minneapolis, and Chicago in one Sunday, the limo to the plane to the limo to the hotel. In Minneapolis, the temperature inside the hall hit 100 degrees and Charlie Watts' drumsticks kept slipping out of his hands. Bobby Keys came off during the set with his shirt soaked clear through, looking as if he'd been for a walk in a thunderstorm.

Twenty minutes later Charlie kicked in the downbeat to "Jumpin' Jack Flash." A harsh smoky smell drifted into the hall. The Minneapolis cops had their froggy rubber masks on and they were lobbing canisters of tear gas into a crowd of about 75 scared kids.

"Oooh, that hall," Mick said. "I remember one like it from back in Scotlan'. They'd erected an iron cage in front of the stage and these girls kept climbin' up it, slowly, like insects goin' to their death. When we first arrived there we thought the place was on fire, but it turned out to be steam. That's how 'ot was. Reminded me a lot of tonite. 'Cawss back then we only had to do a 15-minute set."

Rock & roll and the cops of America. Everybody just doing their job and taking care of their sector, but sooner or later that tear gas would start to flow in the arc-lamp light as kids ran scurrying back from where they came.

When we last left the Rolling Stones' trans-continental rock & roll reunion, party, and victory march to the sea, the boys were in Hollywood and things were calm. Since then there have been newspaper stories reminiscent of the days when Alan Freed and his "Big Beat" shows caused riots in the Fifties.

"Thousands of persons tried to crash the gates of a performance last night by the Rolling Stones rock group," United Press International reported after the San Diego concert.

On the day after the concert, San Diego's police chief announced that an investigation was underway as to who was responsible for this apparently "preplanned demonstration." One day later, he announced the dismissal of one of his own policemen for throwing a rock that caused a 17-year-old girl to suffer a broken nose and facial lacerations. The patrolman was also arraigned on charges of assault with a deadly weapon.

"We cannot condone violence," said the chief. "Two wrongs do not make a right."

By the time he said that, the Stones were in Tucson and the Tucson cops were using tear gas and Mace to rout a crowd of about 200. "What happened in Tucson," Jerry Pompili said, 'is that we asked the cops to come clear the building early in the day. They refused. I was outside the hall and I charged into the hall a few times and called kids 'rock-throwing, mother-fucking cowards' and if you chased them, they ran. But the cops waited until a couple of plate glass windows in a nearby office building were smashed and then I saw them Macing kids by one of the doors."

"In San Diego and Tucson, the cops over-reacted," Peter Rudge said, on the midnight plane to a gig somewhere. "In Tucson we were asking for police protection from 2 in the afternoon onwards. During 'Midnight Rambler' this police captain comes backstage and says, 'Can the boys play 15 minutes extra? We've got a gang of 50 kids runnin' around outside and we want to catch 'em before the crowd comes out and they get lost in it.'

" 'Can the boys play 15 minutes extra?' " Rudge repeated incredulously. "After we've been callin' on them for help since 2 in the afternoon? Inside the hall though you had no sense of anything occurring. The worst one so far has still been Vancouver, where it almost all went. No one knows how close this tour was to ending right there."

Robert Greenfield
No. 113/July 20, 1972

IN CHICAGO, in the house that Playboy built, an anonymous brownstone on a quiet leafy street that Hugh Hefner calls home, the scene is a party in the great room of the mansion, or the "Palace Museum" as it has come to be known on the Rolling Stones tour.

Past the security heavies in black suits at the front door, walkie talkies in their hands and pistols under their shoulders, is a camera that screens all prospective entrants, up the wide sweeping stairs to the door that says, "If you don't swing, don't ring" in Latin script.

Push through down three steps and you're in the great hall. Two suits of armor flank the stairs, deep plush couches are arranged to form sitting areas on either side. It all runs into a huge stone fireplace over which hangs a Picasso of a reclining nude woman.

Keith Richard is lying flat on his ass in a deep plush sofa. Keith's scarecrow frame is sporting brass studded jeans, leopardskin boots, mixmaster avocado hair, and red sunglasses. Five years ago he would have been stopped outside the front door and never even allowed to state his name or stand in front of the camera. Today he is lying flat on his ass digging Hugh Hefner.

"Look at him," Keith says, laughing into his Tequila Sunrise. "Doin' well, ain't he? Makin' conversation, bridgin' the generation gap. He's my father's dream, he is."

Days begin at five in the afternoon and end at ten in the morning. The boredom of being adrift in the Hyatt Houses

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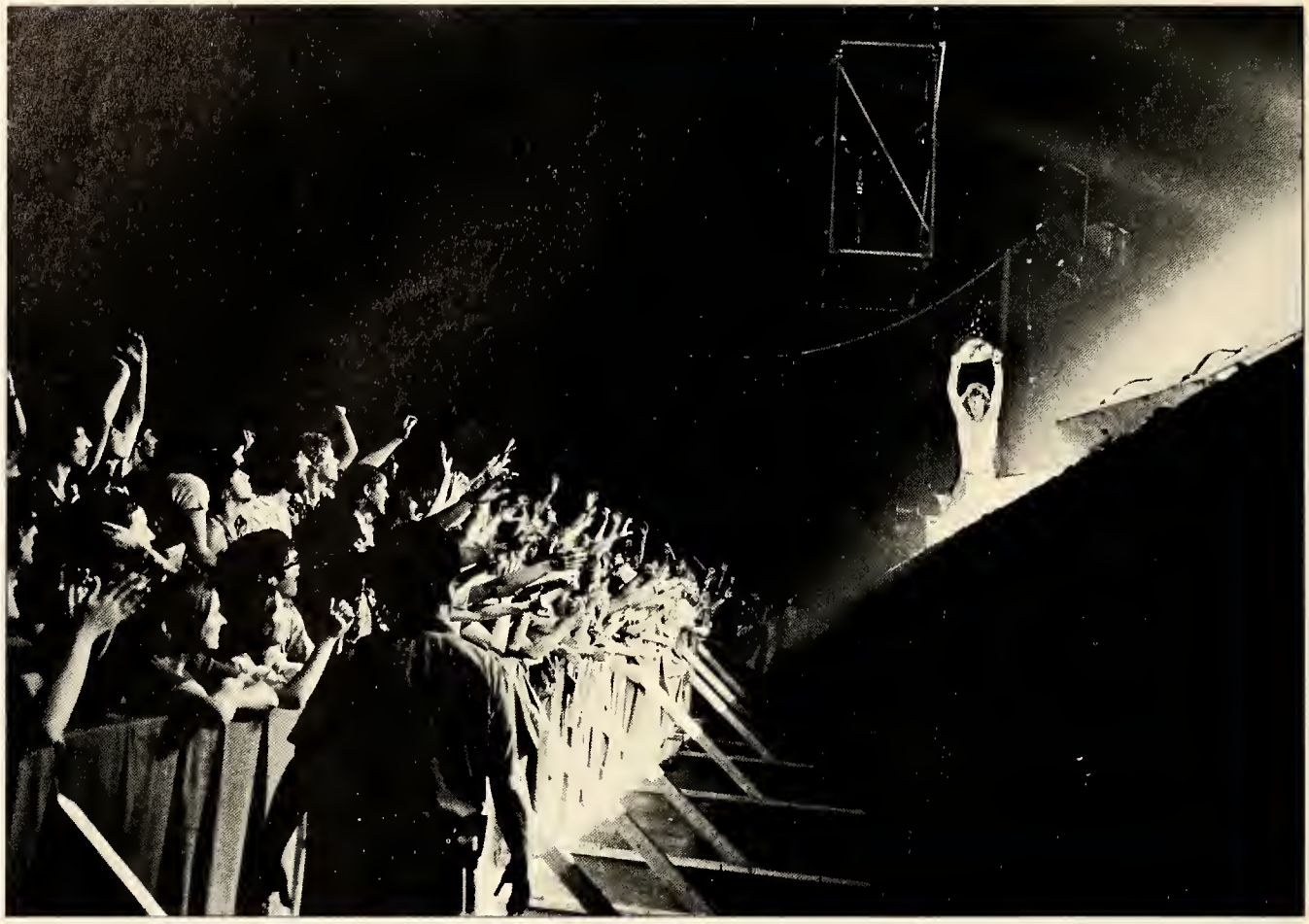

and Ramada Inns of America is unending. Nothing can relieve it but to get knock-down loaded, dismantle a toilet or sometimes tear a TV set off its hinges and send it to its cathode ray-death some ten floors below (the entire incident is on film), then turn up the tape cassette and go looking for another party in another room.

Mr. Robert Frank, a street philosopher who is the tour film maker, sat grizzled and unshaven in a dining room in New Orleans, great bags developing under his eyes. A waitress dropped a dishcover just in back of his ear. He winced like a muscatel-soaked skid row refugee and sighed. "I have never been on anything like this," he said quietly. "I have been on trips with extraordinary people before but they were always directed outward . . . this totally excludes the outside world. To never get out, to never know what city you are in . . . I cannot get used to it."

Indeed. If you were to ask about Dallas, you would be told that the air-conditioning in the coffee shop on Sunday morning is lousy but not much else. As Charlie Watts said late one night, staring into a Texas pizza, "It's not much of a way to see the country, is it? All you care about is how good the bed is, and can ya get somethin' to eat after the show . . ."

Hugh Hefner is sitting on a polished leather hassock just under the Picasso, folding Cherry Blend into his black briar pipe with the white rabbit emblem on the stem. There is a circle of pneumatic ladies revolving around him, in his blue corduroy pants and a dark shirt. He looks just as he did during the TV days of *Playboy After Dark*. There's a bit of hanging back going on . . . God, rock and rollers get nervous too, in the presence of legends. Peter Rudge, who had had the benefit of a Cambridge education and is a master of the social graces, makes the first move. It's a great moment, this meeting between two dynamos, as Peter asks Hugh, "Who runs your record company?"

"Uh," Hef says, "John, John, uh . . . No, that's not right. It's uh . . . Geez, I'm just hell on names. Uh, Sal . . ."

"Sal Iannuci?" Peter says, trying to help.

"Uh . . ." Hef reloads his pipe, runs an absent-minded hand through the blonde hair of the girl by his knee. She smiles back at him, absent-mindedly. "Uh" Hef says finally, "damned if I know. I've been in a meeting that went on until 1:30 this morning. First chance I've had to relax all day. I guess I'm a little punchy." He smiles and puffs away at his pipe.

Willie, the baggage man, is shooting pool one-handed, Charlie Watts watches and mumbles, "Fantastic, Willie is . . ." Jim Price is sighting down a pool cue saying "Sassssss-katchewan," a phrase which has meaning only in pool halls. The sound system has been captured and plugged into a portable tape recorder. Jerry Lee Lewis is pounding piano, Smokey and the Miracles whirling "More Love," Aretha follows the Temptations who follow the Coasters who cause Bobby Keys to shout, "You know who that is? The greatest gawdam sax player of all time, that's who . . . King Curtis."

Four in the morning and people are careening room to room, from the bar through the living room down to the game room. Stevie Wonder's playing some incredible funky piano. A Playboy waiter has been treated to the very first amyl nitrate rush out of his life, and he spills an entire tray of drinks on the floor of a roomful of sympathetic tour folks.

"I've got to leave right away," a Bunny says. "They're organizing a Roman bath in the pool. I mean, I was like ordered to come but I don't think it includes that."

The next day a lady by the name of Mercy, in town to pose for her Playmate pictures, with her cascades of platinum blonde hair, wide eyes and what is usually described in toothpaste ads as a "winning smile" says, "Oh goodness. Usually, I'm the straightest of them all. But last night . . . oh Lawd. I've got bumps and bruises and bites all over my ass. Ooh. And tomorrow's my birthday too. I feel just like Cinderella."

The reason the Stones are actually in Chicago is to do three shows at the International Amphitheater, said by some to be the world's largest building, in terms of total area.

"The audiences cheer but they do not smile . . . No joy, no love. You walk out of the Amphitheater after watching the Rolling Stones perform and suddenly the Chicago stockyards smell clean and good by comparison."
—Tom Fitzpatrick, Chicago Sun-Times

"You always play the same licks more or less," Charlie Watts says. "So it kinda depends on the crowd as to how good the show is gonna be." The crowd in Chicago is insane. Out of its head. Strange bodies come hurtling into the amplifiers. Hash pipes are being sucked, then waved in the air. Mick's jumpsuit is torn all down the side. A sweating horde, pushing and dancing in front of the stage.

Chip Monck is at work, teasing the crowd, making them wait, delaying the climax. It all builds slowly through the set until the Stones get to tearing it apart and then, *"Hit It!"* Chip says and the Stones stand revealed for the first time in white light. *"Hit It!"* and the house lights come on and the crowd can see itself for the first time and feel its great numbers. *"Hit It!"* and the light truss rolls down. The red and blue gels are pulled quickly off and they litter the back of the stage as the truss rides back up to pour more white light down on the band as they womp and kick into "Street Fighting Man."

Mick shaking his fist and putting the evil on Mick Taylor as he plays the blues, Keith the nightstalker taking three zombie steps to the very edge of the stage to lay down the graveyard riff in "Midnight Rambler," Charlie whipping crossrhythms in back of everybody as they tear no shit into "Bye-Bye Johnny B. Goode." All of it.

Chip Monck works his own show, building a metaphysical progression that ends with Mick Jagger in white light.

EVERY show in Chicago is followed by a party at the Playboy Mansion. At the second of these, Mick Jagger is hiding inside Keith Richard's room. "There's too many strange women out there tonight. Too many I don't know."

"Did ya see men leapin' on stage the other night?" Mick asks, still thinking of other things. "Great big men they were too. With clenched fists . . . shoutin'. I've had to stop doin' that one . . . the clenched fist . . . I still like to point though. That's a gospel thing . . . like signifyin' . . . it's puttin' the power right on 'em . . .

"I see weird things out front some nights. The guy beggin' me to whip him durin' 'Midnight Rambler.' Pleadin' for it and grabbin' at the belt. His eyes . . .

"Another held up a burnin' cigarette to catch my attention, then crushed it in his palm and held it up, all black with ash and fucked up. Weird, eh?"

DEAR PEOPLE," Jo Bergman's newsletter reads, "tomorrow we leave for Kansas City and Dallas. For those who are staying at the hotel, baggage must be ready in the lobby by 2 PM. Departure from hotel to airport at 4 PM. Plane leaves for Kansas City at 5 PM."

The plane lands and the Stones pile into their traveling mobile home, a house trailer with carpets, air conditioning and a full kitchen, that the Stones use to travel in from hotel to arena and back again. Mick Jagger climbs into the front seat, turns on his camera, and lets it run for the duration of the ride, adding yet another straight-ahead Andy Warhol-type record of the ride from the airport to the gig, to his collection.

Mick Taylor sits quietly as the party revolves around him. "Quietly" always appears with his name when he is written about. He is introduced mainly by Jagger as "Oh-so-young-and-fragile Mick Taylor on guitar."

"Didja go to any of those Hollywood parties?" he asks, "those people with that LA pallor . . . almost like *Satyricon*, not quite the decadence and perversity though . . . I reckon you'll see it soon, in Los Angeles, at least . . .

—Continued

"This country, though, there's still so much land, unlike England. We had a day off up in the mountains outside of Denver, with the sun setting through the trees and all . . . God . . . breathtakin', really."

Across the room, Bill Wyman is concentrating on his next move on the backgammon board. He and Hugh Hefner have been locked into it for hours now. Bill is the most settled of the Stones, and his wife and son have been traveling with him. "Bill and Hef get on well, don't they?" one partygoer asks, as they begin yet another game. "He's the only one of the Stones he can really relate to. Must be their similar interests, or something . . ."

It all seems unlikely in Kansas City, where things aren't up to date, and kids prowl around the outside of the hall looking to sneak, rather than break in.

The plane leaves that night for Dallas and the difficulties begin. It is 87 degrees at 1:00 in the morning.

TERRY Southern wanders into the Tarrant County Convention Center dressing room. He is a rumple-bearded man with long hair, his clothes the worse for his long flight. "Hello, big bopper," he says to Keith Richard whom he knows since the days of *Barbarella* in Rome and Brian Jones in London. Also present is Richard Elman, a novelist reporting for *Esquire*. And Truman Capote, who is on assignment from ROLLING STONE, with the Princess. The green tile dressing room feels like Manhattan on Friday night.

The Princess, in a black scoop top with an ACCESS guest badge pasted to the back, chain link bag with shoes to match, is looking very summery. "Peter," she says, in her whiskey and cigarette smoke voice, "Oh, Peter . . . come look, we've found a good corner." From around the tile enclosure comes a voice:

"They give you 25 years for this in Texas."

The Princess takes three steps into the throng of people clutching drinks and greasy hors d'oeuvres and makes contact with Mick Jagger. She has Mick by one bare arm and she whispers, "What about Tony?" in his ear.

"Slim Pickens had nevah been out of the sticks until Stanley brought him over to England for 'Strangelove,'" Terry Southern tells his fellow ex-Texan, Bobby Keys. "A good ole boy. He arrives with his pants tucked into his boots, cowboy hat, the whole thing. 'Snort-snort, ah nevah says no to a drank, Terry' . . . 'Are you settled okay?', I ask him. 'Whay you know me. Gimme loose fittin' shoes, a taght pussy, and a warm place to shit and I'm fahn . . .'"

Stevie Wonder and his band fail to appear for either show in Houston. They travel by commercial airliner and stay in different hotels than the Stones. For a gig in Tuscaloosa, some 300 miles from Mobile, Stevie's band takes a seven AM flight the morning after a show, and a party. They arrive in Atlanta at 8:58, then sit around until 12:10 when they catch a flight that brings them into Tuscaloosa at 12:42. A three-hour wait for a 30-minute flight. On the same night, the Stones fly back to New Orleans, spend the night there, then go on to Tuscaloosa late the next day and to Nashville right after the concert.

THE HAIR IN Mobile is shorter than in any other tour city. There are too many policemen outside the hall. Four of them refused to work inside when told they would not be allowed to carry their ivory-handled Magnum .38s which hang obscenely from their belts. They're in riot gear right from the start. Brother officers crack their long black billies one against another, or whip them into lamp posts, just to keep loose.

The Stones are standing in a line inside the dressing room, shuffling and being polite as Assistant Mayor and Chief of Police Robert ("Call Me Bob") Doyle ("It's A Good Irish Name") presents them with gold keys to the city.

"Some of mah conservuhtive friends," the Assistant Mayor says, "said to me, 'What are you doin' Bob? Have you gone crazy?' But Ah say we got 11,000 people here tonite and we gotta keep 'em happy too." Bulbs of the local newspaper photographers flash quickly. "With that and a dahm," the Assistant Mayor tells Bill Wyman, "you can get a cup of coffee."

Across from the arena is a row of rickety wooden houses, peeling and cracking with age. At 224 Lawrence St., a man in a suit and tie sits rocking on his porch. Three little girls with bare legs sit on the curb. At 220 Lawrence Street, three ladies sit on the porch. Two have babies in their laps.

Before them flows the unending river of white children from all over the South —as far as Virginia and North Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana—turned out in their best summer shirts and cottons.

"Do you know who's playing here tonight?," I ask the youngest of the three women. She has a baby and pink pincurlers in her hair.

She shakes her head, and shifts in her chair.

"Shoah," the next woman down says. "It's that Little Stevie Wonder."

"Oh dear," the young one sighs. "Ah knew it was *someone* good. Ah wish Ah could go, shoahly do. But it's been sold out. Ain't that right?"

The Sno-Cone man in the parking lot is white. He has reasonable hair and a beard and he is tripping on THC a kid from Louisiana laid on him. "It's not lahk you think down hyeah," he says, "it ain't lahk when Wallace stood in the doah at the university. That shit is ovah."

On stage, the Stones kick into "Jumpin' Jack Flash" and someone explodes a smoke bomb down in front. A cloud of green smoke comes floating towards the amps. An old Alabam' stage hand looks out at the cloud, scratches an ear and drawls, "Biggest goddahm mess o' marijuana smoke Ah evah seen."

An Army guy who'd flown a cargo plane cross-country from Vancouver, then hitched the rest of the way to get to the only two gigs the Stones are playing during his week of leave, comes backstage. "When I was shot up in Nam," he says, "I kept it together by singing Stones songs to myself. I guess you could say I'm the only Rolling Stones freak in the Army . . . who's a Captain."

TEN DAYS later on a hot Sunday in St. Louis, Mick Jagger is resting between shows in his hotel room with the TV set turned on and the sound turned off, and news reports about the Democratic Convention flickering across the screen.

"It's un-be-liev-able," Mick says, referring to the jousting and challenging going down in Miami Beach. "It's unreal." He is just back from spending the tour break in the Virgin Islands where it was "fuckin' boilin'," 110 in the shade. . . .

"I've a terrible memory you know," he says, "and I can't remember at all what the last tour here was like. There's a few I can recall, Madison Square Garden, Altamont, a little of L.A., Chicago vaguely, but not much else. On this one though . . . the audiences have been good, haven't they? In Knoxville and such it might be a bit quiet, but they have listened and gotten up at the end and responded when we wanted them to . . . what can you say . . . good audiences.

"A bit of cryin' now and then for 'Sympathy For the Devil,' which I can't remember anymore." He points to the TV set. "Of course, we might do a long version of it for Nixon. . . .

"Chicago was quite somethin', stayin' at the Mansion and all, which I liked. Hefner was nice to us . . . it would take hours for me to tell you all of the craziness that went on there. Just such craziness and a bit loony underneath, which I like sometimes. After all, it's a part of America, isn't it? Couldn't find a place like that anywhere else, could you?

"The South was alright too. . . . Seein' long hairs in places like Tuscaloosa, where there weren't any at all last time we played there. The best drive we've had so far has been through the Smokeys — Charlotte down to Knoxville, very pretty goin' down these country roads, seeing little Baptist churches, revival tents, and chain gangs. . . . The Washington concert was pretty frightenin' and a bit weird. It's difficult for me to say what it was like for the people who were there, but I guess it sounded alright to the people who were there, if you were no further than halfway back. There was trouble in front, people sittin' on the stage, grabbin' at your legs, gettin' tangled in the mike cables. . . .

"It was a lot like Paris, where the stage got so covered with people for four nights runnin' that you got used to it, but as this was the first time it happened here, it was a bit of unpleasantness. Just a few loons, really, among the 40,000,

but still, I couldn't do my thing. . . .

"I wanted to go on earlier, before everyone got too tired and drunk and nasty. As it was, we got on at nine and the papers said some very nice things, but for us, you understan', it was a pretty bad show.

"I'm trying to bring the one concert in the Rubber Bowl, God forbid, who knows what that one will be, earlier on? Right now, we're in the gritty part of the tour where we're all gettin' tired and you got to pull yourself together.

"Madison Square Garden, the big one's still comin' up. After it's over I'll be goin' somewhere to write songs for a month. But I expect we'll pull a few tricks on stage in New York. Maybe I'll stand on my head, pull off all my clothin', and just go crazy.

"Hopefully, by that time, I'll be completely mad."

Robert Greenfield
No. 114/August 3, 1972

Week seven of the tour began in Toronto. The show was at the Maple Leaf Gardens—another hockey arena. For the Toronto Maple Leafs the floor of the place is iced over, so no matter how hot and frenzied the crowd becomes over a breakway slap shot, there is always that bit of cool in the air. For the Stones there was no ice, of course. Tour manager Peter Rudge took a thermometer out on stage and sagged uncomfortably as the mercury rose to . . . 145 degrees. The place was, he said, "unreasonably warm."

To compound the urge to get the hell out of the Maple Leaf Gardens, what seemed to Rudge like a battalion of police was backstage gobbling down all the free food within grabbing distance.

On to Montreal. Most of the troupe was asleep at 3 AM, Monday, July 17th. The two equipment vans had arrived from Toronto and were parked on a ramp at the Montreal Forum. The dynamite blast that exploded under the ramp blew out a slew of windows in a nearby apartment and the cones of 30 speakers inside one of the trucks.

"Whoever it was was the world's dumbest bomber," said press agent Gary Stromberg. "First he put the bomb under the ramp instead of the truck, and the other truck was the one with most of the stuff inside."

The next morning Mick Jagger wanted to know: "Why didn't that cat leave a note." The incident left everyone wondering who and why. Montreal radio stations and newspapers received numerous calls from would-be bombers claiming credit — more than 50 in all.

"There have been threats all along the tour, but nothing ever happened," said veteran tour roadie Jo Bergman. "It was totally surprising. We don't know who did it. Was it the Free the French people? Were they angry at the Forum? Was it us?"

Air Canada bumped luggage from a flight out of Los Angeles to accommodate the replacement cones, which were installed in time for the show to go on only 45 minutes late—after a bomb squad had searched the place. Even then there was more Montreal hospitality to contend with. While 3000 ticketless young people outside pelted the Forum and police with rocks, wine and beer bottles and bricks, Jagger was hit by a flying bottle inside.

The Canadian exit did not go smoothly either. The pilot of the Stones' Electra II prop-jet braked to a halt on the runway when he noticed something amiss with the air speed indicator. By the time the thing was fixed, the getaway was an hour and a half late.

Boston's Logan Airport was socked in by fog, so the chartered flight was directed to a place called Theodore Francis Green Airport in Warwick, Rhode Island, near Providence. When the Stones landed in Warwick a few minutes before 8 PM, there were already 15,500 people at the Boston Garden, about 45 miles away, waiting for the show to start. While Stevie Wonder started the show, the Stones entourage was taken to the airport fire engine shed.

Word of the Stones' presence in Warwick spread quickly. About 25 kids hung around outside the shed in hot, sticky weather while customs agents went through the Stones' bags. Also present were Dante Ionata, a reporter for the Providence Journal and Bulletin, and Andy Dickerman, a 30-year-old staff photographer for the papers.

Dickerman apparently started shooting pictures without introducing himself. Stromberg, who handles press relations for the Stones, reportedly asked Dickerman to stop.

"You can't tell me not to take pictures," Dickerman replied.

Enter Stanley A. Moore, 40, of the Stones' security force. He and Stromberg escort Dickerman away from the scene. Dickerman calls the police. Sirens blaring. Sgt. Frank Ricci and three other cops race up. Ricci tries to negotiate a compromise. There is another ruckus, and the police start making arrests.

Keith Richard, simple assault; Stanley Moore, simple assault; Mick Jagger, obstruction of a police officer; Marshall Chess, obstruction of a police officer, and Robert Frank (the filmmaker), obstruction of a police officer.

The Stones' quick arraignment and release was arranged by Boston Mayor Kevin White, who took the stage at the Boston Garden and told the crowd the Stones were on the way. He arranged for late transit service to handle the throng and before leaving the stage add-

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ed, "Now I've got a favor to ask of you in return. Part of my city is in flames. I'm going to have to take part of the police details out of here." He asked that everyone behave.

With the crowd perched on the backs of the garden chairs, the Stones hit the stage at 12:45 AM and plowed into "Brown Sugar" to open up. The show developed loosely—and at times bordered on sloppiness. Charlie Watts, in particular, seemed exhausted. Mick, while displaying all his moves — the struts, the curtsies, the kisses, the confetti and the ciao-ciao waves—was not in his best voice. The performance ended at about 2 AM with "Street Fightin' Man."

By the time the tour reached Philadelphia, the incidents at Montreal and Boston began to fade in the tour members' minds. There was New York — and, oh yeah, Pittsburgh — to prepare for.

"We're running downhill now," said manager Peter Rudge. "And," he added, "we're beginning to feel it." Then his mind lurched off into a maze of statistics. "You know," he said, "this will be our 49th show, and then we've got five to go. . . ."

No. 115/August 17, 1972

ON JULY 26th the US was favored by an eclipse of the moon, Mick Jagger's 29th birthday, and the conclusion of the Rolling Stones' hit road show, in which they played The World's Greatest Rock and Roll Band.

The first event went uncelebrated. The latter two were the occasion, on the top floor of the St. Regis Hotel in New York, for a party that had something for everyone, even for Bob Dylan. Wearing his black aviator glasses, a checkered shirt, a white fedora and a suspicious smile, Dylan stepped up to a Newsweek photographer and asked if his picture might be taken with Zsa Zsa Gabor, who was idling nearby in a tie-dye evening gown.

Why certainly. The Newsweek lady approached Zsa Zsa and her escort, Huntington Hartford, and conveyed the request.

"Who *ees* he?" inquired Zsa Zsa.

"He's the most famous rock star in the world!" said Huntington Hartford, speaking quickly.

"Oh, *vell* then," said the Zsa, brightening. "I *luhv* him!"

Dylan approached, put his arm around Zsa Zsa, and the photo was snapped. "Be sure to send me a copy," he reminded the Newsweek lady.

This occurred ten years and four months after Dylan released his first album, and seven years, four months after "Maggie's Farm." Just for the record

Something for everyone. Count Basie played and so did Muddy Waters. Gerry Miller of Andy Warhol's crew was a late arrival—she popped out of a birthday cake, wearing only pasties and a black garter, and did a dance which might be called suggestive in the sense that Melvin Laird might be called a moderate. Jagger, sitting with Bianca, grinned broadly and clapped. Keith Richard stared into his drink.

Four Harlem tapdancers did 20 minutes (some guests thought it was dynamite; others called it racist), then everyone resumed milling around. There was plenty of milling to be done. The party was being thrown by Ahmet Ertegun, president of Atlantic Records, who apparently had assembled the list of 500 guests with the idea of uniting giants of rock music with giants of hip society. Warhol went around taking Polaroid pictures. George Plimpton stood listening politely, as always. Woody Allen, who had walked out of the Garden halfway through the Stones concert, wore a large hat to hide his face. Dick Cavett wore dark glasses to hide *his* face, but later took them off and settled into conversation with Dylan. Robbie Robertson, work on the *Rock of Ages* album recently completed, sat and talked with Jerry Wexler. Ertegun gleefully introduced everyone to everyone else.

Jagger joined Stevie Wonder for a brief jam with Muddy Waters. Then he and Bianca gathered up their birthday presents—a snuff box for coke, a silver cross, and so on—and left. The affair broke up at dawn.

Some were not thrilled. "What are Zsa Zsa Gabor and George Plimpton and all those other society freeloaders doing at a birthday party for Mick Jagger?" asked Grace Lichtenstein, who covered the party for the New York Times. "If the Rolling Stones are the newest mind-fuck for the Truman Capote crowd, what does that say about the Stones?"

"The party was depressing," said Peter Rudge, the 25-year-old tour manager. "It was a very nice gesture, a party thrown for Mick and the group, but it was really very, very difficult for anyone on the tour to relate to those people. You know—what does princess so-and-so have to do with the assistant electrician sitting at the next table? No one could really enjoy themselves in that kind of environment."

Jagger had his own critical assessment of another party thrown for the group two nights earlier at the Four Seasons. He stayed only seven minutes. As he was completing his rapid circuit of the crowd, a fat man dressed in red appeared and scuttled sideways in front of him, always a step ahead, talking nonstop: "You *galvanized* us, Mick! You *galvanized* us!"

This clot of humanity, centered around Jagger and led by the talking crab, passed into a glass hallway connecting the two halves of the restaurant. A small door to the roof was suddenly jerked open and Jagger leaped sideways out into the dark. People who had been drifting near Jagger—while pretending not to—suddenly found themselves with no focus but the fat man, who was talking to thin air. Jagger had simply vanished. It was an act of magic.

"We're having a good time *now*," Jagger shouted on the last night, just as the Stones' beautiful concert version of "You Can't Always Get What You Want" had died away. He had reason to feel good. The floor of the Garden was filled with people standing on their chairs and grinning. The roof, an orange steel umbrella held up with turnbuckles the size of bungalows, had been rising and falling softly each time Charlie Watts slapped down his foot. The stage crew was stacking yellow boxes full of aerodynamically sound custard pies on the amp tops; others behind them were unboxing a giant birthday cake. Jagger jumped straight up, came down on the opening crash of "All Down the Line," and the tour—54 shows, 29 cities—headed toward the close.

By the time it reached the East Coast, the Stones' show had been so carefully analyzed and refined that it varied hardly more than by the few words Mick threw in between songs. Everything else was down pat, from Jagger's deep-knee creep in "Midnight Rambler" to the revolving mirrors which cast the spots onto the audience near the end. People came to see the Stones with high, high expectations, and to avoid disappointing them the Stones delivered concerts as rich and polished—and remote—as their records.

But improvisation would have been next to impossible anyway. At the four Garden shows the Stones employed 16,000 watts of amplifiers and 150 speakers. The sound produced added up to 136 decibels in the front row, about six DB above what is usually designated the threshold of pain. In these conditions the Stones could hardly hear each other; an attempt to throw in something new on impulse would have been something like trying to put a 747 into a slow roll.

When the Stones turned up their amps toward the end of each concert, what developed was less music than an exposition of the *aura* of music, a journey in the rarefied highlands of pure white sound and rhythm. A device exists which purports to photograph the aura of the human hand, a glowing field the shape and size of which is different for each person. If a piece of music when performed can be said to have a life of its own, perhaps as good a place as any to look for its aura will be in the red zone of the VU meters.

Timothy Ferris
No. 116/August 31, 1972 □

No. 129
March 1, 1973

Making the Least of Paradise

By Ben Fong-Torres

The Rolling Stones are in Hawaii. *Aloha* means hello and goodbye.

Mick Jagger hoists his first glass of 1957 Chateau Margaux to a table of 20. "To the shortest American tour in history," he says.

The Rolling Stones, the heart of their Pacific tour cut out when Mick Jagger was refused a Japanese visa because of a 1966 marijuana conviction, are in Hawaii, where on January 1st, by previous vote of the electorate, possession of two ounces or less of marijuana was no longer a felony but, rather, a petty misdemeanor with maximum punishment set at 30 days and/or $500. "More likely a $25 fine, like a traffic ticket," according to one resident.

Thank you for your wines, Ah-no Lew-loo,
Thank you for your sweet and bitter fruit . . .
—Mick Jagger, "Sweet Virginia," first show, January 21st, Honolulu International Center.

By the time dinner breaks up, at 4 AM, the Stones will have rung up a bill of $1700, mostly because Mick cleaned out all the '57 Chateau Margaux left in the cellar here at Nick's Fish Market, something like 16 bottles at $85 the bottle, plus other spirits and plenty of continental seafood. And yet it was kind of a high pointless night, everybody silent and nibbling, Charlie Watts and Mick Taylor smoking and drinking and chatting, ignoring the silver platters of hors d'oeuvres spread out in front of them; Keith Richard and Mick Jagger sitting together nearby, almost formal in their quiet. Keith looked wasted; he still had some of his nasty, pasty, dead-eye make-up on. Mick's was washed off, and he looked older, more fragile than he does onstage. When he smiles, he puts his whole face into the effort, teeth bursting up front over the famous labial-lookalike lips, sometimes a hand moving up to cover the throaty laughter while the eyes close or glisten, child-like.

But here, at 1:30 AM, he is yawning, the hand keeps moving up . . .

On a warm Monday evening at five o'clock, this voice comes rising out from the patio of the Hawaiian Hilton. No guitars or ukeleles; no gourd rattles or coconut drums; just this lone voice from the bandstand, singing out to a cluster of tourists. All the matched and screaming shirts and blouses are stilled for the moment. It is the traditional torch-lighting ceremony, and today it is being preceded by the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Somewhere in Texas, the 36th President lay dead *(Hey, hey, LBJ . . .)* And I'm looking down at this frozen little luau from an 11th floor balcony of the Hilton's Rainbow Tower, where I'm still waiting for word from those five tourists, W. Grace, F. Truman, P. May, L. Hutton and T. Bailey, known up on the 30th floor as Mick Jagger, Keith Richard, Mick Taylor, Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts. Because aside from whatever else is happening, the Rolling Stones are in town.

For the first show Monday night, Mick Jagger wears a vintage Land of Aloha shirt, a bluish silkie complete with hula dancers, surfers and sunshine, gathered at the waist, over his velvet jumpsuit. The shirt begins to look ludicrous soon enough, as Jagger suddenly begins a dramatic, nearly acapella introduction to "You Can't Always Get What You Want," searing and reminiscent of Turner in *Performance*. Which is to remind us that, after all, Jagger is an actor. Mick, this time with yellow make-up above the eyelids, looks like an aged Fellini vamp. The set seems slow; the audience holds back. A young girl, having stood for the first number, is soon slumped back in her seat. "I think he looks tired and old," she says to a friend.

The limos are ready to whisk the Stones back to the hotel between shows; Keith, moving quickly down the stage-steps, pauses at the door, recognizes a reporter. "We'll see you at the hotel, I'm told by someone in Keith's room that he is busy . . . something about a TV interview. At the suite where the Japanese crew is set up and waiting, all is hushed. At 9, on time, Jagger arrives, all washed up and dressed in white football jersey, number 86, and chartreuse bellbottoms. For the next 15 minutes, he is terribly civil, smiling in anticipation of each question, telling his Japanese audience how their government's refusal of a visa for him made him "unhappy, very dishonored," how he would still like to visit Japan, even if just as a tourist, "to go to the country as well as the town." Asked about chopsticks, Mick formed his biggest smile, flashed the diamond set into one of his front teeth, leaned forward, and told how an "old Chinese gentleman" taught him to handle the sticks, how Mick still hadn't learned to eat without letting the sticks touch his lips. The Japanese interviewer smiled automatically and moved on to the next question.

In the elevator, Mick laughed it up with Marshall Chess, president of Rolling Stones Records, imitating a Japanese accent. "That chope-stick bit," he said, giggling, hand to the face, "that's bullshit. I made it up." He said we could talk at the party after the second show.

The second show Monday night is the upper, the breakthrough the Stones needed. All the charter-flown audiences are here raving it up.

Chip Monck has the overhanging 10-by-40 Mylar mirror tilting back and forth, so that from backstage, where the seven Super-trouper spotlights are fixed like anti-aircraft machinery, you see the people in repetitive waves, all seemingly flying backward, now forward, as they stand on their chairs. The house lights are up and the kids are allowed, as they have been the previous two shows, to move towards the stage. On "Street Fighting Man," Keith pounds and sashays away on his five-stringer, completes his break and rolls his eyes toward Mick, proud. Rose petals and orchids fly out to the audience, and the band members march down the stairs, into the sleek limos, one blue, one white, one black, sweep-

—*Continued*

HAWAII

ing out behind the flashing blue lights of the Honolulu police escorts. The Rolling Stones' 1973 American tour is over.

Back at the hotel, the word spreads: There is no party. Instead, Nicky Hopkins will leave his wife Lynda and come down for a drink.

People have been wondering about this strange man who spells him on the piano now and then, this man with the middle-American look, with the monster-mashed face. There's even a blow-up photo of him pasted up in Peter Rudge's suite, right next to the ice box. It is, of course, Ian Stewart, the Stones' first roadie, a friend of theirs as long as Nicky's been, and Nicky knew them back in 1962, when he was with the Cyril Davies group at the Marquee and the Stones were the "interval band" on R&B nights. "Stew," Hopkins explains, "did 'Sweet Virginia' on the record; he recorded part of *Let It Bleed*. I was touring with (Jeff) Beck during *Sticky Fingers,* and he did that, except 'Sway' was mine. So he plays them onstage. Stew is a boogie piano player, an incredible rock & roll player. He knows every boogie piano record; he *has* every boogie piano record."

And Mick Jagger?

"I think people just accept him for what he is."

And what is he?

"I don't know. Whatever people want him to be, or expect him to be."

Of all the Stones in Hawaii, it appears that Mick Jagger is the most resistant to sunshine. Charlie Watts and Bill Wyman had found some time to go speeding around on a catamaran, and everyone had ventured out of the Hilton Hawaiian Village at least once, to go shopping.

"*Sho*-ping," sneers Mick. "What's there to fucking *buy* in Hawaii?"

At two o'clock, Tuesday, he has finally awakened, and we're about to kill two birds: let Mick have a good time and do a photo session. Jagger has been invited to take a cruise on *The Flying Cloud,* an 82-foot, restored 1929 schooner owned by George Walker, who came in from Kona, 100 miles away, to accommodate Mick Jagger.

Now, the captain of the ship meets the Rolling Stone. George proceeds to fill Mick in on all the Hawaiian legends . . . about Captain Cook, and the Forbidden Island of Niihau, and Mick takes it all in. He's come prepared for the sea. He's wearing his aloha shirt, his lime pants, track tennies, sports watch, and a turquoise Afro/jockey cap to catch the wind. He meets the vegetarian crew, six men, two women, inspects the laboriously re-wooded deck, checks downstairs in the forecastle and the galley, where a tape is playing Crosby, Stills and Nash. As the ship moves off from the Ala Wai Harbor and smoothly gathers up speed, Jagger easily roams the deck, staying quiet, looking fragile. The ship heads out past Koko Head, into the Molokai Channel, begins to hit the wind, has to slice through mounting swells. Jagger holds on to the shrouds, posing here and there, old Mick and the sea. . . . Six miles out, Walker turns *The Flying Cloud* around and offers the wheel to Mick. Jagger sits down, consults for a moment—"Aim for that big white building," Walker instructs—and Mick becomes captain for the next two, three miles, discarding his floppy cap leaning from side to side, surely guiding the schooner through the 20-knot-per-hour winds back toward Honolulu. He is, he says, relaxed, and ready for dinner.

We decide on Chinese food. At the hotel, Charlie Watts and Mick Taylor are hanging around, nothing to do, shrugging, almost, to show their helplessness. It's dinner for five at Wo Fat, this garish red and gold facility for baby luaus and Cantonese food. It is a social gathering and the talk is light. Taylor tells why he's so quiet on the stage: "I don't want to upstage Mick." Jagger talks about the time he visited the gay Continental Baths in New York, and why he split in such a hurry: "Well, these guys in these towels, they'd walk up to me and drop their towels and just *stand* there." He laughs about promoter Bill Graham: "You remember that dinner at Nick's?" Ah, yes—Honolulu on $1700 a night. "And Bill and Barry Fey [co-promoter] are sittin' there at the 'ed of the table. And all they do is tell these pro*mo*ter jokes that nobody else could understand. [Adopting a rough American accent:] 'Hah! I booked so-and-so and paid this much, *hahahaha*.' And that's it, all night!"

Mick Jagger is seven months away from age 30, and he acts it, constantly on the edge, on stage and off. Writers have had out and out field days figuring him out, but almost always from a distance — the distance between stage and loge seat; the distance between protected pop figure and inquiring reporter, so that he is a devil, a unisexual zombie, a cockteaser, a man by turns ruthless, unhappy, fey, charming, quiet, generous, and sensitive. That's what *I* had read, anyway.

On the mid-high seas, in Chinatown and, now, in his hotel room with an hour to kill, Mick Jagger is neither devil nor angel; yes, he looks like he's got nasty habits; yes, it's difficult to pin him down when the question hits too close to the nerve, and he does carry a mask at all times, he sashays, 24 hours a day. But also, he cares so little about what people say, and guess, about him. "The whole Mick Jagger thing," indeed. In conversation, he smiles through my questions and through his own answers, implying, "You ain't got much of a story, do you? Well, neither have I. But we both got a job, don't we? [American

accent:] AFTER ALL, THE PUBLIC WANTS TO KNOW."

First, he denies the Stones being depressed, pissed, about the Japanese cutoff: "It's just a minor sort of frustration. The main thing that bugs us is we got nothing to do for ten days, but that's about all. It's not a great financial loss."

Second, there's the live album, expected last November, from the US tour, one album of the Stones, one album of Stevie Wonder and somewhere in there a couple of jams, Stevie singing "Satisfaction" and Mick winging "Uptight." Then, according to Mick, Allen Klein and Decca, the Stones' old business manager and British label, stopped the album. By contract, the Stones were prohibited from re-cutting any songs previously licensed to or released by the original label. And besides, ABKCO and Decca and London had Christmas plans of their own: *More Hot Rocks.*

"Yeah, well," says Mick, "they're just greedy and *stu*-pid, cutting their own necks despite their noses. We'll just put out a live album of something else, maybe some old tour stuff, maybe some new things, maybe a mish-mash"—and probably in the fall, since the Stones are now finishing up the new studio album for release in March or April.

What's this about being a part of the high society Cat Pack in New York?

That's just a magazine thing.

And the Best-Dressed List?

That too. I really do my best not to be well dressed.

How has Bianca changed you, if she has at all?

I don't like talking about women.

What about being a father?

I don't want to talk about family either.

(Room service interrupts with coffee; I ask again about his baby daughter, Jade.)

I don't see the baby; I'm always fuckin' *on the road.* It's my own choice, but I'm fucking negligent, I just am. But when I was a kid, my father was away a lot. It's important to be there in the formative years of childhood, but I'm not there. And short of carrying the kid about in the next room, which I also don't particularly dig, you just see your kid when you can, same as anyone else. [Changing voice:] IT'S THE AMERICAN WAY.

Then why did you choose to become a father?

I didn't; that's why I don't want to talk about it. 'Why do I have a child?' I have lots of *other* children that I *also* like.

Charlie will talk about parenthood. Charlie will stay in South of France all the time. I just don't. Even two weeks in one place gets to be a maximum. The only time we stay anywhere longer is to finish off an album. I could go back to South of France but I never liked it there; soon as we cut the first album we left; I left im-*me*-diately. I visit Ireland a lot; I had a house there for six months, and I prefer London, but I can't go there. So I'm very happy moving every two weeks. I've got it down.

Onstage, on that shiny white floor, I see you as kind of a child, a kid playing in the kitchen, your older brothers standing around ignoring you.

(Mick, laughing:) I was going to make popcorn on the side of the stage. This is the last year of the rose petal, actually.

See, we had a lot of different shows for Japan; we were just building up for that. We were going to do seven shows in one place—we've never done that before—and by the time you've done three or four, there's all kinds of things you can do, fuck around. I was going to cook popcorn, hundreds of things, we were really mad, had it all going . . . But it needed two weeks' rehearsal, and they never gave it, the State Department, God bless 'em.

Anyway, we didn't do a fuckin' show in Japan, so it didn't matter. I was actually more brought down because I would've really gotten it off and would've got all the popcorn up in crates and hundreds of other gimmicks and crap.

People always seem amazed to see you playing harmonica on "Sweet Virginia." It's lip-synched, isn't it?

(Mick, laughing:) Yes. I'm tolerable, but I've forgotten it all. You have to play every day for that—however, your mouth bleeds. That's the problem. You go home to see your old lady and you're bleeding. *(Into a Manchester growl:)* "'Ello, Dahlin'," and your mouth is all covered with blood. . . .

I can just see Ralph Steadman doing your next album cover.

(Mick portrays Steadman submitting his work:) "I'm not sure if this is really gonna sell the album!". . .

So what's the cover going to be like?

Aw, fuck, *you* know, some bullshit or other. *(Brightly to the tape machine, to the public:)* It's what's inside that counts. 'Sgonna be quite a good album, folks. *(Shrinking, into a wisp:)* It's gonna be a bit different from the last one. Ahh . . . it's gonna be evocative, and romantic and tender and loving.

What about the song "Starfucker"?

That's the only song with any slice of cynicism. All the others are into . . . beauty. *(The violins swell as Mick continues:)* It's very difficult to write about those sort of primitive emotions—without being cynical about it; that's when you sound old. I mean, if you can't go into a coffee shop and sort of fall in love with every glass of coffee, and listen to the jukebox—that's difficult to portray in a song.

(Mick continues to dismiss himself as a songwriter and performer; he said the Forum benefit for the Nicaragua earthquake victims had good bits but was just a warm-up; so, in fact, were the Honolulu shows. Then after it gets good and revved up, slicing through the winds, the band coasts. And then there were the old days:)

You know what we used to do in the South? We would go on—and if the audience wasn't very good, we'd do 15 minutes and go off.

Honolulu remembers that. I heard that in the 1966 show here you did 22 minutes and were drunk.

(Laughing again:) Yeah, 20 minutes—but I wasn't drunk. I'm usually pretty straight when I go on. You just do it automatically. You're completely off your head. Completely around the twist. I mean, you can try and get fucked up if you want, but then, basically you're fucked up anyway.

Mick, after the Japanese refusal of your visa—are you sorry that you ever took drugs?

(Laughing again, louder than ever, what kind of interview is *this?:)* NO! I'M GONNA GO AHEAD RIGHT ON *TAKIN'* 'EM! *(Then, seriously, maybe:)* I don't take drugs. I don't approve of drugs, and I don't approve of people taking drugs unless they're very careful. Most people can't control themselves, they're not happy enough just to get a bit high; they've got to get fucked up all the time.

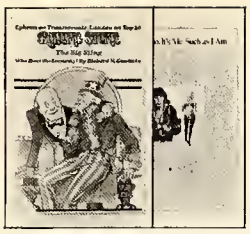
What about that report about all of you being arrested for using heroin in France?

That's propaganda. That's what propaganda is, isn't it—a distortion of the real facts. That's what fucked us up; everyone thought we'd been arrested on heroin charges. That's bullshit. They'd love to have us on heroin charges, I'll admit, that's their dream. But so far they haven't managed to. They're jumpin' the gun.

What about Keith?

Same. Completely jumped the gun. They'd like to arrest him and put him in prison, I suppose. Like to do it to all of us. *(Pouting:)* But they can't, in my mind . . . *(long pause)* . . . because they're full of shit. *(Laughing, again, then spitting, huffing out the words:)* Disgusting people . . . fascist pigs. They really are!

The last time I saw Keith Richard, he was heading out of the Rainbow Tower, heading, with Taylor, Jagger and Watts into a station wagon towards the Honolulu airport. Again, he turned to me, told me what hotel he'd be at next, how he really would like to cooperate. I said thanks and turned away to my own friends, still not sure what the story would be. □



No. 162
June 6, 1974

Bill Wyman: Stepping Out, Shyly

By Andrew Bailey

LONDON — The night before, Bill Wyman had been in a studio making a short promotional film for his debut solo album, *Monkey Grip*, released May 15th. After the shooting he hung around with the crew until dawn, chatting about this technical point and that, much of the detail new to him — for as Wyman explained, with the Stones, once the basic recording is over, he and Charlie Watts tend to fade into the background.

This time, though, Wyman was the center of attention, and in the small hours one of the dancers used to liven up the footage came over to tell him, "It's really good to find out you're a nice person. I was nervous about meeting you, I thought you were going to be a pig." Not the first time, Wyman said, that people have said that same thing. Being in center shot all the time was a strange experience, and so was remembering the words. "That's usually Mick's problem," Wyman said the next day, as he lounged back in a settee in a London hotel, his rich black hair in full contrast with the pale skin. "For the past ten years all I've had to do is stand in the background, sometimes put on a bit of makeup and look happy to be there. I'm only just getting the full impact of what you have to do once the record is finished. People keep coming up to me and saying, 'Don't forget the radio, the promotion, the television. . . .'

"But I wanted to be involved from start to finish, even with cutting the master. I heard the first one and realized it didn't sound the same as the tape playback, so I went along to make sure they weren't cutting off the bottom 200 cycles, which they were. I even looked at the grooves through a microscope."

For Wyman, making the album has meant shaking off inhibitions, some acquired via his media-strengthened casting as the shadow figure in the Stones, others rooted in his readily admitted limitations as a musician. "With the Stones I like to just lay back and fatten out the sound, sticking with Charlie's bass drum, and that way I tend to go unnoticed. There must be hundreds of better bass players than me. I mean I could never play like Jack Bruce. If I was ambitious in that direction I'd practice, which I don't. So I went into this album well aware of my capabilities. Really I had little to gain by doing it. Unless it came out great I was going to get slagged, especially if it was a pseudo-Stones record, like everybody imagined it would be. That's why I didn't use people who'd been involved with the group. It turned out to be fun to do, not uptight like I was afraid of, and if this feeling comes over then I'll be happy with it. I wanted it to be a good-time thing, which is so lacking today with everybody heavy and worried about what they're doing. I love early Fifties stuff and old blues, where the simple object was to please the people."

Though Wyman has had one of his compositions cut by the Stones — "I think it was 1967" — he's always found it tough going to write suitable material for the group and found alternative outlets hard to come by. "It was always a question of 'If it's good, why don't the Stones do it?' And with all those managerial and publishing hassles we got into — it got to the point where we couldn't release a live album of our own songs without going down on our knees and begging and being told, 'OK, if you give me $200,000' — I just gave up. Then after we cleared up the ABKCo thing over a year ago, I seriously got on with writing good songs. The melodies came easily enough, but I could never write the bloody words."

The breakthrough came with "I Wanna Get Me a Gun," an up-tempo, almost sing-along song which opens Side One. "I kept doing these lyrics then looking at them away from the music and seeing that they didn't come to a conclusion, hadn't got a story behind them. All of a sudden I wrote this thing about boozing all night, threatening people with guns, screwing the preacher's wife — which isn't me *at all* — then coupling it with the idea that it was only a fantasy. After that I got the gist of writing much clearer."

Selecting the musicians to work with was another hurdle. "The Stones haven't actually done many sessions with other people so I wasn't familiar with many outside musicians. Mick Taylor's done some, mostly before he joined the band, but Charlie and me haven't had much experience. I did John Hammond in the Sixties, the Howlin' Wolf sessions, knocked around with Eric Clapton and Winwood a bit, but usually it was a case of 'How are you, I'm fine thanks.' I hardly know any British musicians at all. But on the first Manassas album I'd worked with Dallas Taylor and seen what an underrated and under-used drummer he was. So about six months before we started recording I played Dallas a few numbers and he liked them. I love Charlie's drumming, of course, but we know each other so well that working with him would have pulled us toward a Stones feel. So I had a drummer, but still needed a guitarist and pianist. I thought of Leon [Russell] because the way I play piano has a vague Leon style, only very mediocre, and I like the way he turns chords around. But I'd heard how he takes things over and I was scared of that. Same with Dr. John. One hears these things, and I'm not strong enough to control a scene like that. Anyway, Leon said he'd like to do it and I phoned up Dr. John. He said, 'What, you doing a solo album!' But, unlike a lot of others, thought it was a great idea. He had the flu but said, 'I've got Saturday and Sunday free, I'll be along.' He came in with that growling voice of his that you can hardly understand, and his hats and walking stick. But he's for real, and an amazingly nice guy. Leon came in as well, and quietly got stuck in.

"I was still short of a guitar, however. I'd heard various musicians on record but didn't know their temperament and if we'd get on. Thought of Ry Cooder, then thought again that he might be too authentic blues for me to sing with. And I tried to contact Roy Buchanan and went through these funny numbers with his producer and never spoke to the man himself. It was too heavy and I thought, 'Forget it.' Then Dallas said, 'Why not use Danny Kortchmar,' but as I said, these people were just names to me. I knew he'd done James Taylor and Carole King, but I wondered if I was letting myself in for some average player. It turned out he was great, could just slip into any style, and I kept him all the time.

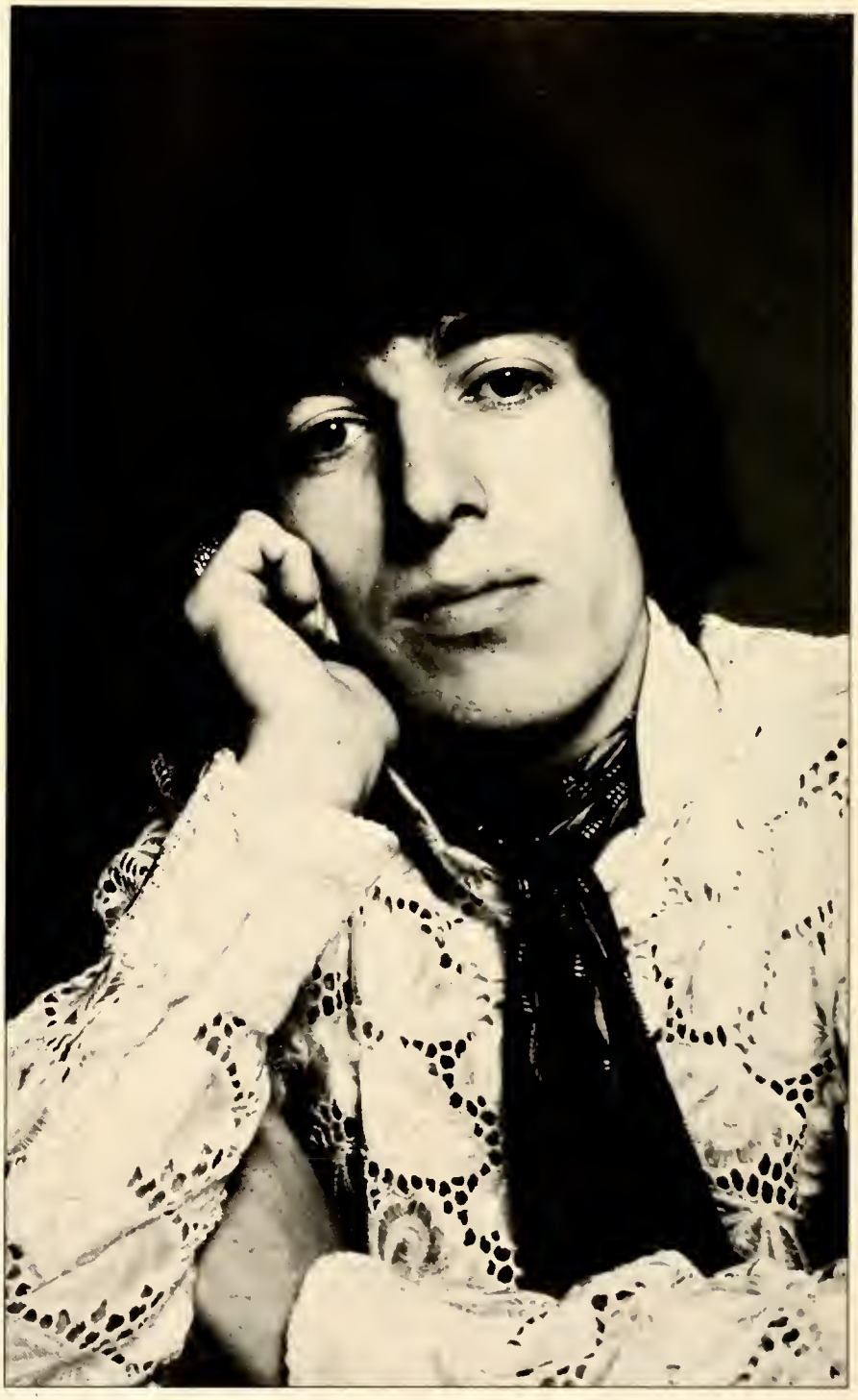
"What happened in the beginning, when we were touring the States and I decided to do the album, was that everyone — including the Stones — was saying, 'Well, you'd better get a producer in to help you finish the songs, then get a

top producer like Richard Perry' — none of which exactly boosted my confidence. Then they said, 'Get in some top session guys who'll sell the album, and who's going to do the singing?' It was awful, I felt it slipping away from me.

"Mind you, I can understand their attitude because I'd never sung, and only done a bit of amateur producing with that Tucky Buzzard thing and John Walker, both of which taught me a lot but weren't very successful. You see, the way the Stones work is almost a tradition. Keith and Mick have the final say, which is fair because it's their song we're playing. The rest of us put up suggestions but we don't freak out if they're ignored. I think that's the way it has to be if you want to stay together. With four or five egos battling it out you can't last. Look at Ray Davies and the Kinks, Townshend and the Who. I can remember touring in the early days with the Yardbirds backing us. They had Jimmy Page and Jeff Beck, who at the time had to be two of the best guitarists. But every night it was a battle of egos, getting louder and louder. It ruined the music and was horrible to hear. That's what happens if you don't have people who're willing to back down.

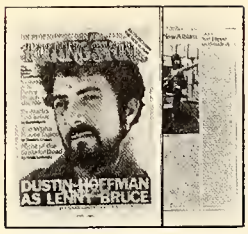
"So altogether I had a lot to get over. I was terrified of sitting at the piano or picking up a guitar and saying, 'Fellers, this is what we're doing tonight.' I haven't the guts for that, so instead I made these demos on a little B&O deck, seven-and-a-half i.p.s. and with some sort of overtracking. But without being able to play drums and being only reasonable on guitar and piano, you can imagine they were pretty rough. I used to wait until the old lady had gone shopping before singing, and then used to sing too softly so that I'd be in a low key."

For backings, Wyman used vocalists Betty Wright, husband-wife duo Gwen and George McCrae and the Bonnaroo Horn Section of Dr. John and Allen Toussaint fame. "Incredible to work with, those horns, you could never get players like that in England. The sheer professionalism, knowing how to blend for their sound, how to tune up in five seconds. They'd walk in, know exactly where to stand around this one mike and be ready to go." Only occasionally did the sessions threaten to turn into a superjam, something Wyman is allergic to. "One time word got around and a whole bunch of people came in," recalled Wyman, "and it turned into one of those L.A. scenes. Jay Winding, son of Kai Winding the trombonist, was on organ. Excellent player — and there was whassisname Perkins . . . Wayne, that's it . . . on bass, me on electric and about four other guitarists. It was insane, out of control and we didn't use it. I didn't mind though, because it's a great compliment when those people drop in. Like Leon, who's already done his sessions, asked if he could come along the next night. I told



him we already had a pianist, but he said he'd come anyway. He even offered to do some singing, if I didn't want to. Well, it's better than 'Nice session, man,' and you never see them again.

"With this record, I had to work with people I trusted. That was one of the conditions to get over my insecurity. I know over the years I've slipped further and further back out of the limelight, which makes life a little free, of course, with me and Charlie being fourth choice for interviews. But it would be wrong to think that I did the album to get more famous. I know this is going to sound like a cliche, but I think I have something to say which can't be said through the Stones. My thing, my feelings about certain types of music, that element of happiness and fun, doesn't fit our style. It wasn't all so serious for the first three or four years together, and that goes for most of the bands. The difference now is the difference between playing the local youth club and Carnegie Hall. It's such a production now, and you feel responsible for all those people you need around you, and sort of trapped against going too far off the beaten track. How often do people come out of a concert these days feeling like dancing in the street like they did when Bill Haley first played?" □



No. 175
December 5, 1974

Rock and Roll: How They Do It

By Steve Turner

LONDON—Twenty-one albums on, Keith Richard is back in Richmond, the Thameside London suburb where the Rolling Stones first played the local clubs 12 years ago. This time he's staying at Ronnie Wood's place, pouring out the Jack Daniel's, chatting with visitor Jimmy Page, toying with the dagger he carries in a leather sheath and playing for his guests the final mix of the Stones' new LP, *It's Only Rock and Roll.*

With Jagger sporting a recently smoothed down image, it seems left to Richard, with his tangled hair and earring, to project the Stones' air of disrespectful menace. It's a characteristic that has been examined at length in three books recently, none of which got the group's seal of approval. J. Marks's *Mick Jagger: The Singer Not the Song* drew from Jagger ". . . fiction, but at least he admits it." Bob Greenfield's *S.T.P.: A Journey through America with the Rolling Stones* scored a similar rating from Jagger—"that's got a lot of fiction in it as well."

But it was Tony Scaduto's *Mick Jagger: Everybody's Lucifer* that drew the most scathing comments: "All pure fiction . . ." Jagger has said, "most of it the stoned ramblings of Marianne Faithfull's nostalgic fantasies." Richard is equally caustic. "I've only read excerpts, though Mick's told me about it. I can't bring myself to listen to somebody verbally raping Marianne Faithfull because she'll say anything. I mean, the guy writes about Jagger and doesn't even approach me, who has known him longer than anybody else apart from his mother and father."

Richard's attention, though, is mainly on the new album. All the songwriting credits, as usual, go to Jagger and Richard, with the exception of a reworked version of the Temptations' "Ain't Too Proud to Beg." Richard says the album's overall quality is "a step forward—not just marking time. Sometimes you feel you've done an album where you're not really doing anything further, you're not taking things beyond what you've already done. You're just in one kind of groove and you feel you just want to stay in that position . . . *Goats Head Soup*, to me, was a marking-time album. I like it in many ways but I don't think it has the freshness that this one has. Listening to it a couple of months ago and comparing it to this one that's how I felt."

Work on *It's Only Rock and Roll* began a year ago at Munich's Musicland Studios a few weeks after the end of the band's European tour. That studio was picked because the Stones, as nonresidents (with the exception of Jagger), can't stay long enough to record in England and didn't want to travel Statcside to work. Recording began with only a handful of songs already written. "Rock & roll can't be planned or prepared," says Richard. "You can have a few basic structures though. I wrote maybe three of the songs in the studio just warming up before the rest of the guys arrived and Mick had a couple that he had ready . . . and that's the way it goes. I'm not the sort of person who sits down at home with a guitar, writes a whole song and says, 'That's how I hear it,' because I play in a band and leave it up to them to tell me how it should go for them."

For the first time since *Their Satanic Majesties Request*, the Stones have worked in the studio without producer Jimmy Miller. "I think we'd come to a point with Jimmy where the contribution level had dropped because it'd got to be a habit, a way of life, for Jimmy to do one Stones album a year. He'd got over the initial sort of excitement which you can feel on *Beggars Banquet* and *Let It Bleed*. Also, Mick and I felt that we wanted to try and do it ourselves because we really felt we knew much more about techniques and recording and had our own ideas of how we wanted things to go.

"*Goats Head Soup* hadn't turned out as we'd wanted it to—not blaming Jimmy or anything like that, because there's no one to blame. But it was obvious that it was time for a change in that particular part of the process of making records." Andy Johns, the engineer, also was unable to finish the sessions, due to ill health. Taking over was Keith Harwood, who had worked with the Stones before and who has more recently been involved with Bowie's live recordings in the U.S. and with new albums for Humble Pie and Led Zeppelin. "The album's got that strong old material on it," Harwood says by way of comment. "It reminds me of the time I first met them back in the mid-Sixties."

Richard believes that the album's enthusiasm was due in part to the Stones' starting sessions just after two months on the road. "We were really hot and ready just to play some new material. We booked a couple of weeks, went in and cut about half the album with Billy Preston on keyboards. Then we split and came back again after Christmas for another two weeks, this time with Nicky Hopkins on piano, and by the end of those two weeks we'd cut enough tracks for the album plus half again. Then we had to choose which ones we were going to work on vocal-wise. So we made a short list of about 12 or 13 tracks and then in April, I came over to England to meet Mick and we finished off writing those that hadn't been completed lyric-wise, because a lot of them had been written in a very loose framework to start with — maybe just a chorus, a hookline or something.

"You see, even when we're not actually in the studios nobody has actually forgotten about it . . . you're thinking about it all the time. You're at home listening to a rough cassette mix of it thinking how you want to put the whole song together because maybe you've got it on this very thin thread, maybe just a hookline, and you've got to expand the song in a particular way, both in the way you want it to go and in what you want to say. When you've got a certain kind of track only certain kinds of lyrics are going to fit that feel, that sound, so you've got to put it together. What's great is when they come together, when the lyrics and music all come at once. That's a joy but a lot of times it's really painstaking work.

"Then we got on and did the vocals and I left Mick for a couple of weeks to do his solo vocals, because he often

From a series on the Stones by painter Guy Peellaert in his book 'Rock Dreams'

comes up with his best stuff alone in the studio with just an engineer. Then he doesn't feel like he's hanging anybody up. While Mick was doing this I got a call from Ronnie Wood . . ."

Richard went down to Wood's home, initially to check out Wood's album, which he was recording in his basement studio, then stayed to add guitar overdubs and finally lived there for a month and wrote two songs for the album. "I really got involved and Mick was calling up saying, 'I've finished my vocals. Come and help me out . . . do some harmonies and do some vocals.' I had to say, 'Hang on, I've just written a couple of songs down here for Woody and I want to get 'em down!'—which I did, pretty quickly "

The Stones' album sleeve features a painting by Belgian artist Guy Peellaert, who visualized the Stones in his *Rock Dreams* book dressed variously as hookers, SS troopers, partying decadents, entertaining pirates and jaded heroes. This time they appear in various stages of dishevelment, descending a stone staircase lined by a horde of garlanded maidens, apparent victims of a time warp—the Rolling Stones arriving in ancient Rome.

"It's something you can really get into, because at first it just looks as though all of those women are adoring the Rolling Stones, but then you notice that the people on the top left are into these chicks on the right and there are other chicks who're completely into a different bag, the ones who've seen it all. I mean, I see Bill Wyman in drag all over the place."

Following the album's release Richard will return to his winter home in Switzerland where Jagger will join him for another burst of songwriting—with a January recording date in mind, either for a single or contributing toward an album. "I would like to work on the road a lot more," muses Richard. "I like playing live because for me it helps everything else. It helps me write songs, it helps me improve my playing, it gives me ideas and it stimulates me. But I have to respect the fact that there are other members of the band, say Bill and Charlie, who have a need for a really stable home life in one place. They need that anchor, whereas my old lady and myself are very nomadic sort of people.

"There'll almost definitely be a spring tour in America, maybe a little more relaxed than last time — not so many one-nighters. Maybe we could split it up a bit because every time we go back we play bigger and bigger stadiums. If we have to play these big places obviously we'll have to do it but if possible we'd like to do what we experimented with last time in L.A. in playing a small place like the Palladium as well.

"The reason that we haven't done more live gigs recently is because until this album comes out we haven't really got any new material to lay on anyone. We've only got the same old show that we've been doing for the last couple of years and we don't want to repeat ourselves anymore." □

No. 179
JANUARY 30, 1975

Mick Taylor: Time to Move On

BY VINCENT MCGARRY

LONDON—The day after Mick Taylor announced he was quitting the Rolling Stones, a telegram arrived for him from Munich. It was from Keith Richard.

REALLY ENJOYED PLAYING WITH YOU FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS. THANKS FOR ALL THE TURN ONS. BEST WISHES AND LOVE.

"Mick just read it and started crying," said Taylor's wife Rosie at their London home.

Taylor himself said: "It was a really nice telegram, it really got to me. And what it says completely reflects how I feel about them."

So why did he quit?

"I'd worked with them in such a way, and for so long, that I didn't think I could go much further without some different musicians," Taylor said. "So when this chance with Jack Bruce came up, well, I wanted to be with him. I'd known for several months that Jack wanted to put together a new band. We'd played a lot together lately, and we'd really hit it off well. It was all for purely musical reasons. There was no personal animosity in the split. There was no row, no quibbling or squabbling."

About an hour after Taylor's statement came out, Jagger phoned from Munich, where the rest of the Stones had been working for five days on their next album. "I'm sorry to see him go, but I think people should be free to do what they want to do," Jagger said. "I mean it's not the army, it's just a sort of rock & roll band. It's very hard for me to explain exactly why he quit. I'm not Mick, so it's difficult for me to explain his personal reasons. But when we went to Eric Clapton's concert at Hammersmith [London] last week, and to the party at Robert Stigwood's afterwards, Mick and I talked. He just said he'd played with us for five years, and he felt he wanted to play some different kind of music. So I said, 'That's okay, that's fine,' and that was that. We were due to return to Munich about two or three days later to start recording, so I didn't really have much time to talk to him. But we did have a couple of hours. There wasn't any kind of row or anything."

There may not have been a row, but there certainly was a mad flurry of upper-echelon activity when Taylor told the group that he wasn't going to attend the Munich sessions.

"The main thing everybody was pissed off about," said a friend of Taylor, "was that the Stones were supposed to be recording and planning a huge world tour. All of a sudden they find they're going to be without one guitarist. And they admit it's going to be hard to replace him. I assume the word came down from Ahmet Ertegun [chairman of the board at Atlantic Records, which distributes the Stones' records] to try to get Mick to stay. Marshall Chess [head of Rolling Stones Records] came to London and started chasing Mick around, trying to find him, by phone, by foot, by car." But Taylor had already gone into hiding. Stones publicists had difficulty trying to locate him, to issue a statement.

And as soon as the statement appeared, the music biz came alive with all kinds of explanations—a row between Jagger/Richard and Taylor . . .

money problems. There was talk that the break had come because Taylor hadn't been getting enough credit for cowriting tracks—with subsequent loss of royalties. Denials quickly came from Jagger and Rosie Taylor. Then Taylor himself angrily denied the stories in a phone interview. "I'm very disturbed by those rumors . . . it had absolutely nothing to do with those things. I'm very upset about it, because I really like the guys in the Stones," he said. "I've really loved working with them for the past five years—we've had some really great times. And I'd like to work with them again. But how are they going to feel if they open a paper somewhere and see something completely wrong, making all sorts of claims and sounding as if it comes from me? Nothing could be further from the truth.

"I think the rumors were started by an interview I did in a trade paper, but the things I said were taken out of context. And I never wanted the things I said written, reported or repeated. Whatever I felt about credits on songs has nothing to do with my decision to leave. If Mick or Keith ever want to do solo albums, I'd really like to be in on them. And that's especially why I want these rumors killed, because I don't want my friendship with the Stones jeopardized, or anything I may do with them later."

Rosie is just as adamant, but she hints at disenchantment over credits. "Mick is a musical person . . . it was just a question of having musical acknowledgement. If you know him or have anything to do with him, you know that he doesn't think of the money at all like that. It was the last thing on his mind. Sure the credits appear as Jagger/Richard, because it's always been the case. They've done by far most of the Stones' writing."

The departure of Taylor leaves a huge gap in the Stones' lineup. In the five years since he left John Mayall to replace the late Brian Jones, Taylor has helped move the Stones' music away from the basic raunch and roll of their early years. They've become more adventurous, with Taylor's pure soaring solos filling cracks and adding a final gloss to tracks.

Said Jagger of Taylor: "He added some very beautiful solos to our music and brought some really nice musical ideas to the group. On the last album, I think the best thing he did was 'Time Waits for No One.'"

But Jagger maintained that his departure "just means we're missing one guitar player, which we'll no doubt find." Jagger offered no names or dates for a replacement.

"At the moment," he said, "we're not really looking for anyone in the really hot sense of the word, because we're recording, you know?"

Jagger thinks the Stones in the studio without Taylor will still be the Stones. "Oh yeah, of course. We recorded about three albums with the same people we're using now. Like *Let It Bleed* . . . And Mick was in on only half of the last sessions in Munich, for *It's Only Rock 'n Roll*, because he was in the hospital. We had two sessions and he didn't come to the first one. So it's not really any great difficulty."

Jagger knocks down any suggestions that Taylor never really fit into the band — considering he was the only non-original member. "Living with someone like that for five years, being with them so much, makes you very close to them. So, as far as we were concerned, he was just as close as anyone else in the band. There's no question of his being frozen out of the group or anything like that. Five-and-a-half years is a long time to spend with one band, especially these days, I think. And people talk about him not having a kind of Stones image. I think it's only Keith and me to a certain extent, who have what you'd call that kind of image. I don't think you'll find Charlie is a kind of mad gadabout, or Bill. Mick and I used to get on very well, and we used to go around a lot together. I think it's just that he has a lot of ideas and he wants to try them out. And I hope he does.

"I don't want to say goodbye to him. I hope I can work with him again. If I do something on my own, I'd like to have Mick along to play, you know? We've already talked about this, the other day. Maybe I'll work with him again, quite soon I hope.

"I don't know really how this break will affect us. I never have known how long we're going to go on. I just can't really say. I mean, we won't go on *forever*! We have various ideas for solo efforts. I'd like to try something like that, maybe films, you know? But I seem to get so involved with the band and I'm so lazy, that I never find time."

Where do the Stones head from here?

"We have got American dates coming up about May, and we'll be touring extensively next spring. Mick's departure doesn't really affect the plans, by then we'll probably have a new man anyway. We'll be announcing the exact dates fairly soon, I think."

Mick Taylor—normally an intensely shy person—almost bubbles with enthusiasm when talking about the new band with Bruce. Other members announced so far are the American composer and keyboards player Carla Bley and piano player Max Middleton, who used to be with Jeff Beck. A drummer has yet to be found.

"The first sessions Jack and I did together, and everything since, have been really inspiring. I just couldn't believe that we could have what we did, together," he said.

Taylor had been kicking ideas around and playing in the studios with Bruce for a couple of weeks, and the magic sparks struck there helped make up his mind.

"He'd been thinking maybe it was time to move on, but he didn't know to what," Rosie said. "I don't think he realized how good he was, he'd really forgotten how well he could play. You can hear him on Stones tracks, playing fine music, but still not to the full extent he can do it, not to the extent he used to. In fact, he told Jagger all about it — how well it was working with Bruce. And Mick Jagger said something to the effect that sometimes he wished he could just go and play with someone else. That's the really funny part of it." □

AFTERWORD

Flatbed on Fifth Avenue: kicking off the 1975 tour

'75: Feels Good, Let's Do It Again

By Steve Weitzman

For the record, 1975 is the Stones' sixth American tour. Their first three (1964, 1965, 1966) were spaced a year apart. Their next three (1969, 1972, 1975) marked three-year spans. To follow the mathematics, tours seven, eight and nine will be nine years apart, hitting us with cometlike regularity in the years 1984, 1993 and 2002, with the tour of 2002 being the first ever by a 60-year-old rock & roll band.

Atlantic Records has been dropping hints that the Stones' tour this year might be "the last for quite some time," possibly in an attempt to enhance the band's mystique, in turn stimulating record sales. Immense record sales, sales paralleling the significance of the band, are something the Rolling Stones have never enjoyed.

Sure, their concerts are always sold out and their albums are regularly certified gold, but there's that unrelenting legend to live up to. *Ya-Ya's* said it with a vengeance: "The greatest rock 'n' roll band in the world." But Chicago, John Denver and Olivia Newton-John dwarf the Stones on the charts. On the other hand, maybe Jagger had the inside when he sang "Ti-yime is on my side, yes it is," because time has proven the Stones to be what *Ya-Ya's* proclaimed: In longevity, overall contribution — and on a hot night in the flesh — the Stones endure.

But not without a certain competitiveness and insecurity. In 1975 Jagger and company decided to converge upon Madison Square Garden for six sold-out shows. Why six? Quite possibly because the Who sold out a record five shows at the Garden in 1974. The Rolling Stones are here to set the record straight.

Still, they have endured with their sense of humor intact: in evidence, the fact that the new tour did not begin in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, on June 1st (their original plan), but rather on Fifth Avenue and 9th Street in Manhattan, on the back of a flatbed truck one month earlier.

Duped perfectly, the New York press corps was lured to a "Rolling Stones Press Conference" in a quiet residential hotel at noon. While the press eagerly gathered indoors cunningly eyeing a head table planted with microphones, the Stones rumbled down the avenue and stopped in front of the hotel to blitz out a ten-minute version of "Brown Sugar." Jagger, in sneakers, white socks and jeans with the cuffs turned up, bounded up and down to Watts's (fresh with his GI haircut) bass drum. Wyman stood firm, Keith and Ron Wood alternated leads, with Richard dealing the final blow while Billy Preston played out the evocation of a black Cheshire cat. Raunch and roll on Fifth Avenue. Prepared statements were tossed out to their audience of reporters and a few shocked passersby and the Stones rumbled further down the road, hopping neatly into awaiting limos.

The idea, said tour manager Peter Rudge, came about when "we were just sitting around one night and we thought, 'Well, we don't want to answer a lot of silly questions,' so we thought, 'What can we do?' And actually, it was Charlie's idea. Charlie has lots of good ideas."

Having endeared themselves to the critics with *It's Only Rock and Roll*,

—Continued

clearly marking a Stones resurgence on record, this impromptu performance of "Brown Sugar" added luster to their Seventies image, which had taken a dive with their disappointing *Goat's Head Soup*, on which they sounded tired and, worse yet, bored.

The magnitude of their 1975 tour leaves no room for boredom. Spanning three months, the Stones are performing 58 times to an estimated 1.5 million people, at one stretch hitting the stage ten nights out of 11 and marking their first shows in Mexico, Venezuela and Brazil. Ticket demands were expectedly astounding: 28,800 (for two shows) in San Francisco were snapped up in an hour and 48 minutes.

With the entourage in New York making final preparations for the tour, Mick Jagger availed himself for an interview. The initial purpose of the meeting was to give the Stones the opportunity to counter statements made by ex-manager Allen Klein regarding an album of old Stones Material ABKCO released early this summer.

The album, consisting of unreleased, original material, was presented to Klein by the Stones last spring in exchange for one million dollars in back royalty money. Jagger sees ABKCO's proposed release plans too coincidental for his liking, besides which, Jagger said, "I wasn't particularly happy about having to put it together.

"See, we're coming in and we're going to tour here, right? And he's just trying to cash in. And he doesn't have anything new. Klein has nothing. All he has is a lot of old things. He doesn't have any new artists or new product. If he did, if he had new things going, if he was a current person, if he was a creative record company or *something*, then he wouldn't have to resort to this, you know? He'd be too involved with new things." Jagger did a sudden turnabout, replacing the bitterness in his voice with a measure of composure. "But we have to take life as it comes," he sighed.

The Stones are also releasing an album to coincide with the tour. The 1972 tour album has been snarled in litigation but, Jagger said, "I think we're going to be able to put that out in September."

During the years since that '72 tour, the Stones have rarely seen each other outside of recording sessions and brief tours of Australia, Hawaii, Nicaragua and Europe. Bill Wyman chose to become the first Stone to do a solo LP ("I don't want to play in the Stones for the rest of my life," he was quoted). And Keith Richard set aside time to play guitar and sing on Ron Wood's effort.

Guitarist Wood, who has been friends with Richard since his days in the Small Faces, was almost his contemporary in the days of the Stones' beginnings, "when we were little green kids," cracked Jagger.

It was Wood, in fact, who brought the Stones closer together during the last few months by being one of the leading candidates (and eventually getting the job) to replace departed Mick Taylor. During the auditions, names were being tossed around like frisbees but two in particular were authentically close at one point: Harvey Mandel and Wayne Perkins. Perkins, a session guitarist from Muscle Shoals, even got as far as being unofficially announced by the Stones' present manager, Marshall Chess. When it seemed on the verge of finality, Perkins was tracked down at Keith Richard's house in London where he was staying, but when we tried to arrange an interview with Wayne, Marshall Chess had received information to the contrary.

"I think you better wait awhile," Chess explained in March. "There's somebody over there [in Germany] right now auditioning for the job." As it turned out, it was Wood.

Jagger says Woody will accompany the Stones "for the tour. North America and South America." When the search was still on, Jagger said neither he nor Keith were any less involved in the decisions. "I think he had to please me and Keith both." When asked, "What ways should he please you and what ways should he please Keith?" Jagger wrinkled up his nose.

"That's a very weird question. I hadn't really thought about that. What ways should he please me . . . well, I can sort of tell a good guitarist but probably Keith can tell better than me."

When Marshall Chess first heard that Ron Wood was to be Taylor's replacement, he thought the choice was a good one because "Woody and Keith are both primarily known as brilliant rhythm guitarists. That allows a certain cross trading of riffs they've never had before."

Jagger got a laugh out of the reference to Keith's "rhythm guitarist" role of late. "They can both play solo," he said. "I mean, Keith used to be a lead guitarist of the Rolling Stones, remember? Maybe Keith's gonna have to do more solos. Now he's gotten kind of into this rhythm guitar thing."

As for what characteristics Jagger was looking for in a replacement guitarist, he explained, "I wanted someone that was easy to get on with, you know, that wasn't too difficult and that was a good player and was used to playing onstage (presumably Wayne Perkins's downfall). It's quite a lot to ask of someone to come and do a big American tour with a band like the Stones, you know? I mean, not that I think the Stones are any really big deal, but it tends to be a bit of a paralyzing experience for people. You know what I mean? And I wanted someone that wasn't going to be phased out."

To the question of musical qualifications — writing ability, for example — Jagger made a statement which could be interpreted to mean that Woody might stay on with the Stones instead of going back to the Faces: "Writing ability? Yeah, as a permanent thing. I've written with Woody. So's Keith. Yeah, that's nice to add."

Were vocals part of the decision?

"Yeah, that's good to add too."

How would you rate Woody?

"He can sing . . . a little. He'll probably say a lot about that! He can sing. He's starting to get it together. The first singing he did was his album."

How about personality? Woody seems to fit the bill . . .

"Onstage he's got a lot of style. And it's gotta be fun on the road. That's what it's all about, isn't it?"

Jagger wasn't surprised at the widespread interest and rumors the auditions generated: "I kind of expected it. I mean, after a while, you know, like . . . 'cause no one really believed what people had said. We just had to play with a lot of people, basically. It was just gonna take a long while before we knew what we were gonna do. So I expected after a while that it was gonna develop into a rumor market."

The length of the process (five months) Jagger took for granted. "I knew it was going to be a bit of a problem," he noted, "'cause those things really do take time. It's not like employing a cook or something, you know what I mean? You've gotta have the guy . . . you've gotta *like* him, as well as like the way he plays. And how can you know if you like him or not? It's even difficult to know how he really plays. It's really hard. It's tough going. Ask the Average White Band. They rehearsed a thousand fucking drummers, right?"

When asked if Woody has familiarized himself with the Stones' material or did he already know a lot of it, Jagger remembered another factor which probably weighed in the decision.

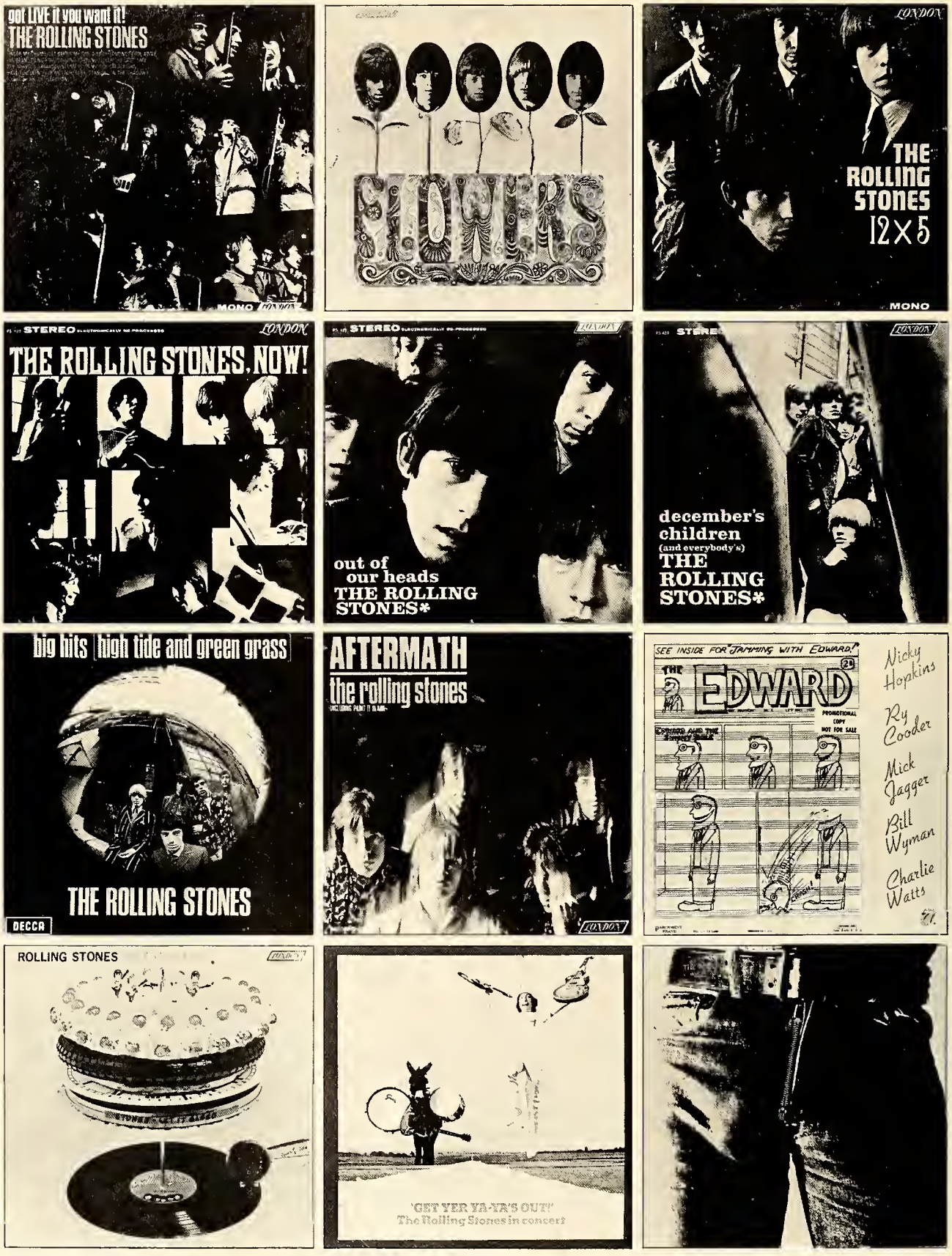
"Well he does know a lot of it. I mean, yeah, that's another thing. The person has to know the music . . . or *like* it, vaguely at least. It's better to know a few of the numbers."

The entire month preceding the tour, according to Peter Rudge, was spent in preparation with "pretty well all of it" on rehearsals. "They rehearse a lot. Ten, 12 hours a day. They'll be putting their stage act together. That's the key to a good band, to get your stage act together and pace it."

Jagger explained what he had been doing prior to rehearsals: "Well, actually, it's funny. I've been working mostly on posters and things. Artwork. Charlie and I have been working on our artwork. Been heavily into design. And stage design, lights and everything."

Listening to any current music?

"Yeah, I listen to everything!"

Maybe it's a pose, the way the Stones always seem absorbed in the present, like a kid with crayons, oblivious to the pandemonium they create. It doesn't matter: Pose or not, it's their dedication to being "just a sort of rock and roll band" that makes them so much more.□

Album Covers, left to right:
First Row/**GOT LIVE IF YOU WANT IT! THE ROLLING STONES; FLOWERS; 12x5.** Second Row/**THE ROLLING STONES, NOW; OUT OF OUR HEADS; DECEMBER'S CHILDREN.** Third Row/**BIG HITS (HIGH TIDE AND GREEN GRASS); AFTERMATH; JAMMING WITH EDWARD.** Fourth Row/**LET IT BLEED; GET YER YA-YA'S OUT!; STICKY FINGERS.**
Album Covers, Page 92, left to right:
First Row/**EXILE ON MAIN STREET; GOAT'S HEAD SOUP; IT'S ONLY ROCK 'N' ROLL.** Second Row/**BETWEEN THE BUTTONS; THEIR SATANIC MAJESTIES' REQUEST; BEGGARS BANQUET.**
Album Covers, Page 93, left to right:
First Row/**THE JEAN-CLARKE MEMORIAL SONIC BARBECUE; ROLLING STONES SUMMER RERUNS; STONED—M.S.G.** Second Row/**BURNING AT THE HOLLYWOOD PALLADIUM; GET YOUR ROCKS OFF/L.A. FORUM 1972; BRIGHT LIGHTS—BIG CITY.**

DISCOGRAPHY

COMPILED BY RITA REA

ALBUMS RELEASED IN THE UNITED STATES

ENGLAND'S NEWEST HITMAKERS-ROLLING STONES
London PS 375
May 1964
Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham
Route 66/I Just Want To Make Love To You/Honest I Do/Not Fade Away/Now I've Got A Witness/Little By Little/I'm A King Bee/Carol/Tell Me (You're Coming Back)/Can I Get A Witness/You Can Make It If You Try/Walking The Dog

12 X 5
London PS 402
October 1964
Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham
Around And Around/Confessin' The Blues/Empty Heart/Time Is On My Side/Good Times, Bad Times/It's All Over Now/2120 South Michigan Avenue/Under The Boardwalk/Congradulations/Grown Up Wrong/If You Need Me/Susie Q

THE ROLLING STONES, NOW!
London PS 420
February 1965
Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham
Everybody Needs Somebody To Love/Down Home Girl/You Can't Catch Me/Heart Of Stone/What A Shame/Mona (I Need You Baby)/Down The Road Apiece/Off The Hook/Pain In My Heart/Oh Baby (We've Got A Good Thing Goin')/Little Red Rooster/Surprise, Surprise

OUT OF OUR HEADS
London PS 429
July 1965
Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham
Mercy, Mercy/Hitch Hike/The Last Time/That's How Strong My Love Is/Good Times/I'm All Right/Satisfaction (I Can't Get No)/Cry To Me/The Under Assistant West Coast Promotion Man/Play With Fire/The Spider And The Fly/One More Try

DECEMBER'S CHILDREN (and everybody's) THE ROLLING STONES
London PS 451
November 1965
Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham
She Said Yeah/Talkin' About You/You Better Move On/Look What You've Done/The Singer Not The Song/Route 66 (live)/Get Off Of My Cloud/I'm Free/As Tears Go By/Gotta Get Away/Blue Turns To Grey/I'm Moving On (live)

BIG HITS (HIGH TIDE AND GREEN GRASS)
London NPS 1
March 1966
Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham
Satisfaction (I Can't Get No)/The Last Time/As Tears Go By/Time Is On My Side/It's All Over Now/19th Nervous Breakdown/Heart Of Stone/Get Off Of My Cloud/Not Fade Away/Good Times, Bad Times/Play With Fire/Tell Me

AFTERMATH
London PS 476
June 1966
Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham
Paint It Black/Stupid Girl/Lady Jane/Under My Thumb/Doncha Bother Me/Think/Flight 505/High And Dry/It's Not Easy/I Am Waiting/Goin' Home

GOT LIVE IF YOU WANT IT! THE ROLLING STONES
London PS 493
November 1966
Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham
Under My Thumb/Get Off Of My Cloud/Lady Jane/Not Fade Away/I've Been Loving You Too Long/Fortune Teller/The Last Time/19th Nervous Breakdown/Time Is On My Side/I'm Alright/Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadow/Satisfaction (I Can't Get No)

FLOWERS
London PS 509
June 1967
Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham
Ruby Tuesday/Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby/Let's Spend The Night Together/Lady Jane/Out Of Time/My Girl/Backstreet Girl/Please Go Home/Mother's Little Helper/Take It Or Leave It/Ride On Baby/Sittin' On A Fence

HOT ROCKS 1964-1971
London 2PS 606
January 1972
Produced by Jimmy Miller & Andrew Loog Oldham
Time Is On My Side/Heart Of Stone/Play With Fire/As Tears Go By/Get Off Of My Cloud/Mother's Little Helper/19th Nervous Breakdown/Paint It Black/Under My Thumb/Ruby Tuesday/Let's Spend The Night Together/Jumpin' Jack Flash/Street Fighting Man/Sympathy For The Devil/Honky Tonk Woman/Gimme Shelter/Midnight Rambler (live)/You Can't Always Get What You Want/Brown Sugar/Wild Horses

JAMMING WITH EDWARD
Rolling Stones Records COC 39100 (Atlantic Distributors)
February 1972
Produced by Glyn Johns
The Boudoir Stomp/It Hurts Me Too/Edwards Thrump Up/Blow With Ry/Interlude a la El Hopo/The Loveliest Night Of The Year/Highland Fling

MORE HOT ROCKS (big hits & fazed cookies)
London PS 627
1972
Produced by Jimmy Miller & Andrew Loog Oldham
Tell Me/Not Fade Away/Last Time/It's All Over Now/Good Times, Bad Times/I'm Free/Out Of Time/Lady Jane/Sittin' On A Fence/Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadow/Dandelion/We Love You/She's A Rainbow/2000 Light Years From Home/Child Of The Moon/No Expectations/Let It Bleed/What To Do/Money/Come On/Fortune Teller/Poison Ivy/Bye, Bye Johnnie/I Can't Be Satisfied/Long, Long While

ALBUMS RELEASED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

THE ROLLING STONES NO. 1
Decca LK 4605
April 1964
Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham
Route 66/I Just Want To Make Love To You/Honest I Do/I Need You Baby/Now I've Got A Witness/Little By Little/I'm A King Bee/Carol/Tell Me (You're Coming Back)/Can I Get A Witness/You Can Make It If You Try/Walking The Dog

THE ROLLING STONES NO. 2
Decca LK 4661
February 1965
Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham
This album is equivalent to ROLLING STONES, NOW! (U.S. album) but additionally includes:
I Can't Be Satisfied
Everyhody Needs Somehody To Love revised

OUT OF OUR HEADS
Decca SKL 4733
October 1965
Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham
Mercy Mercy/Hitch Hike/Last Time/I'm All Right/That's How Strong My Love Is/Good Times/Satisfaction (I Can't Get No)/Cry To Me/Play With Fire/Under Assistant West Coast Promotion Man/Spider And The Fly/One More Try

AFTERMATH
Decca SKL 4786
April 1966
Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham
Paint It Black/Stupid Girl/Lady Jane/Under My Thumb/Doncha Bother Me/Think/Flight 505/High And Dry/It's Not Easy/I Am Waiting/Goin' Home

BIG HITS (HIGH TIDE AND GREEN GRASS
Decca TXS 101
November 1966
Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham
Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadow/Paint It Black/It's All Over Now/The Last Time/Heart Of Stone/Not Fade Away/Come On/Satisfaction (I Can't Get No) Get Off Of My Cloud/As Tears Go By/19th Nervous Breakdown/Lady Jane/Time Is On My Side/Little Red Rooster

STONE AGE
Decca SKL 5084
April 1971
Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham
Look What You've Done/It's All Over Now/Confessin' The Blues/One More Try/As Tears Go By/Spider And The Fly/My Girl/Paint It Black/If You Need Me/Last Time/Blue Turns to Grey/Around and Around

GIMME SHELTER
Decca SKL 5105
August 1971
Produced by Jimmy Miller & Andrew Loog Oldham
Jumpin' Jack Flash/Love In Vain/Honky Tonk Woman/Street Fighting Man/Sympathy For The Devil/Gimme Shelter/Under My Thumb/Time Is On My Side/I've Been Loving You Too Long/Fortune Teller/Lady Jane/Satisfaction (I Can't Get No)

MILESTONES
Decca SKL 5098
May 1972
Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham
Satisfaction (I Can't Get No)/She's A Rainbow/Under My Thumb/I Just Wanna Make Love To You/Yesterday's Papers/I Wanna Be Your Man/Time Is On My Side/Get Off Of My Cloud/Not Fade Away/Out Of Time/She Said Yeah/Stray Cat Blues

ALBUMS RELEASED IN THE UNITED STATES AND THE UNITED KINGDOM

BETWEEN THE BUTTONS
London PS 499
Decca SKL 4852
January 1967
Produced by Andrew Loog Oldham
Let's Spend The Night Together Yesterday's Papers/Ruhy Tuesday Connection She Smiled Sweetly Cool, Calm & Collected All Sold Out My Obsession Who's Been Sleeping Here? Complicated/Miss Amanda Jones Something Happened To Me Yesterday

THEIR SATANIC MAJESTIES REQUEST
London NPS 2
Decca TXZ 103
November 1967
Produced by Mick Jagger & Keith Richard
Sing This All Together (See What Happens) Citadel In Another Land 2000 Man Sing This All Together She's A Rainbow The Lantern Gomper/2000 Light Years From Home On With The Show

BEGGARS BANQUET
London PS 539

—Continued

Decca SKL 4955
November 1968
Produced by Jimmy Miller
Street Fighting Man/Prodigal Son/Stray Cat Blues/Factory Girl/Salt Of The Earth/Sympathy For The Devil/No Expectations/Dear Doctor/Parachute Woman/Jig-Saw Puzzle

THROUGH THE PAST DARKLY (BIG HITS VOLUME 2)
London NPS 3
Decca SKL 5019
September 1969
Produced by Jimmy Miller
Paint It Black/Ruby Tuesday/She's A Rainbow/Jumpin' Jack Flash/Mother's Little Helper/Let's Spend The Night Together/Honky Tonk Woman/Dandelion/2000 Light Years From Home/Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby/Street Fighting Man

LET IT BLEED
London NPS 4
Decca SKL 5025
December 1969
Produced by Jimmy Miller
Let It Bleed/Love In Vain/Midnight Rambler/Gimme Shelter/You Got The Silver/You Can't Always Get What You Want/Live With Me/Monkey Man/Country Honk

GET YER YA-YA'S OUT! THE ROLLING STONES IN CONCERT
London NP 5
Decca SKL 5065
May 1970
Produced by Jimmy Miller
Jumpin' Jack Flash/Carol/Stray Cat Blues/Love In Vain/Midnight Rambler/Sympathy For The Devil/Live With Me/Little Queenie/Honky Tonk Woman/Street Fighting Man

STICKY FINGERS
Rolling Stones Records COC 59100 (in Conjunction with Atlantic)
April 1971
Produced by Jimmy Miller
Brown Sugar/Sway/Wild Horses/Can't You Hear Me Knocking/You Gotta Move/Bitch/I Got The Blues/Sister Morphine/Moonlight Mile/Dead Flowers

EXILE ON MAIN STREET
Rolling Stones Records COC 2-2900 (in Conjunction with Atlantic)
May 1972
Produced by Jimmy Miller
Rocks Off/Rip This Joint/Hip Shake/Casino Boogie/Tumbling Dice/Sweet Virginia/Torn & Frayed/Black Angel/Loving Cup/Happy/Turd On The Run/Ventilator Blues/Just Wanna See His Face/Let It Lose/All Down The Line/Stop Breaking Down/Shine A Light/Soul Survivor

GOAT'S HEAD SOUP
Rolling Stones Records COC 59101 (in Conjunction with Atlantic)
September 1973
Produced by Jimmy Miller
Silver Train/100 Years Ago/Can You Hear The Music/Angie/Hide Your Love/Coming Down Again/Doo Doo Doo Doo/Winter/Star Star/Dancing With Mr. D

IT'S ONLY ROCK 'N' ROLL
Rolling Stones Records COC 79109 (in Conjunction with Atlantic)
October 1974
Produced by The Glimmer Twins
It's Only Rock 'n' Roll/Jumpin' Jack Flash/If You Can't Rock Me/Dance Little Sister/Short & Curlies/Ain't Too Proud To Beg/If You Really Want To Be My Friend/Till The Next Goodbye/Time Waits For No One

Several albums were scheduled for release subsequent to this edition, but specific information regarding the contents was unavailable. In general, they include the "vintage" material delivered by the Stones to Allen Klein as part of a legal settlement, which would comprise a "greatest hits" collection, an anthology collection and recordings from the unreleased *Rock and Roll Circus* — an event staged by the Rolling Stones shortly before the death of Brian Jones, with the participation of Jones, John Lennon, the Who, Marianne Faithfull and various other artists.

In addition, the Stones themselves had scheduled to release an album of earlier material on their own label and hoped to release a live album from the 1972 tour by September 1975.

Miscellaneous Albums Featuring or Presented by Members of the Rolling Stones

LONDON HOWLIN' WOLF SESSIONS
Chess CH 60008
Produced by Norman Dayron
Features Stones Bill Wyman & Charlie Watts
Poor Boy/Red Rooster/I Ain't Superstitious/Worried About My Baby/Do The Do/Built For Comfort/Sittin' On Top Of The World/Who's Been Talkin'/Highway 49/What A Woman/Rockin' Daddy/Wang-Dang-Doodle

BRIAN JONES PRESENTS THE PIPES OF PAN AT JOUJOUKA
Rolling Stones Records COC 4900
October 1971
Produced by Brian Jones
NO SONG TITLES

NED KELLY
United Artists UAS 5213
Features "The Wild Colonial Boy": Mick Jagger

PERFORMANCE
Warner Brothers BS-2554
Features "Memo From Turner": Mick Jagger

MONKEY GRIP — BILL WYMAN
Rolling Stones Records COC 79100
May 1974
Produced by Bill Wyman
Monkey Grip Glue/I Wanna Get Me A Gun/Crazy Woman/Pussy/Mighty Fine Time/J'll Pull You Thru/What A Blow/White Lightnin'/It's A Wonder

Bootleg Albums
(Release dates and producers not available)

THE ROLLING STONES AT HYDE PARK

SUMMER 1969
Contraband Label
Eulogy For Brian Jones/Lemon Squeezer/Jumpin' Jack Flash/Have Mercy/Stray Cat Blues/No Expectations/I'm Free/Down Home Girl/Love In Vain/Give Me A Drink (Loving Cup)/Honky Tonk Woman

THE ROLLING STONES AT THE LONDON ROUNDHOUSE
Trade Mark Of Quality Label
Jumpin' Jack Flash/Live With Me/Dead Flowers/Stray Cat Blues/Love In Vain/Midnight Rambler/Bitch/Honky Tonk Woman/Satisfaction (I Can't Get No)

THE ROLLING STONES LIVE IN LONDON
Forbidden Fruit Productions
Happy/Tumbling Dice/Starfucker/Angie/You Can't Always Get What You Want/Dancing With Mr. D/Doo Doo Doo Doo (Heartbreaker)/Midnight Rambler

THE JEAN-CLARKE MEMORIAL SONIC BARBECUE; 1973 West German Tour
Amazing Kornyfone Label
Gimme Shelter/Happy/Tumbling Dice/Starfucker/Heartbreaker/Sweet Virginia/Dancing With Mr. D/Angie/You Can't Always Get What You Want/All Down The Line

ROLLING STONES SUMMER RERUNS
Trade Mark Of Quality Label
Around And Around/Time Is On My Side/She Said Yeah/Satisfaction (I Can't Get No)/As Tears Go By/19th Nervous Breakdown/Not Fade Away/Paint It Black/Lady Jane/Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadows/Ruby Tuesday/Let's Spend The Night Together/Honky Tonk Woman/You Can't Always Get What You Want/Gimme Shelter/Love In Vain/Angie/Silver Train/Dancing With Mr. D

GET YOUR LEEDS LUNGS OUT
Trade Mark Of Quality Label
Dead Flowers/Stray Cat Blues/Love In Vain/Bitch/Brown Sugar/Honky Tonk Woman/Satisfaction (I Can't Get No)/Midnight Rambler

STONED/MSG (MADISON SQUARE GARDEN)
Head Records
Jumpin' Jack Flash/Little Queenie/Sympathy For The Devil/Under My Thumb/I'm Free/Midnight Rambler/Love In Vain/Satisfaction (I Can't Get No)/Honky Tonk Woman

THE ROLLING STONES SAN DIEGO 1969
Trade Mark Of Quality Label
Introduction by Sam Cutter/Sympathy For The Devil/Prodigal Son/You Gotta Move/Under My Thumb/Live With Me/Little Queenie/Satisfaction (I Can't Get No)/Honky Tonk Woman/Street Fighting Man

GIMME SHELTER
Trade Mark Of Quality Label
(Includes cuts of the film and 'The Tami Show')
Jumpin' Jack Flash/Satisfaction (I Can't Get No) You Gotta Move/Wild Horses/Brown Sugar/Love In Vain/Honky Tonk Woman/Street Fighting Man/Sympathy For The Devil/Under My Thumb/Street Fighting Man (reprise)/Gimme Shelter/Around And Around/Off The Hook/Time Is On My Side/It's All Over Now/It's Alright/Closing Jam of Tami Show

THE ROLLING STONES WINTER TOUR 1973
Trade Mark Of Quality Label
Brown Sugar/Bitch/Rocks Off/Gimme Shelter/Route 66/It's All Over Now/Happy/Tumbling Dice/No Expectations/Sweet Virginia/You Can't Always Get What You Want/Dead Flowers/Stray Cat Blues/Live Down/All Down The Line/Rip This Joint/Jumpin' Jack Flash/Street Fighting Man

ROLLING STONES IN CONCERT-EUROPEAN TOUR 1970
No Label
Jumpin' Jack Flash/Roll Over Beethoven/Sympathy For The Devil/Let It Rock/Little Queenie/Brown Sugar/Midnight Rambler/Live With Me/Stray Cat Blues/Love In Vain/Dead Flowers

WE NEVER REALLY GOT IT ON TILL DETROIT — Mick Jagger
Contraband Label
Jumpin' Jack Flash/Carol/Sympathy For The Devil/Prodigal Son/You Gotta Move/Under My Thumb/Queenie/Satisfaction (I Can't Get No)/Honky Tonk Woman/Street Fighting Man

THE GUV'NORS OF R&B
No Label
Recorded at: Marquee Club, London; 'Old Grey Whistle Test'; 'Ready Steady Go' TV Show
Main Street Blues/I'm Waiting/Under My Thumb/Paint It Black/Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby/Honky Tonk Woman/Con Le Mie Lacrime/Live With Me/I Got The Blues/Let It Rock/Midnight Rambler/Dead Flowers

BURNING AT THE HOLLYWOOD PALLADIUM
Trade Mark Of Quality Label
Brown Sugar/Bitch/Rocks Off/Happy/Tumbling Dice/Sweet Virginia/You Can't Always Get What You Want/All Down The Line/Midnight Rambler/Jumpin' Jack Flash

GET YOUR ROCKS OFF/L.A. FORUM 1972
Trade Mark Of Quality Label
Brown Sugar/Bitch/Rocks Off/Gimme Shelter/Tumbling Dice/Love In Vain/Sweet Virginia/You Can't Always Get What You Want/All Down The Line/Midnight Rambler/Bye, Bye Johnnie/Let It Rock/Rip This Joint/Jumpin' Jack Flash/Street Fighting Man/Honky Tonk Woman

BRIGHT LIGHTS-BIG CITY
Trade Mark Of Quality Label
Demo Tapes 1962-1963
Diddley Daddy/Road Runner/Bright Lights-Big City/I Want To Be Loved Baby What's Wrong/Stewed & Keefed (Brian's Blues)/High Heel Sneakers/Tell Me Baby Down/Down In The Bottom/Looking Tired/Tumbling Dice I/Tumbling Dice II/Bluesberry Jam/Shake Your Hips

STONE RELICS
Trade Mark Of Quality Label
Come On/I Wanna Be Your Man/Bye, Bye, Johnnie/Sad Day/Child Of The Moon/Who's Driving My Plane/We Love You/I Want To Be Loved

—Continued

Long Time/Poison Ivy/Stoned/Money/Just Can't Be Satisfied/What To Do/Looking Tired/How Many Times/In The Bottom/High Heeled Sneakers/Brian's Blues

BEAUTIFUL DELILAH
Trade Mark Of Quality Label
Roll Over Beethoven/Down In The Bottom/You Can Make It If You Try/Route 66/Confessin' The Blues/Down The Road A Piece/High Heeled Sneakers/Beautiful Delilah/I Just Wanna Make Love To You/Satisfaction (I Can't Get No)/The Spider And The Fly/Cry To Me/Walking The Dog/Jumpin' Jack Flash

LORD HAVE MERCY
Contraband Label
Have Mercy/Play With Fire/The Spider And The Fly/I'm Alright/Time Is On My Side/Roll Over Beethoven/Memo From Turner/2120 Michigan/Ride On: Bye, Bye

THE BEST OF THE ROLLING STONES
Immaculate Conception Records
Sympathy For The Devil/Dead Flowers/Gimme Shelter/Street Fighting Man/Live With Me/Jumpin' Jack Flash/Honky Tonk Woman

BEDSPRING SYMPHONY
Amazing Kornyfone Label
Gimme Shelter/Tumbling Dice/Brown Sugar/Heartbreaker/Honky Tonk Woman/Midnight Rambler/Street Fighting Man

SINGLES RELEASED IN THE UNITED STATES AND THE UNITED KINGDOM (London)

Not Fade Away
I Wanna Be Your Man
9657/March 1964/Andrew Loog Oldham

Tell Me
I Just Wanna Make Love To You
9683/June 1964/Andrew Loog Oldham

It's All Over Now
Good Times, Bad Times
9687/August 1964/Andrew Loog Oldham

Time Is On My Side
Congratulations
9708/September 1964/Andrew Loog Oldham

Heart Of Stone
What A Shame
9725/December 1964/Andrew Loog Oldham

Last Time
Play With Fire
9741/March 1965/Andrew Loog Oldham

Satisfaction (I Can't Get No)
Under Assistant West Coast Promo Man
9766/May 1965/Andrew Loog Oldham

Get Off My Cloud
I'm Free
9792/September 1965/Andrew Loog Oldham

As Tears Go By
Gotta Get Away
9808/September 1965/Andrew Loog Oldham

19th Nervous Breakdown
Sad Day
9823/February 1966/Andrew Loog Oldham

Paint It Black
Stupid Girl
901/April 1966/Andrew Loog Oldham

Lady Jane
Mother's Little Helper
902/June 1966/Andrew Loog Oldham

Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby
Who's Driving My Plane
903/September 1966/Andrew Loog Oldham

Let's Spend The Night Together
Ruby Tuesday
904/December 1966/Andrew Loog Oldham

We Love You
Dandelion
905/August 1967/Andrew Loog Oldham

She's A Rainbow
2000 Light Years From Home
906/December 1967/Mick Jagger & Keith Richard

In Another Land
The Lantern
907/December 1967/Mick Jagger & Keith Richard

Street Fighting Man
No Expectations
909/January 1968/Jimmy Miller

Jumpin' Jack Flash
Child Of The Moon
908/May 1968/Jimmy Miller

Honky Tonk Woman
You Can't Always Get What You Want
910/June 1969/Jimmy Miller

SINGLES RELEASED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM (Decca)

Come On
I Want To Be Loved
F11675/June 1963/Andrew Loog Oldham

I Wanna Be Your Man
Stoned
F11764/November 1963/Andrew Loog Oldham

Not Fade Away
Little By Little
F11845/February 1964/Andrew Loog Oldham

It's All Over Now
Good Times, Bad Times
F11934/July 1964/Andrew Loog Oldham

Little Red Rooster
Off The Hook
F12014/November 1964/Andrew Loog Oldham

The Last Time
Play With Fire
F12104/February 1965/Andrew Loog Oldham

Satisfaction (I Can't Get No)
The Spider & The Fly
F12220/August 1965/Andrew Loog Oldham

Get Off My Cloud
The Singer Not The Song
F12263/October 1965/Andrew Loog Oldham

19th Nervous Breakdown
As Tears Go By
F12331/February 1966/Andrew Loog Oldham

Paint It Black
Long, Long While
F12395/May 1966/Andrew Loog Oldham

Who's Driving Your Plane
Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby
F12497/September 1966/Andrew Loog Oldham

Ruby Tuesday
Let's Spend The Night Together
F12546/January 1967/Andrew Loog Oldham

We Love You
Dandelion
F12654/August 1967/Andrew Loog Oldham

She's A Rainbow
2000 Light Years From Home
F12706/December 1967/Mick Jagger & Keith Richard

Jumpin' Jack Flash
Child Of The Moon
F12782/May 1968/Jimmy Miller

Street Fighting Man
No Expectations
F22825/August 1968/Jimmy Miller

Honky Tonk Woman
You Can't Always Get What You Want
F12952/July 1969/Jimmy Miller

SINGLES RELEASED IN THE UNITED STATES AND THE UNITED KINGDOM (Rolling Stones Records/Atlantic)

Brown Sugar
Bitch
RS19100/April 1971/Jimmy Miller

Wild Horses
Sway
RS19101/June 1971/Jimmy Miller

Tumbling Dice
Sweet Black Angel
RS19103/April 1972/Jimmy Miller

Happy
All Down The Line
RS19104/June 1972/Jimmy Miller

Angie
Silver Train
RS19105/August 1973/Jimmy Miller

Doo Doo Doo Doo (Heartbreaker)
Dancing With Mr. D
RS19109/December 1973/Jimmy Miller

It's Only Rock 'n' Roll
Through The Lonely Nights
RS19301/July 1974/The Glimmer Twins

Ain't Too Proud To Beg
Dance Little Sister
RS19302/October 1974/The Glimmer Twins

EXTENDED PLAY RELEASES

THE ROLLING STONES
Decca DFE 8590
January 1964
Bye, Bye Johnnie/Money/You'd Better Move On/Poison Ivy

GOT LIVE IF YOU WANT IT
Decca DFE 8620
July 1965
Everybody Needs Somebody To Love/Pain In My Heart/I'm Moving On/I'm All Right

5 X 5
Decca DFE 8590
August 1965
If You Need Me/Empty Heart/2120 South Michigan Avenue/Confessin' The Blues/Around And Around

HOT ROCKS BOOTLEG
Chess Label
1971
Brian's Blues/High Heeled Sneakers/Looking Tired/How Many Times/In The Bottom

STREET FIGHTING MAN
Decca F13195
1971
Street Fighting Man/Everybody Needs Somebody To Love/Surprise, Surprise

BROWN SUGAR-MAXI SINGLE
Rolling Stones Records RS 19100
Brown Sugar/Let It Rock

Special thanks to Barry Paschall for access to his collection

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38	**Courtesy of the Rolling Stones**
41	**Dominique Tarlé**
43	**Dominique Tarlé**
44/45	**David Bailey**
46	**Jim Marshall**
48	**Jim Marshall**
51	**UPI**
52	**Ethan Russell**
54	**Annie Leibovitz**
56	**Annie Leibovitz**
57	**Annie Leibovitz**
59	**Robert Altman**
61	**Craig Braun, Inc.**
62	**Ken Regan/Camera 5**
64	**Ethan Russell**
66	**Annie Leibovitz**
67	**Annie Leibovitz**
69	**Annie Leibovitz**
70	**Annie Leibovitz**
71	**Annie Leibovitz**
73	**Annie Leibovitz**
75	**Ethan Russell**
77	**Annie Leibovitz**
78	**Annie Leibovitz**
81	**Courtesy of the Rolling Stones**
83	**Guy Peellaert**
84	**Annie Leibovitz**
85	**Annie Leibovitz**
86	**Waring Abbott**
86	**Dagmar (lower left)**
87	**Waring Abbott**
88	**Waring Abbott**
89	**Waring Abbott**

With stories and interviews by
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